00044889

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016

THE

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

AN OLD ENGLISH STORY.

44889
9c

By T. GWYNNE.

"The puir mon that has patience to mak' a buik has some claim to the patience o' him wha only reads it."

ELIOT WARBURTON'S "DARIEN."

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65, CORNHILL.
MDCCCLII.

Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

To J. M. S. C.

DEDICATORY PREFACE.

DEAREST FRIEND,

You have been ſo kind as to accept the dedication of this work, for which my beſt thanks are due to you. I need offer you, I know, neither apology nor explanation for having placed my ſtory in the Eighteenth century, ſeeing how well affected you are to the poliſhed days of ſwords and powder.

The world in general (at leaſt in this country) does not ſhare, perhaps, in your and my admiration for that epoch; which induces me to write a few lines to explain my motives for enditing a tale of that era. In thoſe days the difference between Town and Country manners, and Town and Country gentlemen was far greater than in

theſe railway days: theſe days of rapidity, electric and ſubmarine telegraphs.

Wiſhing for a contraſt, how could I find it better than in a Town Father and a Country fox-hunting Son of the Eighteenth century.

That was one of my reaſons for chooſing that period. Another reaſon was that I thought a *red-heel* ſtory would be a novelty.

Many are the tales of the preſent day; many are the tales of Cavaliers and Roundheads; many are the tales of the days of Chivalry: but few, very few, are the tales of the "*talons rouges*."

Hoping that the epoch of my ſtory may not, in the eyes of my readers, deduct from its intereſt; hoping that *you* may be amuſed by it, and that the patronage you have extended to it may render my authorcraft fortunate and ſucceſsful, I bid you Farewell—and ſubſcribe myſelf

Your very true friend,

T. GWYNNE.

BELGRAVIA,
March 18th, 1852.

THE

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

In the year 17—, in the month of November, between the hours of twelve and one P.M., the ſmall village of R——, in one of the midland counties of England, was ſuddenly enlivened by the appearance of a pack of fox-hounds, accompanied by about a dozen fox-hunters, clad in ſcarlet, leathers, boots, black velvet caps, armed with long hunting-whips, and mounted each man on a firſt-rate hunter—ſuch hunters as were ridden in the eighteenth century, and are now no longer to be ſeen.

Around the huntſman's body wound the melodious old hunting-horn, the tired hounds paced ſoberly on, and men and horſes ſhowed ſigns of a hard day's work. Firſt and foremoſt rode

Squire Warren, and one or two of his friends —Squire Warren kept the fox-hounds. Picture to yourſelf, O reader, a man about ſixty, originally ſix feet *in his ſtockings*, but now ſomewhat bent; fleſhy without being fat, ſquare-ſhouldered, ſhort-necked, ſtrongly jointed; with a grave but good-tempered countenance, hazel eyes, ſhaggy grey eye-brows, and a red weather-beaten complexion, ſtrongly contraſting with his ſnow-white ſtock and tight white periwig: a deep baſs voice and a loud laugh muſt be added to the deſcription, and there you have the phyſical portion of Squire Warren. The mental portion will not detain us long: ſimple-minded, benevolent, brave as a lion, without an atom of ſelfiſhneſs, doting on animals, abhorring the leaſt approach to meanneſs or to anything ungenerous, beloved and reſpected by all the neighbourhood —ſuch was Squire Warren.

He rode an invaluable bay, that ſeemed to look on the Squire as a ſquirrel or a feather, ſo eaſily did he carry him over hill and dale, ditch, fence, and gate; and the Squire had ſix ſuch hunters in his ſtable.

More to the rear rode young Jack Warren,

the Squire's nephew. I forgot to mention that the Squire was a bachelor: he had never had time to marry, he ſaid. The fact was that a young lady had cruelly jilted him for a gay Captain of Horſe, full of daſh and ſwagger, with an oath effectively ſtudded here and there in his diſcourſe; and ſo the Squire hung his head for a time, and then, cheering up, reſolutely foreſwore the ſex, and ſtuck the cloſer to field-ſports, hounds, and horſes. The good Squire was quite right.

Jack was the very counterpart of what the Squire had been at his age. Jack was between nineteen and twenty; he was juſt above ſix feet in height, ſtrong, wide-ſhouldered, robuſt, a keen ſportſman, but ſomewhat dull on any point but field-ſports, awkward and ſhy in manner, good-hearted, but with a ſlight daſh of obſtinacy about him: take him all in all, a very good young fellow, though not bright.

He was as well mounted as his uncle, and laughed and talked as he rode with the friends around him. As the cavalcade left the village, they paſſed a long garden wall, lined with ſhrubs and evergreens. At the end of a lawn, ſoft and

thick as green velvet, ſtood a low and many-gabled houſe, with three or four ſumptuous beech-trees growing around; and as Jack Warren rode paſt he quickly raiſed himſelf in his ſtirrups, gave a hurried look round the garden, and reſumed his ſeat with a heightened colour and ſmiling countenance. This was not unperceived by one of his companions, who, giving him a thruſt in the ribs with his hunting-whip, pronounced him to be a "rogue." At this ſally Jack laughed with right good will, and his hazel eyes beamed with delight. And ſo they left the village, and the villagers gazed after them, and all the little dogs, that had run away to hide from the hounds, now ſallied forth and barked at the retreating pack. About half a mile further on, after following a park wall, they arrived at a pair of magnificent iron gates, decorated with ſcrolls and flouriſhes, ſymmetrical and flowing, whilſt the ſtone gate-poſts were ſurmounted by trophies of Roman arms, *à la* Louis XIV., in the beſt ſtyle of ſculpture.

Here they drew bridle, and, the crack of the Squire's whip drawing the porter from his lodge, the heavy iron gates were ſlowly opened, and

men, horſes, and dogs entered Denham Park, and proceeded along the oak avenue leading to the hall.

It was a grey, quiet autumn day, the ſky covered with one uniform grey cloud; not a ſhadow caſt around, not a breath of wind to ruſtle the red brown leaves ſtill adhering to the oaks; diſtant ſounds were diſtinctly heard through the cold ſtill air. The ſcarlet coats and black caps, the various-coloured horſes and parti-coloured dogs, came out with great effect againſt the grey and brown tints of the avenue; whilſt the voices and laughter, the crack of a whip, the call to a hound, cheerfully broke the ſurrounding ſtillneſs. And now the hounds were conducted to the kennel, the horſes to the ſtables, whilſt Squire Warren and his gueſts proceeded to the dining-room. Here was a ſight for tired fox-hunters!

A huge and blazing wood fire ſhining on the dark oak wainſcoat and floor. A large round table, decked with whiteſt, fineſt damaſk cloth, with ſhining plate and glaſs, eight high-backed chairs placed around it; a ſideboard covered with tankards and other plate, large home-made loaves,

cold meat and pickles, a goodly array of many bottles; and a fat butler appearing through an open door bearing a huge diſh and cover which he ſolemnly placed at the head of the table, whilſt two footmen handed in turn three other large diſhes, which he duly placed, beſides ſeveral minor ones.

The butler having announced that the dinner was ready, the company took their ſeats; the Squire hoſpitably ſaying, in the language of his day:

"Gentlemen! I hope you have a ſtomach!"

There was boiled beef at the top, there was roaſt veal at the bottom, there was a roaſt leg of mutton on one ſide, and a boiled turkey on the other, there was a large ham in the centre, there were diſhes of vegetables at the corners. For ten minutes, ſilence reigned around the board, as far as human voices were concerned; but there was a buſy ſound of knives and forks tattooing on many plates; and by degrees, as the *bien-être* produced by a good dinner on the weary frame began to be felt, ſo voice after voice made itſelf heard, firſt in ſhort ſentences:

"Capital beef!"

"Very good ham!"

"Squire, your beer's better than ever!"

"This is a good ending to a good beginning!"

"I'll thank you, Sir, for ſome more pudding to my beef," &c., &c., &c., &c.

Then anon "*the run*" was brought on the *tapis;* and by the time the plum puddings, apple pies, cuſtards, and cheeſe were in proceſs of demolition, the renovated hunters were full-cry over every ſtep of ground they had gone over, and every incident that had occurred during the morning's ſport.

Fox-hunters in thoſe days *were* fox-hunters: fox-hunting was their life, and they were a race apart. Lawyers and doctors were not ſeen in the field; feeble boys did not run down by railway, have a run, ſmoke a few doubtful cigars, and return home to aſtoniſh the family with their ſplaſhed tops, ſpattered pinks, and woe-begone countenances—and ſo to bed. Hunters were hunters, and fox-hunters were fox-hunters, and hunting was hunting in thoſe times; and there were no mongrel riders and extraordinary-looking horſes ſeen among them. A fine gentleman alſo was a fine gentleman, and meddled not with hunting: he looked on it as a coarſe and barbarous

amuſement, "*dem'me,*" and paſſed his winters in town and *la belle ſaiſon* in the country. And ſo the fox-hunters were, as I ſaid, a race apart; with their own modes and language. And a hunting breakfaſt was a hunting breakfaſt in that day, and took place otftimes by candle-light. Our modern fox-hunters could not digeſt ſuch food as our ſporting anceſtors partook of ſo early: the beef, the ale, the ſtalwart pies, the ſpiced wines, the hot bread. Fine gentlemen took tea and chocolate; but fox-hunters—Oh! no.

To return to Squire Warren and his party. Dinner being concluded, they one and all drew round the well-repleniſhed fire. The footmen placed a ſmall round table between every two gueſts, on which were ſet glaſſes, port, claret, pipes, and a ſilver tobacco-box. Before the Squire a larger table was placed, ſupporting, in addition to the above-enumerated objects, a lordly bowl of ſmoking punch.

It was about three o'clock,—daylight gently failing added to the red glow of the merry fire-light. Stiff limbs of aged hunters were ſtretched full length to catch the genial heat; younger men, more drowſy, half cloſed their eyes, and ſo

converſed. Pipes were filled and lighted, the fragrant ſmoke curled around, the hot punch circulated, port and claret vaniſhed, faces grew ſcarlet, long loud laughter reſounded, with here and there a long-drawn ſnore. Merry tales, all more or leſs connected with the chaſe, went round; gueſts dropt off one by one, ſooner or later, according to the length of road that lay between Denham Park and their homes; and ſix o'clock found Squire Warren and his nephew *tête-à-tête:* the Squire faſt aſleep in his great chair, his trim periwig hanging on one of the *nobs* thereof, and his handkerchief ſhading his head and face; his nephew Jack, eating nuts, intently muſing, nodding, from time to time, waking up to ſigh, to crack more nuts, take a glaſs of port, and pat the three ſuperannuated old hounds that baſked before the fire.

Squire Warren would never ſuffer a horſe or dog to be deſtroyed merely becauſe the poor old creature was paſt its work: diſeaſe and pain without remedy alone drew a death-warrant from him. Old hounds paſſed a repoſeful old age near their kind-hearted old maſter, who would ſometimes talk to them of their paſt proweſs as if they

had been "*chriſtians;*" old hunters roamed happily in ſnug paddocks and about the ſhady park, and the Squire with ſmiling face would gaze on them with delight, and aſſure them they ſhould never want for anything as long as *he* lived.

Between ſeven and eight, the old Squire's ſleep and the young Squire's divers evolutions were broken through, by an announcement from the fat butler that ſupper was ready.

The uncle and nephew retired to take that repaſt into Squire Warren's own room; a ſnug wainſcoted retreat, ornamented with bruſhes, antlers, whips, ſpurs, horſe-ſhoes, and portraits of favourite hounds and hunters. Here the wind ſang in one drowzy monotonous note, and here the comfortable meal was ſet out; which being deſpatched, the Squire, after gazing awhile with fixed look on the flames and embers of the fire, and rubbing his ſhins ſlowly up and down, ſuddenly ſtopped with his hands on his knees, and transferring his gaze from the fire to his nephew, he ſaid:

"Jack, my dear boy, I take it this is the laſt cozy evening you and I ſhall paſs together for ſome time to come."

"Hang it!" replied Jack, looking rueful.

After a pauſe Squire Warren reſumed.

"Do you remember your father, Jack?"

"Aye! I remember him: a tall thin pale man, all covered with velvet and gold, with red heels to his ſhoes and gold clocks to his ſtockings, and a blue bow to his ſword hilt; and he ſmelt of violets and ſcented ſnuff. He's never been near me theſe ten years; what's the good of coming now? and what's the uſe of my going to town with him, and all that?"

"Ah!" ſighed the Squire; "I'll tell'ee what, Jack, Tom's a ſtrange bit o' blood and always was, and always will be: he takes after your poor grandmother; you and I, Jack, after my father. From the firſt, nothing would ſerve Tom's turn but ſatin and lace and fine company, and trying to make me as bad as himſelf; but it didn't anſwer, Jack: I was born an honeſt country Squire, and ſo I'll live and die, my dear boy."

"So will I," echoed Jack, ſitting very upright, with his hands on his knees, in the very ſame attitude as his uncle; "ſo will I, if my father will but leave me in peace."

"Let's look at his letter again, Jack, and ſee

what we make of it. Here, you read it: your eyes are youngeſt."

Jack obeyed, and with a pauſe here and there at one or two words, he read as follows:

"LONDON, *November 10th*, 17—.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"After ten years' abſence I am once more in old England; and a more foggy, cheerleſs, barbarous country I never was in. I have been ſhut up ſince my return with a ſharp fit of the gout, and I fear my foot will never again be what it was. I have nearly finiſhed all my buſineſs in town, chiefly of a diplomatic nature, and I hope ſoon to embrace you and Jack. I cannot think of the boy without trembling! As heir to the Baronetcy it is eſſentially neceſſary he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed above the vulgar, and as ſon to a man who has been ſo mixed up in ſuch various and important diplomatic affairs as I have been, a great deal will be expected from him. We muſt ſee him in Parliament as a beginning: but on all theſe ſubjects we will talk when we meet. I will then thank you for your kind care of my boy; who ſhall no longer be a burden to

you. From his writing and orthography, as well as his ſtyle, I apprehend he will have much to learn; but I have no doubt we ſhall ſoon form him, and that he will not be behind other young fellows of his age: emulation will do a great deal for him. I hope to be with you in the evening of Sunday the 25th November. I ſhall bring none of my people but Larrazée, my valet, and ſhall therefore not derange you.

"Farewell, my dear Edward.

"My love to Jack.

"Yr attached Brother,

"THOMAS WARREN."

"To Edward Warren, Eſqre."

Such was the epiſtle. Jack folded it up, and ſaid:

"What's 'diplomatic affairs' and 'emulation,' I wonder? Something I ſha'n't like, I warrant: and as for going into parliament, I'd as ſoon go to priſon at once. I've no turn for parliament: beſides, what's to become of hunting, all the while?"

Old Squire Warren ſhook his head.

"Ah! what indeed, Jack?" he ſaid. "You'll

have to give that up, my dear boy: and after the pretty breeding up to the ſport you've had!—Ah, well! I'll tell'ee what's at the bottom of it, Jack! Tom's grown old. Now, as long as he could be the ladies' very humble ſervant it was all very pretty, and he didn't want a long-legged fellow like you to give notice he had been married, was a widower, had a ſon. That would never have ſuited Tom; I know him. But I take it the ladies have caſt him off, and the gout has got hold of him, and he looks towards you, and remembers he has a ſon. Time he ſhould!"

Here the Squire recommenced rubbing his ſhins and viewing the fire. Jack put one hand in his breaſt, the other in his breeches pocket, leant back in his chair, humming a dolorous dirge about a departed "*Whip*," and ſo paſſed a quarter of an hour.

"Uncle," exclaimed Jack ſuddenly.

"Well, my boy!"

"Lydia," ſaid Jack.

"Aye! Lydia," replied the Squire.

"Can't leave her, you know," cried Jack.

"Umph!" quoth his uncle, "what will you do?"

"Do!" ſhouted Jack, "why, marry her, to be ſure!"

"Fairly and ſoftly, Jack—fairly and ſoftly! She's a lovely creature, gentle and ſoft as that little pup "*Counteſs*" (what a ſweet creature *that* is!). But you ſee, my dear boy, Lydia's only a poor country parſon's daughter, and your father'll never conſent. Nothing will ſerve his turn, Jack, but tying you, for better for worſe, to ſome Lady Betty or Lady Kitty, marked with the ſmall-pox, perhaps, but rich and a lady of quality. I know Tom!"

"Hang Lady Betty and Lady Kitty!" cried Jack, in deſpair. "I tell you what, uncle: as ſure as my name's John Warren, to-morrow after church I'll pluck up a ſpirit and aſk Lydia to have me! We've known one another ever ſince we were as high as the table; and how happy we ſhould be! Why, iſn't a country gentleman for all the world as good as a town fop, bowing and liſping? No! hang me if I go with my father! I'll have Lydia and be happy!"

"And a very ſenſible, happy life you'd have of it, my dear boy; that you would. But you're bound to obey your father, you know, Jack."

"Well," ſaid Jack, laughing, "he haſn't told me I'm not to aſk Lydia, ſo I ſhall make bold to do ſo to-morrow. I didn't mean to do it till I was of age; but I can't help myſelf now, you ſee: and I hope ſhe'll have me!"

"Amen," cried Squire Warren; and, it being paſt nine, uncle and nephew retired to bed, where the Squire, having taken a "*night-cap*" juſt to "*cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach*," was ſoon in a ſound ſleep. His nephew, after toſſing about a little, and thinking of the fatal morrow which was to bring his dreaded parent, alſo cloſed his eyes, and ſlept the ſleep of the young and weary ſportſman.

With the dawn, up roſe Jack Warren. A light miſt was clearing off like folds of gauze, and the early ſun caſt pale horizontal rays through it. Jack decked himſelf in his holiday ſuit, a Lincoln-green coat of fine cloth, laced with ſilver, a white waiſtcoat laced with the ſame, green breeches, white ſilk ſtockings, plain ſtock, ſilver-mounted ſword, ſilver buckles, and a ſilver-laced hat, plain linen, and his hair tied and powdered. Jack with a little pains might have made a good figure, but his gait was rather

ſlouching, which made his ſhoulders appear too heavy, and poor Jack's ancles were rather maſſive, and did better in a boot than in a ſilk ſtocking. Still he was a very fine young man, and ſo thought Lydia Freeman; who, poor young creature, had never had the advantage of beholding a well ſet up, well-taught, well-dreſſed man of faſhion. When, therefore, at the Vicarage gate, ſhe ſaw Jack in his Lincoln-green ſuit and laced hat, ſhe ſmiled, bluſhed, and her heart beat favourably for the young Squire.

The church bells were ringing as the Vicar Dr. Freeman, in full canonicals—trencher cap in hand, Miſtreſs Freeman his good lady, and Miſtreſs Lydia Freeman his daughter, ſallied forth.

Squire Warren in blue coat and ſcarlet waiſt-coat laced with gold, gold-laced hat, and long gold-headed cane, joined the Vicar; whilſt Jack fell to the rear with the ladies, vowing to himſelf that he'd be hanged if any thing ſhould ever ſeparate him from Lydia.

Lydia was a charming little being, a year younger than her admirer. She was ſmall, fair, plump, and ſoft as a little bird; with white ſkin,

pink cheeks, well cut roſy lips, ivory teeth, merry but gentle blue eyes, light hair beneath her powder, and a little Grecian noſe, perfect in form, but now roſy pink with the frosty morning air. Her little hands and feet were well-ſhaped and fine, and as ſhe paced along by the ſide of Jack, taking two ſteps to his one, his vows were more vehement than ever: indeed as they reached the churchyard he could ſcarcely refrain from then and there making his offer to her.

Prayers Jack did not ſay, ſermon he did not hear: his eyes were fixed on Lydia.

She wore a little flat black velvet hat, placed with coquetry over her right eye, and tied at the back of her head with long black velvet ribands, a black velvet round her throat, a pale blue cardinal trimmed with lace, a dreſs of the ſame with cherry knots, and her curling hair powdered ſnow-white. Her eyes were demurely fixed on her book, and ſhe took no notice of poor Jack, though ſhe could feel his eyes fixed on her face during the whole of the ſervice.

The Vicar having come to the concluſion of his ſhort but excellent ſermon, the uſual hurrying of hob-nailed ſhoes retiring from a country

church was heard, and the round backs veſted in clean white frocks, accompanied by ſcarlet cloaks, emerged one after the other, exchanging the damp and muſty air of the old church for the freſh autumn air without.

The Vicar remaining awhile in the veſtry, the Squire gallanted Miſtreſs Freeman home, followed by Jack and Lydia, and ſaluted on all ſides with bows and little bob-curtſies.

"Lydia," ſaid Jack, "my father comes to-day."

"So I heard," ſaid Lydia, ſtroking her little ſwanſdown muff.

"And I ſhall have to go and live in London with him," continued Jack, kicking a ſtone ſpitefully. Lydia ſaid nothing.

"You don't care a pin about it, Lydia, I ſee." Lydia looked up at him, but ſaid nothing. Jack ſaw tears in her gentle blue eyes.

"Look here, Lydia," cried Jack vehemently, doubling his fiſt and ſtriking out at nothing: "if you'll have me, I'll ſee them all at old Harry. I ſhall have a good fortune, and we'll be as happy as the day's long."

Lydia ſaid nothing, but ſhe ſmiled at Jack and dried her tears.

"Come now, Lydia, yes or no? It's soon ſaid," cried Jack, ſtretching forth his brown hand to her. "Yes or no? Don't be down-hearted."

"Yes," liſped Lydia, laughing and putting her little plump hand with its black ſilk mitten into Jack's extended palm.

"That's my good girl!" cried Jack, with flaſhing eyes and crimſon face. "Now we muſt tell the Doctor, get his conſent, and ſettle it all before my father comes. 'Gad! I wiſh he could make ſhort work of it, and marry us at once!"

"Hallo, Jack!" exclaimed his uncle, as they all ſtopped at the gate of the garden wall Jack had looked over the day before; "You look as if you were juſt in at the death! Ha! ha! ha!" and he patted Jack not gently on the ſhoulder.

"Won't you come in, gentlemen?" aſked good Miſtreſs Freeman meekly.

The gentlemen aſſented, but no ſooner had they reached the hall door, than Jack, who ſeemed ſuddenly to have come to life, ſtalked away, ſaying:

"I'll go and meet the Doctor."

And ſo he did, twirling his cane and ſmiling triumphantly.

"Well! my young friend, how wags the world with you?" cried Dr. Freeman, as Jack advanced towards him: "fairly, I ſhould ſay, and ſmoothly, to judge from your gait and air."

"You're quite right there, ſir!" replied Jack, wringing the Vicar's proffered hand. The Vicar ſmiled at the pain Jack in his ardour inflicted, but Jack perceived it not, and before they reached the garden-gate had put Dr. Freeman *au courant* of all that had taken place. Jack had never talked ſo much in his life before.

The Vicar looked very grave, and rubbed the tip of his ear with perplexity. Jack having ſaid his ſay, ceaſed twirling his cane, and looked round for the conſent and approbation he expected. When he beheld how the Vicar rubbed his ear, purſed up his lips, and stepped slowly, he ſuddenly ſtopt and gaſped out:

"You're not going to ſay no, ſir! You've known me ſince I was nine years old. You know I'm a plain honeſt fellow, and—"

"Stop, ſtop, ſtop, my good lad," ſaid the Vicar gently putting his fat hand on Jack's arm: "not ſo faſt, not ſo faſt. Are you aware you have juſt taken a very important ſtep in life?

You're not of age you know. Have you Sir Thomas Warren's conſent?"

"No, ſir! That's it; I want to get it all ſettled at once before he comes. When he ſees Lydia and knows you, and finds it's all going ſmooth, and the Squire conſenting too, ten to one he let's me marry and live here in peace, as an Engliſh country gentleman ſhould do."

The Vicar laughed and replied:

"That will never do, my young friend, never. You are heir to a baronetcy and a fine fortune—"

"So much the better," interrupted Jack, vehemently: "pray iſn't Lydia worthy of that, and a good deal more, ſir?"

"That is another queſtion, Jack; liſten to me: What would your father ſay if he found you engaged to a poor country parſon's daughter without a penny to her fortune, the father conſenting, and the matter all ſettled?"

"Think me a vaſtly lucky dog, to be ſure!"

"Nonſenſe, nonſenſe! He'd think you a noddy, and me an old raſcal. It can't be, my good friend: it can't be."

"Hang it! No ſir, you don't mean that. I *will* have her, I'll ——."

"Gently, my good lad, don't let your feelings run away with you. Before I can poſſibly give *my* conſent you muſt have Sir Thomas Warren's. If you can get that, why then ——."

"You'll give yours," ſhouted Jack.

The Vicar bowed and ſmiled, and Jack again cruſhed his hand with fervour.

On entering the parlour, as it was called in thoſe days, Dr. Freeman pinched Lydia's ſoft cheek, whilſt ſhe bluſhed and laughed, and looked away.

"Are you aware, my dear," he ſaid to his wife, "what our little miſs here has been about? Ah! Lyddie, Lyddie, you're a ſaucy little puſs! And as for Maſter Jack there, he's a rogue!"

Miſtreſs Freeman having been informed of what had taken place, ſhed a few tears, kiſsed Lydia, and eke Jack; the two ſquires were kept to dinner, and the afternoon paſt in diſcuſſing the mighty ſubject in hand: looked upon by Jack as ſuch a fine ſcheme for evading Sir Thomas, London, and the breaking for a diplomat and fine gentleman.

The ladies ſided with Jack, and ſaw nothing impoſſible or ſtartling in the plan. The two old

gentlemen, at the firſt glance, ſaw where the difficulties lay; but all their views were looked down upon by the other party.

Dr. Freeman was a ſtraightforward ſenſible man, about Squire's Warren's age; an orthodox churchman, looking upon Diſſenters and Roman Catholics, Guy Faux and the Pope, to be decidedly "*canaille chrétienne*"—an epithet by which a dandy Abbé was wont to addreſs a plebeian congregation. He was paſſionately fond of his garden and the claſſics; interfered not in pariſh ſquabbles; kept a hard-working young curate, who ſighed in vain for the fair Lydia; rode about on a fat cob; doffed his clerical perriwig of an evening for a black velvet nightcap; and enjoyed the great ſpirits of Greece and Rome over a ſober pipe and ſilver tankard. The pariſh was ſmall and well-to-do, and the good Vicar lived in clover with his wife and only child; wrote letters in Latin verſe to old college chums, who now and then became his gueſts, as he in turn became theirs; cultivated philoſophy and his garden, and glided down life's ſtream like a a wiſe and good man, without kicking and ſtruggling.

"Jack, my dear boy, we muſt be off," cried Squire Warren, as the time wore on: "Tom will be upon us before we know where we are!"

The Squire roſe briſkly and took his hat; as for poor Jack, his ſpirits were beginning to fall: he aroſe ſlowly and ſighed, and took his hat and cane, and put on his ſword with the air of a man proceeding to execution. However, in the ſtir of leave-taking, he managed to give and receive a kiſs; the firſt that had been exchanged between them ſince his and Lydia's childhood.

The walk home was not particularly lively or cheerful. Jack, in ſpite of himſelf, began to ſee matters rather gloomily, and both he and the good old ſquire felt that their ſeparation was at hand. Now, as he had had ſole charge of his nephew ſince Jack loſt his mother at three years old, and as uncle and nephew loved one another as father and ſon, the proſpect before them was anything but cheering. The beauty of the day was gone, the wind blew cold, and, as they reached the park gates, a thin chilling rain began to fall.

They retired to Squire Warren's little room, eyeing the wet window panes, and the rooks

ſettling in the tall leafleſs trees for the night, and ſo waited in ſilence for the unwelcome arrival of Sir Thomas Warren, Bart.

Every now and then the ſilence was broken by ſhort phraſes.

"I thought I heard him, Jack!"

"I hear wheels!"

"Only the wind in the chimney!"

"Perhaps he won't come, uncle."

At laſt Squire Warren, ſtriking his thigh, exclaimed:

"Egad! my lad there he is: no miſtake this time!"

Jack opened his mouth and liſtened. The ſound of a heavy vehicle ſlowly approaching, combined with the loud barking of houſe dogs, announced an arrival.

"Run down, my dear boy, and receive him; I'll follow you in a jiffy."

Jack obeyed, and reached the hall juſt as a loud peal was rung at the hall door. Opening it he perceived a huge travelling coach drawn by poſt horſes, and running down the ſtone ſteps he ſtood breathleſs at the coach door. A thin yellow face, decked with a white ſatin nightcap

embroidered in gold and colours, and ſurmounted by a gold laced hat, peered forth; a thin white hand holding a cambric handkerchief over the mouth and noſe, was alſo viſible; and, after a pair of cold grey eyes had ſurveyed Jack from head to foot, from beneath their thick black brows, a thin and muffled voice proceeding from the folds of the cambric handkerchief, exclaimed,

"Is your maſter at home?"

Jack ſtarted, but anſwered not.

"Art deaf, ſirrah!" reſumed the voice pettiſhly: "is your maſter, Squire Warren, at home?"

"Yes!" faltered poor Jack with a bluſh.

"Open the door then! Zounds, don't keep me in the rain and miſt, you booby!"

"Here's a nice beginning!" thought Jack.

Juſt then Squire Warren appeared from the hall, followed by the butler and attendant footmen.

"Tom, my dear fellow," he ſhouted, "how art thou? Come in, come in! You're heartily welcome to Denham, brother; and we'll do our beſt to entertain 'ee."

"Your raſcally knave there gave me but a ſcurvy welcome, Ned. The lad ſeems half-ſaved!"

"That! he!" cried the Squire, laying his hand on Jack's ſhoulder, "why Tom, that's Jack. Help your father out, you rogue, and embrace him. What the devil did you take him for, Tom?"

"A footman," ſaid Sir Thomas. "Larrazée, donnez-moi le bras."

A ſprightly Frenchman ſtretched forth his arm, on which the baronet, heavily leaning, entered the hall; and having there embraced his brother and ſon, they proceeded to the room the two squires had juſt left, whilſt Larrazée and the ſervants carried Sir Thomas's many packages to the room ſet apart for him.

Sir Thomas was as tall as the other Warrens, thin as a ſkeleton; his ſkin yellow, delicate, fine, and ſoft as wax, was lined by little wrinkles. His eyes were ſunk and cold, his noſe and lips finely chiſelled, his chin was ſmall and pointed, his expreſſion ſelf ſatisfied yet peeviſh. He had once had a ſplendid hand, leg, and foot. The hand was white as ſnow, but thin and ſhrunk; the long leg ſtill well ſhaped and fine, but withered and attenuated: a very *roué* looking old leg; the foot ſmall but bony, with evidences of gout having

been there. He wore a dark violet velvet coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches, quite plain, for travelling; laced and ruffled linen, fringed gloves, red-heeled ſhoes, with plain gold buckles, and over all a well-furred green velvet wrapper. He carried a light gold-headed cane with gold and violet taſſel, his ſword he had left in the ſwordcaſe of his coach.

"Ah!" he ſighed, as he ſank into a chair by the fireſide, "this climate of yours is a raſcally climate, Ned; a *very* raſcally climate: it will be the death of me. You look much as you did ten years ago:" and the Baronet took a pinch of ſnuff from a ſmall French gold box, embelliſhed with paſtoral gallantries of the fineſt jeweller's work, in various-coloured gold.

Squire Warren, rubbing his hands, replied:

"Why Tom, plenty of freſh air, up early, out rain or ſhine, a good run with the hounds, plenty of work for the body, very little for the head, roaſt beef, home-brewed ſtrong and good, and a cheerful mind, the deuce is in it if a man don't wear well with all that!"

"Ah!" again ſighed Sir Thomas, and leaning back in his chair, he half cloſed his eyes, and

ſteadily ſurveyed Jack through his half-opened wrinkled lids.

Poor Jack, who was ſtanding before the fire obſerving his parent with curioſity and aſtoniſhment, felt for the firſt time in his life, as the Baronet's gaze remained fixed upon him, the uncomfortable ſenſation of not knowing what to do with his arms and legs, or which way to look, whether to the front, right, left, up, or down. Very different at that moment was the abaſhed awkward young ſquire, from the ſame perſon in the morning propoſing for Lydia, and ſeeing no difficulty in anything. He ſhuffled firſt on one foot, then on the other, ſhifted his hands about, bluſhed, coughed, and hung his head.

"How the deuce ſhall I ever tell him about Lydia? Hang it!" thought Jack.

"My dear child," ſaid Sir Thomas, ſpeaking ſlowly and deliberately, "no wonder I took you for a footman. A more unformed, awkward young fellow I never beheld: *never!* I ſhall give you every advantage, and ſuperintend your education myſelf. I ſee you have not the leaſt notion of preſenting yourſelf; your *tournure* is ſtiff, ungainly, and more that of a boxer than of

a gentleman. You muſt endeavour to acquire *l'air noble:* but I ſhall put you immediately into the hands of Dupuis and Couderc, who will inſtruct you in dancing and fencing, and ſupple you; and the *manège* will ſoon give you a proper ſeat on horſeback. I ſhall employ Lord Langley's tailor for you, as well as his hair-dreſſer: indeed, I ſhall propound his Lordſhip to you as a model to form yourſelf on. You muſt acquire a knowledge of the mathematics, hiſtory, and polite literature in general, with a thorough knowledge of French, *la langue univerſelle.* The French *em*baſſador's chaplain, l'Abbé Potelle, will be your inſtructor in that and mathematics; and I do hope you will endeavour to ſecond my efforts, and be an ornament to ſociety and your family."

"Yes," ſaid Jack, in the hoarſeſt and gruffeſt of all ſhy voices, wiſhing himſelf and his father a hundred miles apart.

"Good gods! what a voice!" cried Sir Thomas, ſhutting his eyes, and covering his ears with his hands.

Squire Warren came to the reſcue.

"You're too hard on the boy, Tom: 'gad

you are. You ſhould ſee him with the hounds, hear him give the view hallo! he'd wake the dead! He's afraid of nothing! he'd ride the devil, and tame him too; and the lad's as modeſt as a lamb: you'd never find out his qualities from his own ſhowing. All the dogs love him, and the horſes too, and there's not a man in the county for miles round that doeſn't like and admire young Jack Warren! They all ſay he's following in my ſteps, every one of 'em: don't they Jack?"

"Aye!" in ſmothered tone, from the object addreſſed.

Sir Thomas ſmiled ſuperciliouſly, and tapped his gold ſnuff-box, croſſing his long thin legs, and clearing his voice to recommence his obſervations.

"*Toc, Toc*" at the door ſtopped him, and to Jack's infinite relief, in ſtept Larrazée; who, bowing at the door, ſlid up to his maſter, ſaying in a low voice:

"M. le *Baronette*, veut-il paſſer à ſon appartement?"

The Baronet nodded, roſe, put out his hand for his valet's arm, and retired, ſaying,

"Good night, gentlemen, I ſhall not ſee you again to night. Larrazée will take care of my ſupper; and pray follow your own occupations and amuſements without regard to me. Larrazée is accuſtomed to my modes, and will attend to me. Good night!"

"Mon Dieu, monſeigneur! quel froid: vous en mourrez!" Larrazée was heard to ſay as they walked off together.

"Did you ever ſee ſuch a man?" ſaid Jack, when the door was ſhut; "I can't live with him, and form myſelf on Lord Langley, and learn French and heaven knows what all! What's the good of it? Hang it!"

"He'll never conſent to your match with Lydia, Jack."

Jack ſtamped, and plunging his hands in his breeches pockets, paced up and down the room in ſilence, with a frown knitting his eyebrows together, and his teeth tight ſet. Squire Warren claſped his hands over his ample cheſt, and fell aſleep till ſupper time.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas and Larrazée purſued their way to Sir Thomaſ's apartment, preceded by a ſervant carrying a light. They paſſed

through the ſpacious well-warmed dinner room, where the red firelight ſhone on the round table ſpread out for three perſons.

"Monſeigneur ſoupe-t-il avec ces meſſieurs?" inquired Larrazée.

"Ma foi, *nong*;" replied his maſter, with a very Britiſh twang: for Sir Thomas, though he ſpoke French with the greateſt fluency, and was thoroughly maſter of every little turn and idiom, had no ear, and never could manage to pronounce it otherwiſe than as the verieſt John Bull. However, he flattered himſelf that no one would know him from a Pariſian, and Larrazée boldly aſſerted that ſuch was in effect the caſe.

"Monſeigneur ne fera pas de toilette ce ſoir?" aſked the valet, as Sir Thomas ſat down on a ſofa Larrazée had drawn before the fire, and ſlowly and heavily drawing up his legs, ſtretched himſelf out full length, with a weary long-drawn ſigh. He ſhook his head in reply, and told Larrazée to ſerve his ſupper as ſoon as poſſible, and to leave him to take a nap "*eng attong-dong.*"

M. Larrazée bowed, and gently cloſing the door, dived into the offices. He ſoon made his

way into the kitchen, where a large box had, by his orders, been tranſported.

"Ah! my good lady," he cried, ſliding up to the cook, who was buſily engaged at the kitchen fire, "I ſhall not *déranger* you, not at all. Pardon, mademoiſelle!" to the kitchen-maid, who had joſtled him with a great ſaucepan ſhe was lifting from the fire.

"My ſtars!" exclaimed the cook, an old ſervant of the Squire's, fat and well-liking; "why what be that? I take it you're Sir Thomaſ's French frog of a mounſeer!"

"To be ſure, cook," ſaid her handmaid: "why, what a fright!"

"Yes, my dear ladies, and your very humble *ſerviteur!*"

With theſe words the Frenchman, drawing forth a bunch of keys, knelt down before his box.

"Juſt look!" cried the cook. "Well, mounſeer! what do you want down here? The kitchen's no place for men; and Sukey 'll pin a diſhclout to your tail: won't you Sukey?"

"Yes, that I will. Servants' hall's for the men, mounſeer!"

"En effet, meſdames, en effet!" ſaid Larrazée,

opening his box and taking out a parcel containing a ſnow-white jacket, apron, and cotton cap.

"Come, none o' your gibberiſh and impudence here!" ſaid the cook.

"Oh!" ſhrieked Sukey, "Oh! cook!".

"Oh!" ſhrieked the cook, "Oh! Sukey!"

And then, both *en duo*.

"The brute's undreſſing *hiſſelf!*"

Larrazée had taken off his coat and hung it over a chair, had taken off his ſmart powdered wig and hung it on a peg in the wall. Hearing the ladies' ſhrieks he turned round, and grinning, ſhowed a row of white teeth, which, combined with his ſharp little black eyes and well-ſhorn head, gave him very much the appearance of a monkey.

"Ape!" ſcreamed the cook.

"Belzebub!" ſcreamed Sukey.

"Eh! meſdames," said M. Larrazée, putting on his white jacket and night-cap, "why for this rows? You will ſee me cook a *pree*-ty ſouper, yes!".

"A night-cap on before we girls!" ſhrieked the cook; "if that's your French manners,

mounſeer, *preſarve* us from 'em. God ſave the King!"

Larrazée laughed, and adding an apron to his coſtume, drew from his box a ſaucepan, a little brazier, and a bag of charcoal.

"Ah! voyons—un poulet—*rat-tan-plan!* et vous voilà!" he cried, with an air of ſatisfaction, as he turned up his ſleeves and lighted his fire.

"What was you pleaſed to ſay about us, mounſeer? and what are you lighting up that trumpery charcoal thing for?—ſmelling!" ſaid the cook.

"My *pree-ty* young lady—*Meeſe* Sukey, I think—will you indicate, if you pleaſe, where the chickens lodge?" ſaid Larrazée, bowing to blowzy Sukey, and taking a long ſharp knife from his box.

"What do you want with maſter's free-born Britiſh fowls?—havn't you got any frogs in your box? Don't tell him, Sukey—I'm ſure I won't!" ſaid the cook.

"'Priſti en voila une de cuiſinière!" ſaid Larrazée; "now, madame the cook, I reſpect your talents—and yours, mademoiſelle! I only aſk the leaſt little bit of any chicken to prepare

the ſouper of *Sire Varenne*, my good maſter. Allons! you cannot deny a *ree-queſt* ſo reaſonable!" and he ſtretched himſelf up, cracked all his fingers at one volley, arched his eyebrows, and looked triumphantly at the two Britiſh *artiſtes*.

"Hoity-toity! ſupper, indeed! and pray, mounſeer *parley-voo*, why can't your maſter eat *my* ſupper, the ſame as Squire Warren and young maſter does? Anſwer me that! Scotch collops, broiled *ſteek*, and *ſhrid* onions; fried pudding and Welſh *rabbit* to follow; cuſtards and tipſy cake. What have you to ſay againſt that? None o' your French meſſes, covered up with butter, ſo as you don't know what you're eating of."

"It is ex-*cel*-lent, madame! Diable de femme vas! But my poor maſter has a very little health, you ſee, ſo delicate! your good heart would bleed, quite. Allons! where is this lee-tle chicken, ſo lee-tle, nearly nothing!" and M. Larrazée hung his head and looked inſinuating.

After a little more ſkirmiſhing, Goody Eccles, the fat cook, relented.

"Get him that fowl out o' the larder, Sukey,

and let's ſee what the ape'll be after. There's plenty of frogs in the pond in the kitchen-garden, mounſeer."

"Thank you, madame, thank you. Ah! *Meeſe* Sukey, the charming chicken! It is all your portrait. Thank you: very amiable! Vache eſpagnolle, vas!"

Goody Eccles ſent up the Squire's ſupper, and then, with arms a-kimbo, watched Larrazée's proceedings.

"Some *crême* and a bit of butter, my good lady, if you pleaſe!"

"Give it him, Sukey; they can't do without their meſſes. Well, for my part, I likes to know what I eat."

Larrazée had ſoon cooked an excellent delicate little diſh, which he ſerved up on a little ſilver ſervice he took from his magic box. He put on his coat and wig, and, bowing to his late aggreſſors, hurried up to Sir Thomaſ's room. He ſet out the ſupper on a little table, which he placed by the ſofa; brought a bottle of Burgundy from a box in the next room, and, putting a napkin under his arm, drew himſelf up to wait on his maſter.

" Ce plat eſt des *meillior*, Larrazée!"

" Ah! monſeigneur!" and Larrazée ſpread out his arms, and, making a leg, ſmiled and bowed.

After Sir Thomas had ſupped and been furniſhed with a cup of coffee and a book, Larrazée retired into the next room, and gaily made his ſupper off the remains of the chicken and wine and a great deal of bread; whilſt Squire Warren's domeſtics in kitchen and hall were laughing at the little thin Frenchman, and regaling themſelves on the " beſt of meat" and beer. To be ſure, they were in better condition than Larrazée: ſome of them hovering on the confines of apoplexy.

However, before they were all depoſited in their reſpective beds the next evening, they altered their opinion of " Mounſeer Frog," and opined it was a great pity that " Mr. Lazarus," as they called him, ſhould be " *only a Frenchman*," inſtead of an Engliſhman " *born and bred.*"

This ſudden change in public opinion aroſe from the following circumſtance:—

After " Mr. Lazarus" had attended the " *coucher*" of Sir Thomas, and left him to ſink to reſt by the ſubdued light of the fire and his

alabaſter night-lamp, he deſcended to the ſervants' hall, violin in hand, and opened the door juſt as the butler was emerging with Squire Warren's well-ſpiced "*night-cap*."

"Well! my good friends, this very cold night ſhall I make you dance? And your ladies! where are your ladies? go and pray them to do you the honour of dance with you! Allons, en gaillards!" and with theſe words M. Larrazée, ſtriking up a briſk country-dance in firſt-rate ſtyle, ſpun round the room as lightly as a ſpider hanging by his web; to the infinite ſurpriſe of the well-fed, heavy-bodied, and heavy-minded gentry around him. When he had three times capered round the hall, and wound up with a light *entre-chat*, he ſtruck the table with his bow. "Come, we muſt debaraſs ourſelves of him! Allons! fetch the ladies—puſh that table, and I will arrange for the muſic." So M. Larrazée perched a chair on a ſide table, and himſelf on the chair, and off went the fiddle again, as he beat time with his foot, and watched the ſervants puſhing the long table on one ſide.

"And the ladies—and the ladies?"

"Here they be, mounſeer, as large as life!"

cried the ſenior footman, as the ladies entered with his junior, who had fetched the female houſehold and their goſſips from the kitchen fire. The ladies tittered and giggled a great deal, and M. Larrazée, bowing to them, cried in an authoritative voice—

"Gentlemen! chooſe your ladies! At your places! In line! Allez! Up the middle, and back! down once more! croſs your hands, and back once more! — *Pouſſette* — up the middle, *et cétérà!* Now! go!" and raiſing his foot he gave a ſtamp, and his fiddle ſeemed to ſhriek and ſing with delight.

Off pranced fat cook, Sukey, Polly, and the other ladies; off pranced the butler, grooms, and heavy ſtiff brown and yellow liveries: up they went, round they went; ſtumping, kicking, plunging, laughing, panting: never was ſuch a dance. And Larrazée playing ſuch a variety of tunes, ſometimes adding his voice to his fiddle, ſometimes calling out: "Attention! en meſure *donc!* Ah! les gaillards, les flandrins! *Pouſſette*, I tell to you! *tra la la! tra la la, tra, lira-lira-la!* Eh! allez donc! Sac-à-pappie! *lira-lira-lira-la!* Now! change your ſides, and back

once more — that middle and back, you know —ſet on your *partnère*, allez! go away! the night too cold to ſtop! TRA LA-LA, *la, la, la, la!* Not to be ſo rude, gentlemen, if you pleaſe! Now! *Sire Roger de Coverlé*, allons! un peu ſolemnels! Go!"

In intervals of reſt the gentlemen thought they could not ſhow their ſenſe of "Mr. Lazaruſ's" kindneſs better than by going one after the other and handing him up a huge brown pitcher, with the obſervation:

"You muſt be dry, old boy!"

"Mr. Lazarus" playing deſultory ſnatches on his fiddle, which he held as a guitar and played with his thumb, gracefully bowing over it and ſhaking his head, refuſed the proffered pitcher, but begged for a little ſugar and water! The requeſt raiſed a roar of laughter, but finding he meant it, he was ſupplied with it; and then the ball continued, and was prolonged till a late hour.

After this Larrazée was allowed to cook anything he choſe, and to do juſt as he thought fit. He won all the John Bulls' hearts; with one exception: the heart of a fat, heavy, ſulky groom, who worſhipped Sukey, and thought Sukey looked too

kindly on the Frenchman. Hence muttered threats about "wringing necks" and "knocking heads off," and ſudden boltings into the kitchen, and ſummary ejections therefrom.

Sir Thomas Warren had been three days his brother's gueſt, and Jack had not ventured to ſay anything to him about Lydia: his father awed and paralyſed him; why or how he could not tell. Bold as a lion when he was not preſent, he vowed to beard and brave him. The Baronet appeared, eyed Jack with a diſſatisfied mien, made obſervations on his demeanour and perſonal appearance, which ſo ſubdued poor Jack he could only bluſh, and ſpeak in the hoarſe gruff voice that ſo irritated his father's ſickly nerves.

The Vicar aſked him what he had ſaid to Sir Thomas, and what was Sir Thomaſ's reply. Jack felt like a ſimpleton, and, not daring to own the truth before Lydia, only ſtammered and ſaid he would tell him next time. The Vicar ſmiled and ſhook his head, Lydia walked to the window, Miſtreſs Freeman coughed: not a word was ſpoken. This wound Jack up to a pitch of frenzy, and he ruſhed home, determined to confront his father and ſtand the worſt. Bouncing into his uncle's room to

tell him his intention, he only found his father alone, ſipping his afternoon chocolate.

"My dear Jack," he cried, his cup arreſted half way between the ſaucer and his lips: "for Heaven's ſake tell me if you think that a proper mode of entering a room? I thought the houſe was on fire, or your uncle in an apoplectic fit! Where *have* you been, what *have* you been doing? What a vulgar heat you are in! This will never do, ſir, never! Juſt leave the room and re-enter it like a gentleman!"

Jack had walked very faſt, the room was very warm, he felt all his arteries thumping and beating, and his cheeks, noſe, and ears, burning—

"If I go out," thought he, "I ſhall never come in again. Now or never! Hang it who's afraid?" He clenched his fiſt, preſſed it on his breaſt, and taking a deep gaſp he ſaid:

"Sir, it's no uſe going on ſaying nothing: I—"

"For Heaven's ſake clear your voice, and don't ſpeak ſo loud. You deſtroy me!"

Without heeding his father, Jack continued rapidly:

"I think you had better leave me here; for I—I'm—you ſee—becauſe I—"

"My dear child, do try and expreſs yourſelf diſtinctly and calmly. What are you coming to? Egad, I expect to hear you have committed murder or highway robbery. Now proceed!" and Sir Thomas having depoſited his cup on the ſilver waiter beſide him, leant his elbow on that of the chair, his cheek on his hand, croſſed one leg over the other, and gently tapped his pointed velvet-clad knee with his gold ſnuff-box.

"I'm all attention," he ſaid, and ſhut his eyes. The grey eyes being cloſed, Jack felt more at his eaſe.

"Well then, ſir, you ſee I'm going to be married, and want your conſent."

Sir Thomas opened his eyes and fixed them on Jack, without altering his poſition or ceaſing to tap his knee.

"Oh!" ſaid the Baronet, as if he had juſt been informed that it was raining, or what time it was.

Jack was crimſon; he felt even his back bluſh, and did not know whether to ſwear or run away.

His feelings found vent in a hoarſe ſheepiſh laugh. His father again cloſed his eyes, and murmuring:

"You will ſoon be very different, I truſt and hope," he continued aloud: "and pray what pretty little Miſs is to be the future Lady Warren?"

"Miſtreſs Lydia Freeman," ſtammered a gruff and tremulous voice.

"Oh!"

A ſilence.

"Who may Miſtreſs Lydia Freeman be?" inquired Sir Thomas, rubbing his ſmoothly ſhorn chin, and gaping.

"Dr. Freeman's daughter."

"Oh!"

Another ſilence.

"Pray is Dr. Freeman the village apothecary?"

"No, ſir—the Vicar."

"Oh!"

Sir Thomas ſlowly took a pinch of ſnuff, and then examining all the little figures of his box very liſtleſſly and ſleepily, he ſaid:

"And pray, if it is not an impertinent queſtion, when is the bliſſful event to take place?"

"Directly I have your conſent, ſir!"

"Oh!"

Silence. Jack wiping his face and forehead.

"How much has your Phillis to her fortune?"

"Little or nothing, ſir!"

"The Vicar has conſented?"

"He would not, ſir, all I could do, till I've your conſent."

"Indeed!"—memorandum—"a deep rogue or a great fool."

Jack's worſt voice of all now demanded in an anxious ſtrangulated tone:

"Will you ſay yes, ſir?"

"Yes!" replied Sir Thomas careleſſly.

"Yes!" echoed Jack, like "*rude Boreas*," and clapping his hands, darted towards the door, crying:

"Thank you, ſir! I'll juſt run back to the Vicarage and tell them!"

"Come back, ſir! I've one or two little obſervations to make to you firſt. Sit down!"

Poor Jack, faſcinated by the ſupercilious grey eyes, ſlunk back, and ſat down, his hands on his knees, and his back very much bowed.

"By this time, my dear boy, you muſt be aware, in ſome degree, how very deficient you are by nature and through want of education, in all the thouſand-and-one little points that conſtitute

a poliſhed gentleman. All this I intend to remedy *de mon mi-oo*, and you muſt co-operate with me. Now, with a wife, my dear Jack, this would be impoſſible: you would go through life the bear you are at preſent—hunting, feeding, and ſleeping. By the time you were thirty, you would be encumbered with eight or nine children, be tired of your wife, and wiſh yourſelf and family at the devil!"

"But you ſaid 'yes,' ſir," Jack ventured to obſerve.

"I did, and I ſay ſo ſtill; but I ſhall be ſo bold as to beg you to put off your wedding-day for two years, when I ſhall be delighted to repeat the 'yes' I have this day uttered."

Jack ſighed, or rather groaned.

"My word," ſaid Sir Thomas, in anſwer to the groan, "is as the law of the Medes and Perſians, Jack. I have only to add that I am ſorry you could not have told me this little adventure before, and without all the bouncing, bluſhing, and choking, you have been treating me to. I hope I ſhall never again hear you give way to that idiotic laugh about nothing; and now you

may go, and take thoſe old hounds with you: they make me quite ſick!"

Jack called the old dogs, and eſcaped as an arrow from a bow.

"Now, ſir!" he cried, as he ruſhed into the parlour at the Vicarage, "we only want your conſent. My father ſays 'yes!'"

"My ſervice to you!" replied Dr. Freeman, looking full of aſtoniſhment. "Sir Thomas conſented, did he? How ſo? I can't make it out at all!"

"He ſaid '*yes*' at once, as if he didn't care about it."

"Well! this paſſes my comprehenſion; quite paſſes it—*quite*" ſaid the Vicar, ſcrewing up his placid face: of which Lydia's was the counterpart, only young and feminine. The Doctor had been very handſome in his day. "And what is to become of your ſojourn in London, my young friend, and your training for a fine gentleman, and a parliament man? I can *not* make it out!"

Jack hung his head, and ſighed as he anſwered: "Ah! there's the rub. My father won't let me marry for two years, and he ſays his word's the

law of the *meads* and *Prooſians*, which I take to be ſomething very poſitive!"

"Oh! ſay you ſo?" and Dr. Freeman's face relaxed from the air of puzzled ſurpriſe lately depicted on it. "I ſee, Jack, I ſee it all, my good friend. How very good!" and the Vicar ſmiled and chuckled all to himſelf.

"How? what, ſir? I don't underſtand! what do you mean?" cried Jack, looking very vague.

"Ah; well, my dear lad, I give *my* conſent with all my heart, whether for to-day or two years hence; but taking all things into conſideration, if you follow my advice, you and Lyddie will not engage yourſelves, but ſee how matters ſtand this time two years."

"But we *are* engaged, and two years will make no difference. After all, they'll ſoon ſlip by."

"Now, Jack, liſten to reaſon. You've never been farther from home than your hunter has carried you after a fox. You know nothing of life; you can form no idea of town and its pleaſures, to which Sir Thomas and his friends will introduce you. Lyddie, dear little puſs, is the only pretty young thing you have ever ſeen, and

you will ſee hundreds of town beauties my little Lyddie couldn't hold a candle to. You'll come back a very different man to what you are now. All your taſtes and views will moſt probably be entirely changed; you will not ſee things as you ſee them now: you will look on me as an old *fogie,* and on Lyddie as a ruſtic little maiden only fit to milk cows and churn butter. Take advice, Jack; don't engage yourſelf, my young friend."

"Hang it, ſir! don't turn againſt me; don't perſuade Lydia of all you've been ſaying to me."

"I only ſpoke for your own ſake, my young friend; but mark my words—long engagements are bad things, and if you and my little puſs enter into one, you'll live to repent it; you eſpecially, Jack."

"Well, but I know my own mind, ſir. My father will never, as long as he lives, make a fop of honeſt Jack Warren. I've no turn for it. I love Lydia; and as for town beauties, I've heard they're all paint and vapours, and that'll never do for me. All I want is plenty of freſh air and freedom, a good horſe or two, a good pack of hounds, and a nice little laſs like Lydia

to my wife, with a good bottle and a hearty welcome for any honeſt fellow I may call my friend. I can't dreſs up like my father, and go about in a ſedan chair, as they ſay the young fellows about town do, for fear of ſplaſhing their ſtockings or ſoiling their Spaniſh leather ſhoes: not I, hang it!"

"Well, well," ſaid Dr. Freeman rubbing his little fat hands, "I've warned you, Jack,—*if* you come back with your preſent thoughts, you and Lyddie may be as happy as the day's long, for aught I can ſee. But if, on the contrary, you——"

"Oh!" interrupted Jack ſuddenly fluſhing, and ſtaring as though he beheld a ghoſt. "I have it! I ſee it! That's it, ſir! Gad, who'd have thought it? It's as plain as a fox's bruſh. My father thinks all you've been ſaying, and expects me to come back and flout Lydia at the end of two years' time! Hang me, if I do though!" and Jack reſolutely ſhook his head, and would have cocked his hat fiercely if he had not been in the houſe.

"Do you think ſo?" aſked the Vicar roguiſhly.

"Aye! that I do. Let a man chooſe his own line of life, and his own wife. It's all very well; but at the end of two years I ſhall be of age. However, it's no uſe talking. Hang it! Where's Lydia, ſir?"

"Gone abroad with her mother to take tea. Now ſit you down quietly, and we'll have a pipe of my beſt tobacco, a tankard of mild home-brewed, and a little friendly chat; and then you ſhall go with the lanthorn and gallant them home. You'll be above that, Jack, when you come from town in your gold embroidery and red heels. '*Stap* my breath! Dem'me!' Eh, Jack!" and the Vicar laughed at his own conceits; but Jack looking fierce and melancholy, the Vicar was too kind to continue them.

Sir Thomas Warren never again alluded to his ſon's intended marriage; but, at the end of a week's time, the heavy coach appeared one fine morning at the hall door; Sir Thomas, in his velvet wrapper, embroidered nightcap, and gold-laced hat, inſtalled himſelf in it, followed by Larrazée, who took his departure univerſally regretted.

"I ſhall expect you this day week, Jack,"

cried his father. "Be punctual. Adieu, Ned! I ſhall always be glad to ſee you in town."

And off drove the great coach with all its contents, whilſt Squire Warren and Jack looked after it, each drawing a deep ſigh of ſatisfaction when it diſappeared. Jack's journey was to be performed on horſeback, and would occupy three long days.

Swiftly flew the intermediate time. The laſt day's "*run*" drew near, but Jack's heart gave way, and he vowed he never could "*meet them all*" in the field, knowing it was the laſt time; ſo, in melancholy mood, he ſought the Vicarage, and never once removed his eyes from Lydia, but ſat gazing on her with the tender expreſſion of a fond hound eyeing a beloved and kind maſter: indeed, during the laſt half hour, he ſat perfectly ſilent with one of Lydia's little hands in both of his, whilſt the Vicar read, and his wife meekly knitted a pair of ſtockings.

Jack was to meet his old hunting friends at dinner at the Hall.

"You'll be late, my young friend," said the Vicar kindly, as he drew forth a huge thick ſilver watch. "Come, children, kiſs and part. What are a few minutes more or leſs? Come!"

"Good-bye, Jack," faltered the tender-hearted Miſtreſs Freeman; and ſhe put down her knitting, embraced Jack, and hurried out of the room, that ſhe might not be preſent at the parting; as ſome perſons are wont to diſappear when a tooth is about to be drawn.

At the Vicar's words Jack grew pale, and felt very cold and ſlightly tremulous, whilſt his heart beat very faſt and loud, and his voice ſtuck in his throat. As the Vicar's lady vaniſhed, he walked to the window, ſtood an inſtant gazing at the lawn and walked back again; turned his back to Lydia, who was ſilently weeping with her handkerchief to her eyes, and, ſeizing the Vicar's ſoft warm hand with a cold hard palm, cried, in a voice that would have ſent Sir Thomas Warren from life to death, could he have heard it:

"Good-bye, ſir—good-bye——good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my dear young friend, good-bye! Heaven bleſs you, and bring you ſafe back. If buſineſs calls me to London, I ſhall find you out."

Jack wrung the Doctor's hand again and again; then ſeizing his velvet hunting-cap, he turned ſuddenly round, bit his under lip violently, and gaſped forth: "Lydia!"

"Jack!" ſobbed Lydia, and they were locked in each others' arms.

The Vicar gave vent to his feelings in a tender Latin quotation, and Jack daſhed from the houſe, bruſhing a tear from each eye, and drawing his cap well over them.

How little he thought———But we muſt not anticipate and ſpoil the ſtory.

He reached the Hall juſt as his uncle and his gueſts were returning from their day's ſport, and warmly and loudly they all greeted him.

Dinner paſſed off merrily. Poor Jack was rather *diſtrait* and melancholy at firſt, but he did his beſt not to prove a "kill-joy," and every time Lydia's ſuppreſſed ſobs aroſe in his memory, he ſtrove to diſlodge the ſorrowful recollection with a bumper. After dinner, when the company were aſſembled round the fire, and the Squire had ſent round the ſmoking punch, he aroſe:

"Gentlemen," he ſaid, "we'll drink Jack's good health. This is his laſt dinner with us for the next two years. Send he may come back the good honeſt young fellow he leaves us! He's no taſte for fopperies and tomfooleries, thank heaven!—Gentlemen, I ſhall expect that

not a man leaves this room till he has done his beſt! There are beds for you all, and a clean floor for thoſe who can't reach them! Jack's very good health and ſafe return!"

The Squire's little ſpeech was received with thunders of applauſe, and Jack's health was uproariouſly drank. The poor fellow began to feel more *en train;* though, in ſpite of the merry company and the noiſe, a chill every now and then came over him. The meeting became more and more jovial and hilarious. Lights were brought. The ſturdy "four bottle men" maintained their ſenſes. Bowl followed bowl of punch. Supper came: more wine, more punch. At laſt one little fat ſquire aroſe to ſay a great deal about nothing, and fell under the table. Squire Warren gravely rang, and had him carried off to bed. By degrees everybody ſang and talked at once. The good old Squire fell aſleep with his head on the table; ſnores proceeded from beneath it. Very late in the evening, Jack and three more were the only waking beings in the room, and the three complimented him over and over again on his proweſs, and dared him to go on; which Jack did.

Now, fair and gentle ladies! who imagine that love makes a demi-god of a man, abſtracts him from all earthly deeds, and cauſes him to pronounce continually one loved name when no one hears, to knit his brows and make his fair one his *idée-fixe*, to the utter neglect of eating, drinking, or ordering new garments; who imagine that a man by falling in love has his nature entirely changed, and from an ordinary mortal becomes the extraordinary phenomenon brought forth for your admiration and deception in a novel produced by ſome ſifter fair one; who imagine that to enjoy a good dinner, or to laugh, or to attend to any ſublunary concern is incompatible with love, becauſe it is what you prettily call "ſo *very* unromantic" (as if love implied romance: love being a reality, romance a viſion); now, fair and gentle ladies who cheriſh ſuch fond deluſions, do not read the little bit about to flow from my veracious pen!

I write of a man who, as ſuch, muſt act according to his nature, though love happened to be added to his other feelings.

Well, then! Jack continued to drink with his three friends, till only he and one of them

remained; and ſtill he drank on mechanically, and even Lydia, and his father, and his journey, vaniſhed from his brain. At length one alone was left. Jack fell heavily on the floor, cloſed his eyes in ſleep, leaving the victor to "hurrah" by himſelf, over his proſtrate form.

When he recovered his conſciouſneſs the clock in the hall was ſlowly and tranquilly ſtriking five. He was ſtiff and cold from lying on the hard floor, his head heavy, and his throat parched with a burning thirſt. Riſing and ſtretching himſelf, he looked around. Two ſleepers were extended, ſnoring where they fell; the red light of the expiring embers dimly lighted the remains of the feaſt, and the candles burnt down to the ſockets. Jack ſought the ſideboard, and from a large ſilver tankard allayed his thirſt with a long draught of cold freſh ale. Then, being fully awakened, the recollection of his misfortunes returned. London — Sir Thomas Warren — Lydia—education—poor Jack!

He lighted a wax-light from the ſideboard, and proceeded to his room, the old oaken ſtaircaſe creaking beneath his ſtep, the cold air cauſing his feverish frame to ſhiver and creep. He threw

himſelf on his bed, and ſtaring at the ſteadily burning candle, reflected on his fate: and never was there a more miſerable being than Jack at that moment; about to quit the life he loved and was formed for, to meet that future life he deteſted and was ſo entirely unfit for.

The ſhrill crow of the cock aroufed him from his reverie, and he proceeded to pack his ſaddle-bags, and load his holſter piſtols, which lay on his table. Then he began to deſpoil himſelf of his much-loved hunting garb, in order to array himſelf in the Lincoln-green ſuit, which Sir Thomas deſired he would wear on the journey. Jack, when he beheld himſelf in his glaſs, previous to making his toilette, could certainly not compliment himſelf on his perſonal appearance. His face was red and ſwollen, his eyes were dim and heavy, the powder was half ſhaken from his hair, and his ſhirt ſpotted with wine. Oh, Jack! if Lydia could have ſeen you!

"Hang it!" thought the poor fellow. "I can never take leave of my uncle: I'll write to him, and put the note under his door!" and ſo he endited the following epiſtle, in a large thick hand, and ſhot it under the Squire's door;

liſtened a few minutes to his ſonorous ſnores with fond affection, gave a groan, and ruſhed back to his room to put on his heavy jack-boots and depart.

"My dear Uncle,

"I can't take leave of you. God bleſs you! Thank you for every thing you have done for me ſince my mother died. Give my love to Lydia. Take care of yourſelf. I hope we ſhall ſtill have many a good run together. Give my love to all my friends. Farewell.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"John Warren."

Such was the note of the intended ſtateſman and fine gentleman! Not very promiſing it muſt be confeſſed, though ſimple and honeſt.

But Sir Thomas Warren had decreed that *his* ſon and heir was to be both ſtateſman and fine gentleman, and his word being as the laws of the Medes and Perſians, as he was accuſtomed to obſerve with pompous ſatisfaction, Jack was to be tortured into the man he needed. Sir Thomas never conſidered that the training would begin rather late in life; Sir Thomas never

aſked himſelf whether the elements of the character he had fixed upon for his ſon were to be found in him; Sir Thomas never aſked himſelf whether, if they were not there, it would be poſſible to make a ſtateſman and fine gentleman, one or both, without them; Sir Thomas never inquired which would be moſt likely to make Jack happy, the life he had traced out for him, or that which he would himſelf have fixed upon, and for which nature had formed him. No! Sir Thomas Warren's ſon *muſt* be a ſtateſman and fine gentleman: ſuch was his word; and his word was as the laws of the Medes and Perſians!

Sir Thomas Warren had been all his days a pompous man of pleaſure. He married late in life, at two or three and forty, a beautiful girl of ſeventeen, Lady Lucy Harvey: not that he particularly cared about her, but all the young men were wild for her. She was an Earl's only child, ſole heireſs to great property; and, therefore, having arranged the affair with her mother, the Counteſs of Ilſley, a handſome widow ſtill young, and not deſirous of being eclipſed by her own daughter, he pompouſly courted Lady Lucy for a couple of months, and then as pompouſly

married her. Poor Lady Lucy expired at the end of four years, through chagrin and ennui: it was ſaid ſhe had been forced, in order to marry Sir Thomas, to give up her lover, a young officer of great merit; that he, broken-hearted, had joined his regiment in the Weſt Indies, and, plunging into a career of the wildeſt diſſipation, ſoon ceaſed to exiſt; that his death, combined with Sir Thomas's neglect, had helped to mine her conſtitution and conduct her to the grave.

Her huſband, in the moſt elegant mourning ſuit, continued ſedately to gallant about the metropolis; and, as he hated children, he was delighted to hand little Jack over to his brother, who adored them. He hoped, now and then in his letters, that his ſon's education was properly attended to; to which Squire Warren was enabled to return the moſt ſatisfactory anſwer: as, indeed, the good Squire opined that no education could be more perfect than that which he afforded his cheriſhed little nephew. The curate inſtructed him in reading, writing, arithmetic, and morals; whilſt his uncle undertook his bodily exerciſes, and made him a firſt-rate ſportſman in all the various branches,—hunting, courſing,

ſhooting, and fiſhing. The boy grew apace. At ten years old he was out with the harriers, at twelve he had followed the fox-hounds. His education was perfect of its kind; but by education Sir Thomas Warren and his brother the Squire meant very different things.

As he grew older the Baronet twaddled in diplomacy with great pompoſity, to conſole himſelf for the ſmall ſucceſs he began to meet with among the fair ones of the riſing generation; for Sir Thomas could never pay his court to any woman who was not young and pretty. In diplomacy, however, he was not particularly happy, although he was far from imagining ſuch to be the caſe; and a decoration he received from a petty prince, who could not endure any man about his court who was not *décoré*, very much enhanced his already very good opinion of his ſtateſmanlike qualities.

At length, at the age of ſixty-three, he returned home to worry poor Jack. He was, to be ſure, very much ſtartled by his ſon's appearance and manners: the goodneſs of his heart and the kindneſs of his diſpoſition he cared not about; but, after the firſt ſhock, his *idée fixe* returned with

additional ſtrength, and he placed the whole happineſs of his empty life in changing every idea, taſte, movement, and look of honeſt Jack Warren from what they were to what, ſome perſons might have opined, they never could be. And all this, not for the young man's good, but becauſe he, Sir Thomas Warren, choſe it ſo to be.

He arrived in town two days before his ſon.

Already, l'Abbé Potelle for French, mathematics, and Belles Lettres, Dupuis for dancing, Couderc for fencing, beſide Lord Langley's tailor and hair-dreſſer, were all engaged to be in attendance on the day following Jack's expected arrival in town.

Now, ſome well-diſpoſed perſons might have imagined that all theſe preparations denoted great and affectionate ſolicitude on the part of a fond father. Not at all! Sir Thomas rather diſliked Jack than otherwiſe; but he was to ſucceed to *his* title, and to *his* eſtates, and to perpetuate *his* renown: at leaſt, ſo the Baronet imagined.

Jack's apartment, too, was prepared: a large back room on the ſecond floor, with a view of roofs and chimneys; deſtined to impreſs the poor lad with a vehement and melancholy longing for

the country, the freſh air, and wide-ſpread view he had been accuſtomed to. The room was embelliſhed with one or two mythological pictures, with deities in airy garb; but Jack would have preferred hunting ſubjects, and never heeded the others. There was a caſe of books, in tongues unknown to Jack; in ſhort, not one genial object was he deſtined to view in his new abode, ſave his hunting-cap, whip and ſpurs; which he himſelf hung-up in his room, a melancholy trophy of paſt happy days.

It was on a wet foggy evening that Jack Warren made his entry into the metropolis. The paved ſtreets were dirty and greaſy, the lamp-lighters were juſt lighting the oil lamps, that ſhone with dim and ruſhlight ſhine through the heavy atmoſphere. Jack had beheld no town but the little poſt-town ſome five miles from Denham Park. The dingy aſpect and thick air of London, the ſilent hurrying paſſengers, the noiſy traffic of the city, with the proſpect of meeting his father, all combined to ſink his ſpirits, and make him already ſigh to be home again: for ſo he called Squire Warren's kindly abode. Through ſtreet and ſtreet he rode, ofttimes aſked his way, directed

aright by ſober-minded perſons, and very wrong by "*wags.*" His ſtout iron-grey ſteed, unaccuſtomed to city ſights and objects, ſhyed and curvetted, and the beholders laughed at the rider for a clown. What is more ſupremely ridiculous to the cockney mind than a countryman in London, or more ſupremely laughable to the rural mind than a cockney in the country; each, on his reſpective ground, pluming himſelf, and feeling his enlightenment, and his ſuperiority over his ignorant and inferior neighbour?

After much ado he reached his father's houſe, with well-ſplaſhed boots and riding-cloak. The porter, who was looking from the window pitying all poor wretches who were not porters in large leather chairs before huge fires, ſaw Jack draw bridle, and, on a ſign from him, grunted and opened the door. He was a croſs porter, and habitually overeat himſelf, which might account for the above phenomenon.

"Well! young man," he cried, filling up the doorway, and looking at Jack as if he had travelled from the antipodes purpoſely to vex and inſult him.

"Is my father, Sir Thomas, at home?" cried

Jack, eyeing with feelings of repugnance the guardian of his father's ſtately home.

"Gone to the coffee-houſe!" returned the porter, with a ſurly bull-dog bow.

"Oh! where's the ſtable?" aſked young Warren.

The porter, turning about ſilently, preſented a ſpacious back view, and Jack heard apoplectic grunts, but could not diſtinguiſh the words uttered. They were to this effect, addreſſed to a young under-footman.

"Here, you ſirrah! run and call Sam to take his horſe!" jerking his thumb over his ſhoulder to deſignate the object he alluded to. "Look ſharp!"

The porter then returned to the door, moodily eyeing Jack, till the footman and groom appeared. Jack ſaw that Sam was a ſteady fellow and kind, from the manner in which he approached and took the horſe, he therefore gave him up to him, with the accompaniment of a half-crown; he then reſigned himſelf and ſaddle-bags to the young footman, who winked at the porter as he looked at the light baggage, and uſhered Jack into an immenſe dark dining-room, into every panel of which was

inſerted the full-length portrait of an anceſtor of the houſe of Warren.

Here he threw off his cloak and drew a chair to the fire, when the door opened and Larrazée appeared.

"Ah! monſieur," he exclaimed; "your very humble ſervant! Ah! ſo enchant to have the honour to ſee you here at London. You ought to be broke with fatigue, indeed. Shalls I conduct you to your *appartement*, and command you ſome ſupper? Yes! Ah! your mantel—ſuffer me:" and Larrazée took Jack's dirty cloak without wincing, and preceded him to his room. His lively face and manner, and the intereſt he manifeſted in Jack, and all his kind and polite *prévenance*, were as a ray of ſunſhine to the poor young ſquire.

"What would monſieur *préfère* for ſupper? A little *potage*, one or two pree-ty little *entrées*, a cream, ſome paſtry, and then the deſſert? A bottle of Champagne to take away fatigue, cup of coffee and a *chaſſe?* Voilà un joli petit menu, tout-a-fait gentil!" and Larrazée ſtood in a bowing attitude awaiting the young gentleman's approbation.

"Much obliged to you," replied Jack: "but I'd rather have ſome cold beef and pickles, and a tankard of ſtrong ale."

"Ah! bien, it will be as monſieur deſire," ſaid the valet bowing, but looking diſappointed. "Up here, or in the dining-room will monſieur be ſerve?"

"Up here, thank you, *Lazarus*," replied Jack meekly. "I ſuppoſe it will be late before my father comes home?"

"*Sire Varenne* will return at eight, to make his toilette to go to Lady Ilſley, Monſeigneur's mamma-in-law: they play very much at cards, and your papa perhaps remain till the morning."

Larrazée diſappeared, and anon appeared a couple of footmen with Jack's ſupper; to which he did ample juſtice. Having diſmiſſed it, but retained the tankard, he drew a large arm-chair to the fire, and proceeded to ſolace himſelf, as country ſquires of that epoch were wont to do, with a long unbroken clay pipe ſlightly curved, (none of the black *dhudeens* of this age) filled with fragrant tobacco, the ſmoke from which tranquilly curled about the apartment in a light grey cloud; and the ſmoker dwelling intently on his

paſt life and pleaſures, thanks to the compoſing ale and ſoothing tobacco, began entirely to loſe ſight of his preſent ſituation.

In the midſt of his happy reverie, the door was gently opened, unknown to Jack, and his father, ſoftly ſtepping to the fire, ſtood before him, like a pale ghoſt emerging from a miſt, *i.e.*, the tobacco ſmoke.

Jack took his long clay pipe from his lips, aroſe, gazed an inſtant at Sir Thomas, who kept his much dreaded grey eyes coldly bent upon him, and then in the very voice which ſo ſhook his father's nerves he muttered, "How are you, ſir," and extended his hand.

Sir Thomas took it not.

"I muſt beg, ſir!" he ſaid ſeverely, "that for the future you do not turn *my* houſe into a tavern! Smoking may paſs with fox-hunting ſquires and country parſons, but no gentleman ever dreams of ſuch a thing. The ſtair-caſe ſmells like a tap. What will my people think, and what character will get abroad of you through them? Remember that ſervants have eyes and ears, and like ſome ſecret ſociety confer among themſelves of the upper claſs; that valets

and lady's-maids know more of your friends than you know yourſelf; and that at the toilet they enliven their maſter or miſtreſs with ſprightly goſſip gathered from their own coteries. Pray let me ſee you throw that long vulgar pipe from your window. And never again let me behold you ſitting over a tankard, like a country bumpkin. I have plenty of wine in my cellars which is quite at your ſervice. Ale thickens the underſtanding and ſtupifies the brain, and I cannot allow a ſon of mine to brutify himſelf with it. Now *obleege* me by throwing away your pipe!"

Having witneſſed the execution of the offending pipe, and heard it break on a roof beneath, Sir Thomas wiſhed his ſon good night, recommending him not to ſtartle the manſion by getting up next morning at cock-crow, and ſo ſtalked pompouſly from the apartment.

Poor Jack finiſhed his tankard and retired to reſt, greatly aſtoniſhed at the luxurious eaſe and ſoftneſs of his bed; where he ſoon ſank into a ſound and renovating ſleep.

So much for Jack's firſt evening beneath his father's lordly roof.

The next morning his troubles began. The room was ſo darkened he did not awake till Larrazée ſtood by his bedſide with a tiny cup of chocolate on a ſilver ſalver.

"What's that?" aſked Jack in a ſleepy voice, and rubbing his eyes: "phyſic?"

"No, monſieur, it is your chocolate!"

"Oh! well, I may as well take it. 'Gad, it's very nice: only next time, Lazarus, I ſhould like a bowl-full."

"Monſieur ſhall be obey!"

Larrazée proffered his ſervices to aſſiſt at Jack's toilet; which he refuſed, with the aſſurance that he ſhould be up "*in a jiffy.*"

A knock at his door ſhortly after was followed by a voice announcing that Sir Thomas waited breakfaſt for him in his ſtudy. Jack opened his door, and ſtared with amazement at the ſtaircaſe and ceiling painted in the Louis XIV. ſtyle with gods, and demi-gods, and Cupid, and the goddeſſes all arrayed *à la romaine*, not *à la grèque*, and every one with the unmiſtakable Louis le Grand ſtamp on them, from Jupiter to Cupid. Mars appeared making a leg to Venus; the warlike god being arrayed in a long Roman

cuiraſs with a Gorgon's head on the breaſt, a ſcarlet mantle looped about him like a curtain, a helmet ſurmounted by a ſcroll-like dragon, with a very large open mouth and clutching paws; knee-breeches, rather wrinkled, deſcending to the ſwell of the calf, *cothurnæ* nearly meeting them, decorated with a Gorgon's head at the top, and a drapery proceeding from the ſaid head as a finiſh to the *chauſſure*, much as a top-boot is finiſhed by its top. I omitted to mention that the dragon on the helmet was ſhaded by a large plume of ſcarlet oſtrich feathers, and Mars wore his hair long and curling, like the "grand monarque's" periwig. Cupid looked roguiſhly from behind the god's oval ſhield; and as for his mamma, ſhe wore her hair dreſſed like a Court beauty's. Yet, with all this, the whole painting wore an air of majeſty and grandeur peculiar to "*le ſiècle*" in which it was painted. It made unſophiſticated Jack Warren quite giddy to look at all theſe divinities, depicted in the dome which roſe above him, and the ſervant turned on one ſide to indulge in a grin at his amazement.

On reaching Sir Thomas's ſtudy, he found his father arrayed in a magnificent white brocaded

dreſſing-gown, his head covered with his embroidered nightcap, and a ſlight ſmell of maréchalle emanating from him. He was counting his winnings of the previous evening, and dropping them into a very long finely netted white purſe with gold ſlides and taſſels, ſmelling of the then elegant odour of muſk. The grey eyes were fixed on Jack as he drew near.

"My dear child, you enter a room juſt like a poſt-boy coming for orders, and you ſmell moſt deteſtably of tobacco and horſes. Sit down. I intend that you ſhould dine and breakfaſt with me, whenever I happen to be at home, in order to form you."

Jack ſat down with a ravening appetite, and ſurveyed the table. There he beheld a beautiful tea-ſervice and coffee-ſervice, two eggs in Dreſden china ſtands, two rolls, a ſmall pat of butter, and a china cover, beneath which, on a china plate, repoſed one muffin.

Jack ſoon devoured a roll, an egg, and all the muffin, took tea and coffee, and longed for his accuſtomed beef or ham, and the ſilver tankard.

"You would no doubt wiſh to proceed here as you did at your uncle's, like a young cannibal!"

ſaid Sir Thomas; "but, my dear child, you muſt *fine down:* get rid of your red face and coarſe appearance, which you will never do on a beef and ale regimen. Why, you live every day of your life like a boxer in training!"

Sir Thomas taking up the paper, Jack imagined he might effect a retreat.

"Where are you going?" aſked the Baronet from behind his journal.

"To ſee my horſe," croaked Jack.

"Remember, I abſolutely forbid your going to the ſtables: I have proper people to look after the horſes, and it is not neceſſary you ſhould ſuperintend them. You muſt break yourſelf of all thoſe country habits; and recollect, once for all, I intend you for a gentleman and a ſtateſman, and not for a ſtable-boy. Remain where you are; there is yeſterday's paper for you: I am expecting two or three people to be here preſently on your account."

Jack took the proffered paper and held it before his face; and there he ſat, with hungry ſtomach and vexed mind, ſtaring at, but not reading it, till it was announced that "Mr. Sayers" had called to ſee Sir Thomas.

"Deſire him to come in. This, my dear child, is young Lord Langley's tailor. Your ſervant, Mr. Sayers."

"Servant, Sir Thomas."

"I want you to dreſs my boy here, and give him as much an air of faſhion as you can. He muſt have *everything*, from a dreſſing-gown and morning ſuit to a full-dreſs ſuit; two of each."

"I never wear a dreſſing-gown!" ſaid Jack hoarſely.

A look from his father was his reproof.

The tailor proceeded to meaſure the victim, tightening the meaſure round Jack's waiſt moſt diſtreſſingly. Jack was about to remonſtrate, but the grey eyes were upon him. The tailor eyed the young Squire's Lincoln-green ſuit with ſupreme contempt.

"Ah! he'll look better ſoon, Mr. Sayers. I hope you'll do your beſt."

"You may depend on me, Sir Thomas. I've quite made beaux and '*ſmarts*' of even more awkward young gentlemen than young Mr. Warren here. I'll ſhow you my patterns, Sir Thomas."

Mr. Sayers' boy being introduced with the patterns, Sir Thomas and the tailor proceeded to chooſe from among them, without conſulting Jack on any one point: he, poor fellow, looking on quite amazed at the velvet, the ſatin, the ſilk, the gold and ſilver lace and embroidery, of which patterns were ſpread all over the table. He did not in the leaſt underſtand what his father had ordered for him, though he comprehended that his clothes would be compoſed of very grand materials.

"What a fool I ſhall feel like," thought honeſt Jack.

The tailor was followed by Lord Langley's hairdreſſer, M. Hippolyte. Jack was made to ſit down, and the Frenchman proceeded to untie and examine his hair, talking French with Sir Thomas all the while. Preſently ſeveral boxes were brought in, from which many wigs in various ſtyles were extracted, and one after the other placed on Jack's head; the hairdreſſer and Sir Thomas falling back and viewing him, as a painter does to view his picture.

M. Hippolyte next proceeded to the rear, and taking the young man's hair in his left hand, Jack

felt a cold pair of ſciſſors againſt his poll, and in one inſtant his treſſes were for ever gone!

"Hang it! what the devil are you doing?" ſhouted Jack, quite forgetting himſelf, and jumping up.

"M. Hippolyte finds your hair much too coarſe and ſtrong ever to dreſs properly; you muſt therefore wear a periwig, like moſt other young fellows of your age."

So ſpake Sir Thomas, and laying his thin hand on Jack's arm, he reſeated him.

Larrazée was ſummoned to aſſiſt, and before M. Hippolyte had left the houſe Jack's head was ſhaved as ſmooth as a pawn's, and decked with a moſt becoming powdered wig and bag; over which the Baronet, valet and *perruquier*, all ecſtaſiſed, whilſt their martyr ſteadily averted his eyes from the glaſs, and felt no ſpirit for anything.

The next perſon announced was l'Abbé Potelle, a tall thin handſome man about fifty, with large gleaming black eyes, his hair cut and powdered, according to the eccleſiaſtical faſhion in France, and ſurmounted by a black leather *calotte*. He bowed politely to Sir Thomas,

and with a friendly air to Jack; Sir Thomas having announced him to the Abbé as his future pupil.

"Enchanté!" cried the Abbé, and ſat down between them.

Jack felt as if the Abbé ſaw nothing but his new periwig, that he was aware it was a new periwig, and that he thought Jack looked like a very great ſimpleton in it; which cauſed Jack to bluſh and wriggle about on his chair, whilſt the thought croſſed him that the Abbé muſt have had a terrible "*crack on the head*" to be obliged to wear that great bit of ſticking-plaiſter over the back of it.

After a few compliments between Sir Thomas and his viſitor, the Abbé politely bending towards his pupil, with a pinch of ſnuff held in the vicinity of his noſe, ſaid, "Vous parlez un peu français, mon ami?"

"Eh! I don't underſtand," replied Jack, gruffly.

The Abbé took his ſnuff, whiſked a few grains of it off his ſhirt frill, and only pronounced a long-drawn "*Ah!*"

Sir Thomas proceeded to confide to him that

his ſon had lived all his life "*eng province*," and to hope that *Möuſiou* l'Abbé with his talent would be able to civiliſe "*ce pôvre ſovvage.*" L'Abbé bowed, ejaculated, ſmiled, took ſnuff, and departed; agreeing to commence his leſſons the following day, and to ſend in the neceſſary books. "*Sire* Thomas, j'ai bien l'honneur de vous ſaluer. Mr. Ouarrenne, your *hombl*é ſervant. We ſhall do very well, I do not make any doubt, and I ſhall ſoon make you ſpeak French like a true *Pariſien.* A demain donc!"

The polite Abbé in his heart did not expect much pleaſure from, or ſucceſs with, his new pupil—"*mais enfin*," as he ſaid on quitting the houſe.

"My dear child, do not ſit up there, as though you were a wig-block. Be eaſy and natural; walk about, take up a book—converſe with me: for heaven's ſake do ſomething! What do you think of the Abbé?"

"The what, ſir?" aſked Jack, whoſe ears were itching and burning from the effects of his new head-dreſs.

"That French gentleman who has juſt left, l'Abbé Potelle."

"Oh!—I don't know: he's very thin and yellow though!"

"My dear boy, you're a ſimpleton. If you can't make a pertinent remark you had far better make none."

"The dancing-maſter, Sir Thomas!" ſaid a ſervant at the door. "I've ſhown him into the dining-room as you bid me!"

"Very well;" and the ſervant vaniſhed.

"Now, ſir, you are to take your firſt leſſon in dancing of M. *Doopwee*, the greateſt maſter in town, and I hope you will not allow any fooliſh country *môvaiſe honte* to interfere with his inſtructions. There is nothing more vulgarly degrading than *môvaiſe honte!*"

"I wonder what it is," thought Jack, as he followed Sir Thomas and his ruſtling dreſſing-gown into the dining-room.

There he beheld a very little man, ſurveying the family portraits and humming a minuet. He was delicately rouged, and wore a black velvet patch, in the ſhape of a half-moon, at the corner of his left eye. His toes were ſo much turned out that a ſpectator ſtanding in front of him would behold the inſide of his calf inſtead

of his ſhin. His neck was long and thin, his ſhoulders ſloping and narrow, his head well poiſed, his back well drawn in; he carried his arms *en guirlande*, but juſt then he held his violin behind his back and tapped his right toe with the bow. His wig was irreproachable, with a high tuft in front to add to his ſtature. He was dreſſed in pea-green ſatin and ſilver, with very high red heels to his ſhoes, and paſte buckles. His noſe was of the Roxalane ſchool; a pleaſed ſmile ever dwelt on his lips. With the exception of his calves, which were immenſe, as moſt dancers' are, M. Dupuis was very thin, and as light as a feather.

Sir Thomas ſpoke to him a long time in French very emphatically, Jack ſtanding by; at whom M. Dupuis looked from top to toe, with his head thrown back rather on one ſide, and his eyes half-cloſed.

"Bien, bien! ah! je comprends—au fait—mais c'eſt juſte—il eſt bien guindé—oui, oui, ſoyez tranquille—remettez-vous-en à moi—j'en ai vu de pires—il n'eſt pas ſouple—mais que voulez-vous?—je le rendrai méconaiſſable—ah! il fera des progrès il faut eſpérer—au reſte nous

verrons—c'eſt un Hercule—mais tout-a-fait,"—theſe and ſuch like obſervations accompanied Sir Thomas's ſpeech and little M. Dupuis' ſurvey.

As the Frenchman could not ſpeak Engliſh, the Baronet was obliged to interpret all he ſaid to Jack.

"Stand in the middle of the room!"

Jack obeyed.

After a little preliminary drilling, during which M. Dupuis forced back Jack's gigantic and ſtiff ſhoulders and arms at the riſk of diſlocating his own, he uttered: "C'eſt fatiguant," and ſtood before his pupil, heels together, toes in line, cheſt out, back in; then collecting the fingers of each hand in a bunch, he brought their tips together with well rounded arms, raiſed them united ſlowly above his head, turning his chin over the right ſhoulder, and, ſpreading them ſlowly out, brought them by degrees to his ſides, and his face to the front; and ſo on, alternately looking over each ſhoulder.

"Comme ça,—allons!"

"You're to do as M. *Doopwee* has juſt ſhown you."

Jack with crimſoned face put his hands together, and precipitately went through the

evolution, without looking over his ſhoulder, and with feet wide apart.

"Non, non—voyez—regardez-moi donc—comme ça—cambrez-vous—voyons!"

Sir Thomas explained, and Jack did as before.

"Et les pieds!" cried Dupuis, puſhing them together with his toe; "ah! tournez-les au moins, allez, allez!" and, finding he could not turn Jack's feet out with his fiddle-ſtick, he ſtooped down and puſhed them out with his hand. Jack tottered, and ſpread out his arms.

"I ſhall tumble down, ſir. 'Pon my ſoul I ſhall, if he goes on!"

"Nonſenſe, ſir; pay attention!" and Jack ſtood *tant bien que mal* with his toes turned out and his heels together, whilſt every now and then little M. Dupuis puſhed his knees back to ſtraighten them. Next came "*les pliers.*"

The dancing-maſter placed a chair before Jack, which he, in the innocence of his heart, imagined he ſhould have to jump over.

M. Dupuis ſtood before him curtſeying up and down, his heels cloſe together, and his knees at his loweſt bend forced back in line with his ſhoulders. He allowed Jack, as a beginner, the

indulgence of holding the back of the chair, but Jack, being long-legged and tall, could deſcend but a very little way; his knees, not being forced back, coming in contact with the back of the chair.

M. Dupuis curtſeyed and talked, and rapped Jack with his bow, and ſang, clapping his hands to make him bend in time; he even played his violin, raiſing it up and down, and marking the notes and ſtamping his foot with the ſame view; but Jack had no idea of time, and went up and down anyhow, hurting his knees againſt the chair, feeling very red, very hot, very hungry, very melancholy. Sir Thomas fretted and fumed and took ſnuff, and began curtſeying himſelf to ſhow Jack how, and beat time with M. Dupuis; but all without effect. Jack thought it all abominable nonſenſe, and was too ſhy even to try and do better: had he been of modern days he would have ſaid, "*humbug;*" but the word was not then invented.

After half an hour's torture, M. Dupuis declared that that was enough for the firſt time, and took his departure; very much tired by "*ce coloſſe,*" as he inwardly called Jack, and retained to reſume the leſſon every other day.

Directly he left, Jack rubbed his knees, rounded his ſhoulders, and fell into his every-day poſture; while Sir Thomas rang for his "nooning," as luncheon was then called. Jack rather cheered up, but his countenance fell when he beheld a plate of Savoy biſcuits and a bottle of Cyprus wine. Sir Thomas elegantly dipped his biſcuits in his wine, lecturing his ſon all the while. Poor Jack had four biſcuits for his ſhare, his father eating two; and then he took two glaſſes of wine, Sir Thomas contenting himſelf with one. Still the poor fellow felt like a Newfoundland dog fed on pound-cake, and, after a little deliberation, hunger getting the better of him, he hoarſely ſaid—

"I'm ſo hungry, ſir! if you object to meat, couldn't they bring me ſome bread and cheeſe? —I ſhall die!"

"Immortal gods!" ſhrieked Sir Thomas, cowing his ſon with the moſt ſupercilious of ſmiles. "In two hours you will dine! Bread and cheeſe! Perhaps you would like to go down and dine with my people? I ſhall now dreſs, and then carry you abroad in my chariot to one or two ſhops before dinner. You may go to

your room till the chariot comes round. Don't keep me waiting."

Jack flew to his room, tore off his wig, threw himſelf on his bed, and ſwore like a fox-hunter. Hunger does not improve the temper. Then he thought of Lydia, and his uncle, and his favourite dogs and horſes, and the freſh air, and good cheer he had left, and it ſeemed to him a whole year ſince he had bade farewell to all his delights.

"Two years," he thought, "two years! If my father goes on in this way I ſhall be dead long before that! I can *never* learn to dance, I'm ſure I can't; and as for French—oh! hang it all!" and he began again to ſwear and bemoan himſelf. After a time he fell aſleep.

"Sir Thomas is waiting, ſir!" and a tap at the door arouſed him. He jumped up, ſeized his hat, and darted downſtairs. Porter, footmen, and butler, were in the hall, which he paſſed to reach Sir Thomas's ſtudy. A titter aroſe on all ſides, which grew to a laugh, loud and irreſiſtible, as he cloſed the ſtudy-door.

"What's the matter?" thought Jack.

"If you behave in this manner, to brave and

inſult me, ſir! you will live to repent it," ſaid Sir Thomas pompouſly.

There was a ſilence. Jack looked about him with open mouth, and ſaid—

"I don't know what you mean, ſir!"

"Look in the glaſs, ſir. Larrazée, hold the glaſs to him!"

"Ah! monſeigneur," cried the valet, doing as he was deſired; "I am quite certain *M. Varenne* forget. Was you not forget by accident, ſir?"

Jack caſt his eyes on the glaſs, and there beheld a bluſhing face and ſhaven crown! He, in his hurry, had forgotten to put on his new periwig! Poor Jack felt inclined to roar with rage on ſeeing himſelf in the glaſs.

"How Lydia would hate me and my ſhaved pate," thought he, not heeding the remarks and ſarcaſms of his father.

Larrazée, muttering "Pauvre jeune homme! c'eſt bête, mais c'eſt pas méchant," had darted up to Jack's room for the wig, and now returning with it on his hand, ſoon made Jack as ſmart as ever; then he and his father being ſeated in the chariot, gilt, painted with paſtoral ſubjects which Sir Thomas much loved, and lined with pale ſtraw-

coloured ſilk, they drove off; three footmen up behind, two ſleek white Flanders mares to draw them, and the fatteſt of fat coachmen on the box.

The chariot ſmelt of muſk, only one glaſs was a little way down, Jack's head throbbed, and the veins in his forehead ſwelled. His father made a very long ſpeech on his lack of *amour propre*, and his "low taſtes;" all unheard by Jack, who gaſped in his corner, and longed to kick his foot through the glaſs in front of him.

At length the chariot ſtopped before a jeweller's ſhop. Sir Thomas ceaſed talking and looked round. "My dear child, what an inſufferable lout you are. Arrange your wig, ſir! you've contrived to puſh it forward over your eyes!" but Jack's little efforts made matters worſe, and his father was obliged to do it for him.

"How blood-ſhot your eyes are, like a ſtage-coachman or a boatſwain's mate: you muſt have ſome roſe-water. Get out, ſir! don't you ſee the door is open?"

Poor Jack obeyed, but not bending low enough, hit his head, and, miſſing his footing at the ſame time, fell back on the ſoft carpet of the

chariot in a ſitting poſture, his legs out on the ſteps. The ſervants with their long canes were convulſed; whilſt Sir Thomas ſwore, and the little "*gamins*" ſtared in, ſuppoſing the gentleman to be taken ill in his coach. Sir Thomas having adminiſtered a ſeries of little pettiſh kicks to his ſon, Jack awoke from the ſtupor into which his ſudden fall had plunged him, and the two gentlemen entered the jeweller's ſhop.

Great was Jack's amazement at the treaſures there diſplayed, and the glitter that ſurrounded him! He turned about with the ſlow, open-mouthed demeanour of a peaſant at a ménagerie; whilſt Sir Thomas, with his cane ſuſpended to his wriſt, and his hat beneath his arm, made the purchaſe of four pair of knee-buckles, and the ſame number of ſhoe-buckles, of ſilver and gold, in paſte, and in diamonds: all for Jack. Turning to aſk Jack's opinion he beheld his gigantic ſon, with his hands in his pockets, "*mooning*" about him. Sir Thomas ſaid nothing, but deſiring the man to ſend the buckles, tapped Jack's arm and regained his chariot. Jack followed.

"Draw up the glaſs," ſaid Sir Thomas with a pettiſh wave of the hand.

Jack obeyed, pulled up the heavy glaſs, let go the holder, and down it ſlid again. Jack was not initiated in carriage myſteries. Sir Thomas ſhrugged his ſhoulders, took ſnuff, gave him a leſſon in putting a glaſs up and down, and the chariot rolled ſoftly on; the Baronet lectured Jack; the muſk ſmelt, the young ſquire felt ſuffocated, and ſo they arrived at the ſword-cutler's.

As the carriage drew up, a gentle pleaſing voice was heard at the glaſs which Sir Thomas had let down. The Baronet leant forward and blocked up the opening, in order that the perſon addreſſing him might not ſee Jack: deemed by his father not yet *préſentable;* and whoſe round and burning face certainly contraſted ſtrangely with his very white wig, giving him the appearance of a red roſe tipped with ſnow.

"Delighted to ſee your *Ludſhip:* hope you're well!"

"Quite well, I'm *obleeged* to you," returned the voice.

It proceeded from a young man of five-and-twenty, well made, light and active, upright as a dart, but with the eaſe and grace of a man accuſtomed from childhood to bodily exerciſe. In

thoſe days the tutoring of the body was deemed eſſentially neceſſary to every gentleman : to move with eaſe and *diſinvoltura* was as much to be deſired as any other accompliſhment. Ah ! could one of the élite of thoſe days ariſe from his grave juſt to behold a modern young gentleman ſhoot into a *ſoirée* imagining he is "*being looked at*," ſtare wildly for the lady of the houſe, wring her hand, and ſubſide with his back againſt a doorway, like a Guy Faux propped up and waiting to be carried his rounds !

To return to the young man at the carriage window.

He was very fair, with fine features and good-natured eyes of turquoiſe blue. He wore a plain morning ſuit of claret-coloured velvet, a black ſtock, and long boots. His attitude and manners were diſtinguiſhed and eaſy, and his bow and mode of raiſing his hat, when after a little further converſation he took his leave, were quite perfect.

"There, my dear child," ſaid Sir Thomas, turning triumphantly to poor Jack. "There! That was young Lord Langley ! There is a model for you. I intend ſoon to preſent you to him,

and I deſire you will copy him moſt attentively. Good heavens! what is to be done with that red face of yours? I do believe I muſt have you let blood!"

After the purchaſe of three ſwords and as many canes, for different degrees of dreſs; alſo two gold-laced tiny French hats and two ſilver-laced, the beſt being decorated with a fringe of white feather; after, furthermore, purchaſing for Jack an embroidered nightcap, a watch and different ſeals and chains, and half a dozen ſnuff-boxes, Sir Thomas gave the word "*home.*" The victim, to his infinite relief, had done with the ſcented chariot: for that day, at all events.

Larrazée was deſired to fill one of Jack's ſnuff-boxes with "*ſcented rappee,*" that Sir Thomas might inſtruct him in the art of ſnuff-taking.

"I can't take ſnuff, ſir; 'pon my ſoul I can't: it makes me ſneeze ſo," cried Jack, as Larrazée, with a bow, put a little enamelled oval ſnuff-box into his honeſt brown hand.

"I deſire you will try, and perſevere till you overcome the habit of ſneezing:—a very low, naſty habit. Now obſerve, and do juſt as I do. Open

your box—eaſily, gently! Take a ſmall pinch between your fore-finger and thumb, ſo; round your other fingers gracefully; bend ſlightly on one ſide,—not ſo, as if you were going to fall off your chair, but ſo, as I do; and take your ſnuff quietly, without ſnorting or noiſe.—Gods! you make a noiſe like a pig: gently, ſir! gently, now——"

Sir Thomas was interrupted. Jack, who had followed his movements as a child follows thoſe of a leader in a game, now burſt into a paroxyſm of ſneezing, loud and deep; drawing in his breath, ſhutting his eyes, bowing his head backwards and forwards, uttering the moſt aſtounding ſounds without intermiſſion, till he had perpetrated above twenty ſneezes—cyclopean ſneezes, violent enough to break the windows and kill his father; whom he confronted with red face and ſtreaming eyes, as he gruffly muttered—

"I told you ſo, ſir!"

"You muſt take two or three pinches a day, ſir, till you accuſtom yourſelf to it. At preſent you take it like a bear. But patience! we ſhall form you in time."

Jack only reſponded by blowing his noſe like

a trombone, and given a few more parting ſneezes. Sir Thomas ſighed.

"I had no idea," he ſaid, "any human being *could* be ſo uncultivated! The more I ſee of you the more aſtoniſhed am I. If you blow your noſe in that deteſtable and overpowering manner you will ſhatter every one's nerves, and throw our fine ladies into hyſterics: it is juſt like the newſman's horn. Your exploits of this morning have quite unſtrung and fatigued me, and you do not appear to do your beſt to co-operate with me. However, I muſt hope better things of you in future. Heigh-ho! Would I had Lord Langley to my ſon!"

"I wiſh you had," thought Jack! "with all my heart," and gave his laſt ſneeze.

The announcement of dinner put an end to the ſcene, and poor ſtarved Jack really hoped he ſhould have ſomething to eat. Sir Thomas kept two cooks, a plain cook for the ſervants, and a French one, with all his *appanage*, for himſelf. There was ſoup, of courſe, into which Jack put a quantity of bread, and ſucked it in with a hungry and loud noiſe. There were various little diſhes, to which he helped himſelf three or four times

from each; there were various kinds of *pâtiſſerie*, which diſappeared before him like ſnow before the ſun. He filled his mouth too full, and once, perceiving Sir Thomas's grey eyes fixed wrathfully upon him as he was in the act of drinking, he put the finiſhing ſtroke to his enormities by a loud and ſtrangling choke.

Deſſert was placed on the table. Jack had not half dined. Although he had done his beſt, Sir Thomas eat ſo little, and the diſhes were ſo light, and the courſes removed ſo ſoon, that he really had not fair play. Imagine a ſtrong, healthy, gigantic young man from the country put on the ſame regimen as an old town beau—a young man accuſtomed to field ſports and country cheer. If ſuch an one ſhould, by the moſt remote chance, read this little tale, he will fully enter into the unfortunate Jack's feelings.

The ſervants having quitted the room, Sir Thomas cleared his throat drily, and proceeded to point out all the enormities Jack had been guilty of during the repaſt; inſtructing him that he ſhould not ſuck his ſoup, that he ſhould help himſelf but once to each diſh, that he ſhould break

his bread and not cut it, &c., &c.; and laſtly, that if ever he heard him choke again he would diſinherit him. Now, Sir Thomas was perfectly right in all his remarks and leſſons: but the idea of making Jack the object of them! There was much more difference between a country ſquire and a town gentleman of thoſe days, than there is between their deſcendants; and Jack, without mother or ſiſters, and brought up by a bachelor uncle, was a very rough ſpecimen of country manners. After his oration, Sir Thomas dozed, and Jack took that opportunity to raiſe his wig and rub his head, and help himſelf to wine, cake, and fruit like a ſchoolboy.

The next move was to the Baronet's room, where a little card-table was laid out, at which he placed himſelf, making a ſign to Jack to take the chair oppoſite to his own.

"Have you any idea of cards? Can you play any game?" inquired Sir Thomas, as he took up a pack and ſhuffled it, with his thin delicate hands.

"An old gipſy once told my fortune and Lydia's with them, and ſaid we two ſhould never be one: an old ſtoryteller! That's all I know of

'em," returned Jack, bluſhing at having ſpoken of Lydia.

"It is abſolutely neceſſary," ſaid Sir Thomas, "you ſhould be able to play cards. Not that I mean you to be a gameſter: far from it; but you ſhould be able, with indifference, to win or loſe, every night, any little ſum you may ſet apart for that purpoſe. And pray never again let me ſee you bluſh like a bumpkin, becauſe you happen to ſpeak of a young creature you have a fancy for."

Sir Thomas then endeavoured to teach Jack piquet, as a beginning. He had no idea of cards, was obliged to be taught the difference of ſpades, clubs, hearts, and diamonds, the value of the court and other cards: all which amuſed him very little indeed, and puzzled him extremely; then he could not contrive to hold his cards without dropping ſome, never could tell the king from the queen, felt very ſleepy from the faint heat of the room, and finiſhed, after ſwallowing an infinity of ſmall yawns, by opening his red mouth and giving one like a lion.

"Upon my word, Jack, you will deſtroy me! you will indeed! If I were not your father I ſhould call you out, ſuppoſing you meant to inſult

me. I cannot preſent you in company till you get rid of ſome of the moſt violent of your habits. You might actually yawn before ladies. Good heavens, what an idea! Come, ſir, it is your turn to play!"

The game dragged on till the announcement came that "Mounſeer Couderc" was in the dining-room.

"Your fencing-maſter," ſaid Sir Thomas; and, turning to the ſervant, "light the dining-room, it is growing ſo dark!"

Jack felt a degree of pleaſure. Fencing promiſed well; but he wiſhed his father would not employ ſo many "French frogs" as he termed them.

M. Couderc was a very fierce "frog" about forty; ſtrong, ſquare-built, and active, his natural ſtrength and activity rendered ſtill greater by continual exerciſe in active ſports. He ſtood up ſo lightly and ſtrong on his feet, that he appeared to reſt only on the point of his great toe; he was well ſet up on his haunches, and when he turned his head his chin was in line with his ſhoulder. He was ſtout without being fat, his countenance lively and ſharp, his face ſlightly

44889

marked with ſmall-pox and pale. He wore his own hair well dreſſed, curled, powdered, and tied, a very dark green velvet ſuit with a narrow ſilver lace, and an immenſe enamelled ring on his fore-finger. M. Couderc was a *fanfaron*, and deteſted the Engliſh.—"Chiens de *roſbifs*," he was wont to ſay to his allies, "canaille de première force; mais leurs *guinées*, c'eſt différent —ah; mais *très* différent, vois-tu; et d'ailleurs il-y-a du plaiſir à leur flanqué de bons bottes même avec un fleuret! Sont-ils gauches? ſont-ils guindés—ſont-ils mal appris—ſont-ils gourmands—ſont-ils déteſtables?—mais auſſi ſont-ils riches—ſont-ils *bê-ê-êtes* à trois accens circonflexes ces milors *godems*, bourrés d'or, ces *boule-dogues* ſans cervelle?—c'eſt à faire crèver de rage ou de rire, l'un ou l'autre, *nom d'un petit bon homme!*" And thus did his bile overflow: but M. Couderc contrived to pocket his guineas and his rage at one and the ſame movement.

He bowed with ſupercilious politeneſs and a ſlight daſh of ferocity, as the two gentlemen entered, and liſtened with his cheſt ſtuck out, as Sir Thomas recorded how Lord Langley had

recommended him, and how he was expected to aid in the enterpriſe of civiliſing Jack.

"Bien!" he replied, and turning to Jack with a taunting air, "you are not *abel* to fence, ſir, I think?"

"Yes, I am," ſaid Jack.

"It does not appear as if you could," ſaid his maſter, taking up a foil; "allons! en garde!" and M. Couderc fell into his poſition with the greateſt eaſe and grace imaginable, looking at Jack with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, and ſtamping his foot reſolutely.

"Thank Heaven! you are able to do ſomething," cried Sir Thomas. "Come, take up your foil; don't you ſee you are keeping M. *Coo*derc waiting?"

Jack did as he was bid, and croſſed his foil with the Frenchman's; but Jack was very ſlow and heavy, and more fitted for quarter-ſtaff than for fencing: he was no match for M. Couderc's ſtrong ſupple wriſt and quick eye. Poor Jack was touched whenever the Frenchman choſe, and his foil ſent flying perpetually, much to his wonder and mortification.

"You ſee now!" cried M. Couderc, putting

his left hand into his breaſt, and reſting the button of his foil on the tip of his right toe, "you are capable to make infinite pokes with a foil, but for fence—no! You are like a piece of iron, ſo *ſteef*, ſo hard; you take too much force—you have not a wriſt I don't think at all —you fence with your ſhoulder—it is the wriſt! *ſouple*—delicate—ſtrong—firm—light—c'eſt ça! —and your poſition!—no grace—no eaſe—nothing—and *longe* ſo heavy, like a great *beer*-horſe—no ſpring—pouf, pouf, pouf!—ah! c'eſt déteſtable," and making a pirouette on his heels, and putting his foil on the table, he informed Jack he muſt perfect himſelf in a variety of ſuppling exerciſes before he would allow him to touch a foil, even with the end of his finger; and ſo the leſſon was paſſed in manœuvres and poſtures that made the young Squire ache all over.

M. Couderc remained above an hour, and before he left he had informed Sir Thomas and his ſon of the number of duels he had fought, the number of wounds he had received, and the number of men he had ſlain. This was a favourite theme of his; though he was apt to vary the mode of ſlaying the ſame perſon every

time he recounted his death. One ſtory he much delighted in, and in the finale of that he never varied. He told how, having inſulted a "*chevau-léger*," the ſoldier had challenged him; how they had met, had fought; how his ſword broke and his enemy's entered his ſhoulder!. "Tout autre que moi ſe ſerai rendu!" But no, he jumped one ſtep to the right, made a dart at his foe—"crac!" —ran between his legs, and, "flan!" threw him over his head, which ſo ſtunned him he could fight no more!

"Lor!" cried Jack.

"My dear child!" ſaid Sir Thomas, when the profeſſor had taken his departure, "I do not wiſh you to copy M. *Coo*derc in anything but his fencing, which is excellent. It is a moſt ill-bred proceeding to take up the attention of any company with hiſtories of yourſelf, your affairs, your maladies, your griefs, your exploits, your ſentiments—in ſhort, to make "I—I—I" the theme of your diſcourſe. Epictetus condemns this vulgar practice; and yet it is ſtill too prevalent. If another be guilty of it, liſten to him moſt attentively, without impatience or ill-humour, but beware of it yourſelf. You may be days

with a man of the world or a man of quality, and you will find that you know nothing of his domeſtic concerns or of himſelf; you cannot be an hour with a vulgar cit, but you will have learnt his income, the number of his children, the illneſſes he has endured, his domeſtic griefs, his politics, what diſhes he likes and diſlikes, his name, his age "*come Chriſtmas*," the ſtreet he lives in, and even the number of his houſe. He never conſiders whether his information entertains you or not, but grinds on that he may have the intoxicating delight of talking of himſelf. He does not care who liſtens to him, and two ſuch beings meeting will contrive each to be talking of himſelf at the ſame moment."

Here ended the lecture, and Jack looking very heavy and ſtupid, Sir Thomas diſmiſſed him to reſt, and deſired Larrazée to waſh his eyes with roſe-water, and anoint his bluff viſage with an emollient coſmetic.

Thus paſſed Jack Warren's firſt day in town, and for ſix weeks more each day was much the ſame; except that his father having one day aſked him who conquered England, and he, heaven knows why, having anſwered, "*Marſhal Saxe!*"

Sir Thomas thought fit to undertake a courſe of hiſtory with him: whether more tedious to the teacher or to the learner I will not undertake to decide.

Jack appeared every morning in a magnificent ſea-green brocaded dreſſing-gown, and cherry-coloured nightcap embroidered in gold; and his toilet was put under the ſuperintendance of Larrazée. By this, Jack was a gainer. Larrazée, like a ſhrewd clever Frenchman, good-natured withal, ſaw, as he ſaid, the ſituation at the firſt glance—namely, that it was madneſs of *Sire Varenne* to ſuppoſe he could ever make anything of Jack, and that it was a ſhame ſo to torture and torment ſuch a "bon diable" as that, inſtead of letting his days run peaceably by "dans ce vieux trou," where his childhood had been paſſed; that if he underfed a "gros roſbif" like Jack, he would give him the dropſy and kill him; wherefore Larrazée took him under his protection, and inſtead of the morning chocolate, ſupplied him with his much-loved tankard and beef, and the ſame when he attended him at bed-time. "Pauvre garçon," he would ſay, "mais comme ça mange, priſti!"

Lydia had felt very forlorn after Jack's departure: ſhe had been accuſtomed, from childhood, to ſee him run in and out at the Vicarage whenever he thought fit ſo to do. She miſſed him ſadly, and loving him as a brother, eaſily imagined ſhe felt a very tender paſſion for him.

Chriſtmas came with its good cheer, and the mirth which then attended it. Poor old Chriſtmas! he is very old now, and I fear in his dotage, ſo dull has he become!

However, then, a merry Chriſtmas came, all holly and miſtletoe, and feaſting and dancing and laughing: all charming things in their way, though better would it be to fix them for New-year's day, than on ſuch a ſolemn *fête*.

Lydia loved dancing with all her innocent little heart, and would go any diſtance to dance, and would ſmile all the time ſhe danced, and would never be without a partner. All the young ſquires were her humble ſervants, and the poor curate was her unfortunate ſlave; but ſhe loved "*dear Jack*" better than any of them, and miſſed him dreadfully at the Chriſtmas gaieties: though her engagement with him being a ſecret, every

man not the *ſoupirant* of another was on the *qui-vive* to win her for himſelf.

Lydia could not dance minuets, but a good country dance was her delight, and ſhe danced ſo well and lightly that the Vicar would follow her with his eyes up and down till he felt inclined to go and caper himſelf. The country dance is a good honeſt old Engliſh dance, fit for this land. See how every one briſks up when a country dance is announced, and how much at home every one appears directly to be! See the ſame beings labouring at a polka; which moſt of the men have learnt from ſiſters or other young ladies, and which they uſually dance flat-footed with bent knees! See them hug their partner ſo cloſe as to cruſh the bouquet on her corſage; which lack of courteſy the young lady feels, and is too timid to reſent or reſiſt, but continues to hop up and down among the *cohue*, breathleſs, her chin over her partner's ſhoulder, her face fluſhed and terrified, and her eyes wild; whilſt he takes her on, his forehead more than moiſt, panting, ſtamping, running againſt other barks in the agitated polka-ſea, voting it "*ſuch fun*," and that "*the girls*" like it. Anon they ſtop, like overdriven poſters after

a long ſtage. The young lady, with heaving ſhoulders, hides her face in her bouquet; the gentleman "*blows*" and draws forth his handkerchief; they gaſp a few words—after a ſpace he puts his arm ſuddenly round her waiſt, utters "take another turn"—and off they go again, jerking up and down, and looking like two tumble-down wax-work figures from *Mrs. Jarley's wax-work ſhow*," ſtuck up *pro tempore* with their heads over each other's ſhoulders.

Oh! young ladies, how the polka puts you at every ſtranger's mercy: but there are bright exceptions. See it danced abroad! No jumping mob all over the room, but a regular order preſerved. See the *cavalier* take his *dame*, upright, light, merely touching her hand and waiſt, her toilet not *défraichie* by him; ſee him conduct her the proper number of turns and ſtop every now and then, before either of them can look ugly or diſarranged from heat and lack of breath; and then ſee the *cavalier's* polite inclination when they are about to ſtart again! Some perſons ſay the polka is "*ſo ungraceful*" and "*ſuch a romp.*" The Engliſh—with, as I before ſaid, ſome bright exceptions—make it ſo: but then it is "*great*

fun" and "*ſo eaſy.*" Papas and mammas allow it, and tell their daughters they ſhould not permit their partners to hold them ſo tight; and the young lady's dreſſes are made dingy by the young gentleman's black coat ſleeve around her. Imagine a *Pariſienne* allowing ſuch a thing, or a *Pariſien* being guilty of it!—But ſo it is here, and parents ſay not "*nay*," and the ſport continues; and then comes a deſcent for ice, in which there is "*more fun*," and the young lady talks nonſenſe, and the young gentleman draws her out to a large extent: eſpecially if he is a good match, or very good-looking; and that over, he hands her back to her mamma again!

Little Lydia underwent none of this "*fun*" and bouquet-cruſhing; no ſquire except old Squire Warren had ever caught her under the miſtletoe; ſhe danced away gaily and innocently, and poor Roger Brown, the curate, would ſit in a corner and ſigh, and never take his eyes off her,—Roger did not dance. And, the feſtivities over, Roger would return to his lodging, two rooms in a farm-houſe, where a dim ruſhlight awaited his arrival, and plunge into his hard bed, and wonder whether he ſhould ever have the courage to

pay his addreſſes to Lydia, and if he did whether ſhe would ever return his affections! No, Roger Brown! Lydia would never love *you!*

Poor Roger! He was the gentleſt and moſt humble of human creatures. The greater part of his little ſalary went to the poor, his time and advice likewiſe; the charity he could not give in coin, he gave in care and kindneſs: he had been known to ſit an hour nurſing a ſick baby by a cottage fire, to enable its mother to go and viſit her dying old father, which ſhe could not otherwiſe have done. Every one loved and reſpected him, both high and low, and liſtened fondly to his meek ſermons pronounced in a feeble voice and low. But Roger was ugly to look upon; thin and bent, his face ſharp and pale, and his faded blue eyes were rimmed with pink. A large clerical wig, ruſty garments that always ſeemed to flutter in the breeze, thin calfleſs legs arrayed in black worſted ſtockings, huge feet in yet larger ſhoes, theſe decked with immenſe clumſy ſteel buckles, large thin hard hands, red in ſummer, blue in winter, heſitating ſpeech, ſhy awkward manners and downcaſt eyes. No, Roger! Lydia would never love *you*, except as the reſt of the

pariſh loved you. And poor Roger inſtinctively felt this; and yet Roger loved on, without a gleam of hope: except now and then, when he was in very good ſpirits, he might for an inſtant entertain a ſpark of it, much ſuch a feeble ray as his ruſhlight would have ſhed in a fog, and then reaſon ſtept in and ——— out it went! Once, indeed, elated by a good ſupper and ſubſequent punch at a neighbouring manſion, Roger's imagination quite ran away with him, and he actually made unto himſelf a lovely and cheerful picture, in which Lydia was repreſented as Mrs. Roger Brown, and there were ſome little Browns, and a good living, and happineſs without end, and he ſo *very* kind to Lydia, and Lydia ſo fond of him, and Dr. and Miſtreſs Freeman coming to ſtay with them, and Lydia going pariſh rounds with him! He ſlept, he awoke. Alas! a dreary foggy morning—his beautiful picture rubbed out—and Roger with the head-ache! Roger muſt have been tipſy the night before—a meek and humble tipſineſs!

Lydia now and then heard from Jack, and received many little gifts from him; all pretty little delicate toys and trinkets, which proved the

poor fellow's affection for her. His letters were ſhort and clumſy, but Lydia always ſmiled and ſaid, "*dear Jack*" when ſhe had finiſhed them; and ſhe kept them tied up with a pink riband, in a ſweet ſmelling little Indian cabinet in her room; in which ſhe alſo depoſited his various gifts: little ſhoe buckles, fans, necklaces, knots of riband of different colours, a gold *étui*, a velvet with pearl claſp for her little ſoft white throat, &c., &c.

When Jack ſent the velvet he ſaid in his letter, "wear it for my ſake, and look like a little tender dove."

"Very good!" cried the Vicar, "a very pretty thought. 'Gad, I ſhall turn it into Latin verſe! Jack's getting on, upon my word he is! 'Tis not like himſelf! What a place Town is!"

The fact is, Jack had ſhown his intended gift to Larrazée, who had ſupplied him with the idea.

He always wound up with proteſtations of eternal love; which, though the ſpelling was not quite irreproachable, expreſſed the real feelings of his heart.

The more Sir Thomas and his coadjutors tormented Jack, the more he deteſted London

and his mode of life, the more fondly his thoughts turned towards Lydia, and the free country life he was firmly bent on leading the moment he could eſcape from his father's civiliſing clutches.

Sir Thomas after a time, and when Jack was becoming a little leſs ſtiff in his wig and Town garments, conducted him to various public places, where he might ſee and improve his taſte without taking any part himſelf in the proceedings. But Jack had no taſte for any of them except the Theatre, where he beheld the "Beggars' Opera," and could not diveſt himſelf of the idea that it was real. As for the coffee-houſe, it was a purgatory to him. There he ſat liſtening to converſations he could not underſtand. The men around him talked politics, fine arts, literature, travels, ſcandal, town life, and adventures;—all ſo much Hebrew to Jack: except ſometimes the latter topic, from which he gleaned ideas of midnight riots and of fighting watchmen; at which he ſat grinning, much to Sir Thomas's horror and diſguſt. He imprudently revealed to his father, as they returned home, that he thought it would be good ſport to ſee a little of that kind of life; that he could box capitally, and

thought he ſhould make a figure among the choice ſpirits he had been hearing about.

Sir Thomas abſolutely ſhrieked.

"You are a low ruffian, ſir!" he ſaid angrily, "or you would willingly become one. For all you have ſeen or heard ſince your arrival you have expreſſed no approbation; you hear of Mohawk rows, and thoſe you wiſh to join. You are a ſhy bumpkin, and *muſt* mend your ideas. Many a young fellow has been irretrievably loſt, through what I can only call *low ſhyneſs*. Abaſhed in the preſence of people of his own rank; afraid to move, look, or ſpeak in proper ſociety—more particularly in that of ladies—he plunges into that beneath him. There he is at his eaſe; there he laughs, talks loudly, treats every one, is flattered, careſſed, made a god of, and ridiculed behind his back! There he ſacrifices reputation, fortune, health: and why? Becauſe, forſooth! he is *ſo ſhy* with proper people; thinks them ſo ſtiff, cannot take his proper place, or feel his proper dignity and ſelf-reſpect. My dear child, you abſolutely ſhock me. If a young fellow happens to make one in a gay party—of gentlemen, underſtand me; if they happen to take

a little too much—enough to fluſter them, I am not ſo cynical or prudiſh as to condemn them for any little rows they may get into, far from it: I like to ſee a man with the ſpirits of his age, provided he acts as a gentleman; but to wiſh to mix in that ſort of town life you have been hearing about, becauſe you box well, and fancy you ſhould make a figure among thoſe '*choice ſpirits!*' Gracious heavens!—what a grovelling idea.

"'I will ſuppoſe you are not aware of the enormity of your wiſh; that you do not know the degradation and vice it would lead you into, ſhy and fooliſh as you are with your equals. Never again repeat it: at all events in my hearing! I ſhall keep watch over you; and ſend heaven, you may improve more rapidly than you have hitherto done! Of all earthly misfortunes there is none, in my opinion, greater than for a gentleman to be ſo ſhy and abaſhed in his own grade, that he muſt needs look for comfort and *laiſſer aller* to that beneath him. Take my advice. Mix as much as poſſible among your equals and superiors, and perſevere in ſpite of your feelings, till you have overcome your *gauche* fooliſh ſhyneſs; but never dream of evading it by mixing with

riff-raff. That would be to fly from it—not to conquer it. Here we are at home; ſo good-night: and pray do not forget your coſmetic."

Jack's aſpirations kept Sir Thomas waking, and he determined to haſten his introduction into ſociety, with a view to giving him more elevated and elegant ideas.

Whilſt Jack was buſy with l'Abbé Potelle next day, the old Baronet ſallied forth in his chair to call on his mother-in-law and Jack's grandmother, the Counteſs of Ilſley.

The Counteſs of Ilſley had been a ſupreme beauty in her day. Little, *mignonne,* with a lovely pink and white complexion, dark hair and eyes, the moſt delicate and perfect features, and the moſt *piquante* expreſſion, a ſkin of ſatin, the ſmalleſt hands and feet in the world, ſhe now at ſixty could not forget what ſhe had been. To be ſure ſhe did not look ſo old; indeed, if you did not ſee her face, you would have ſuppoſed her to be ſtill young. A ſoft twilight was preſerved during the day in her apartments; by candle-light the illuſion as to her age was complete.

Sir Thomas found her in her boudoir, weeping

over a French romance. An Indian folding-ſcreen ſhielded her from the door, as ſhe repoſed in a commodious *bergère* of Chineſe roſe-coloured damaſk. The room was panelled with the ſame material, with curtains to match; the glaſſes were ſurmounted by paintings of little Cupids with very freſh pink extremities, and a great *luxe* of blue ribands. A large white Angola cat, also decked with blue riband, repoſed on the Counteſs's lap; who reſted her little foot, with its ſilk and gold ſlipper, on a little tapeſtry ſtool with crooked gold legs. Beſide her ſtood a very ſmall Louis-XV. table in marqueterie, ſuſtaining her ladyſhip's little tea-ſervice, from which ſhe was breakfaſting, and alſo her ladyſhip's *flacon*, and the ſecond volume of the touching tale ſhe was peruſing.

"My dear Sir Thomas," ſhe cried, wiping her eyes and extending her hand, which her viſitor gallantly kiſſed: "you have come juſt in time to ſave me from a dreadful fit of the vapours. Have you read 'La Coquette malgrè Elle?' It is charming; but ſo dreadful! You muſt read it. Sylvandre is ſuch a ſweet fellow, all the women are in love with him; and poor Chloris, in order to bewitch him——but you *muſt* read it; and do

give it to your boy and recommend him to ſtudy Sylvandre's character. It would be of the greateſt advantage to him."

"I will certainly follow your ladyſhip's advice; although, to tell the truth, I do think, if your ladyſhip would take pity on the poor wretch and give him the entré here, your ladyſhip's influence and grace would ſerve my undertaking more than the example of any pretty fellow that ever was, or ever will be."

Here Sir Thomas bowed, and her ladyſhip ſmiled.

"But, my dear Sir Thomas, you have given me ſuch a ſhocking picture of your boy, the bare thought of him quite frightens me. Suppoſe he ſhould ſit down on my dear Sappho, he would cruſh her! Wouldn't *zat* be ſhocking, my angel, mon petit bijou, ma fée," ſaid the Counteſs, raiſing her cat, and kiſſing and fondling it with infantine grace.

"Would I were a poet," ſighed Sir Thomas; "what a ſonnet I would now write!"

The Counteſs looked laughingly at the Baronet, and patted her puſſy, which opened and ſhut its eyes and began to purr.

Before the termination of the viſit, Sir Thomas prevailed. It was decided that honeſt Jack Warren ſhould make his *début* at Lady Ilſley's the following week, when ſhe gave a card-party to a few intimates; and ſhe graciouſly allowed Sir Thomas to come as early as he liked, in order to ſave Jack the embarraſſment of entering a room full of company; in which manœuvre he was not yet perfect, in ſpite of all M. Dupuis' energetic teaching: but Jack *was* ſo ſtupid, and in truth ſet his mind againſt everything he was taught.

It was a grand ſight to ſee M. Dupuis ſeat himſelf by the fire, in a *fauteuil*, to repreſent the lady of the houſe, and Jack (ſent out of the room to be re-admitted by Sir Thomas, in order to walk up to M. Dupuis) make his bow to him, and two more, ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to the company at large. Jack had more the mien of a bull entering the arena, than a "*pretty fellow*" entering a lady's drawing-room, ſo red and angry did he always look at this part of the leſſon: in fact, it "*made him ſhy;*" gave him that extraordinary ſuſpenſion of the faculties, ſaid to be unknown in France, and more ſtrongly developed

in this country than in any other. A number of people will ſuffice to produce it; one ſtranger will have the ſame effect; entering a room alone, and ſometimes ſo ſmall a thing as wearing a new coat, or having to carve a diſh, will bring it on. How paralyſing it is! How it affects the voice, the face, the air, the manner; how it does away with converſation and amenity; what ſuffering it produces: it is even infectious; and you will ſee a very ſhy perſon communicate his infirmity to ſome who "*ſtood fire*" well till he arrived. How can ſociety go on eaſily with that malady abroad? You will find ſome in the higheſt ranks miſerably affected by it: I have ſeen them fluſh, and ſhow all the unerring ſymptoms of it, as much as the moſt obſcure commoner; and yet they have had brilliant opportunities for getting rid of it. What is it? Where does it reſide? In the nerves or in the mind? In both or neither? It is found in children before they can ſpeak, and in old men on the brink of the grave; in high and low, in rich and poor, in male and female, in the fool and in the wife, in the weak and in the ſtrong. Shyneſs! What is it?

The day dawned which was to see Jack

Warren's *début* in faſhionable life without anything remarkable to mark it — neither comet, earthquake, nor tempeſt. Jack was in a ſad frame of mind, hovering between ſulkineſs, melancholy, a ſenſe of ill-uſage, ſhyneſs, and a vehement wiſh to retreat to bed, lock out his father, and ſtand the conſequences. He could form no idea of what ſort of place he was going to, what people he was going to meet, what he ſhould have to do; but he opined it would all be very ſtiff and ſtupid, and that every one would ſtare at him and laugh at him, that he ſhould get very ſleepy and *ennuyé*, and have to be dreſſed up in one of his beſt ſuits and tight ſhoes.

"Hang it all," he thought, as he walked up and down his room in his ſmart dreſſing-gown, cap, and ſlippers, waiting for Larrazée to come and aſſiſt at his *toilette;* "hang it all! how I do wiſh I was at home again, ſitting in my uncle's little room ſo ſnug and comfortable, taking a nice pipe after a good day's work, or at the Vicarage, looking at dear little Lydia, inſtead of all this ſtuff. Nonſenſe!" he cried, and ſtamped his foot, as he viewed his beautiful coſtume, from

the delicate laced ſhirt to the ſnow-white gloves, ſpread out upon his bed by M. Larrazée.

"Nonſenſe! Dreſſing up in all thoſe fine things, ſo uncomfortable and ſtiff. Give me a nice old hunting-ſuit of good broad-cloth! I ſhall have to make my curſed bows, too. Oh, dear! and my grandmother muſt be a ſtraight-laced, powdered old body like my father; and Lord Langley is to be there, with his girl's voice; and I am to look up to him: ſort of fellow couldn't give the 'view halloa' if he tried ever ſo long; fine ladies, too,—I'm ſure I ſhan't like them. I hate finery. Hang it twenty times over! Once I get ſafe back into the country, I'll never come to London again; and as for wearing fine clothes, I'd rather wear rags and tatters. What the *dooce* does my father want, I can't think, bothering a poor fellow in this way? I'll ſtick to my old notions and dear little Lydia, in ſpite of him! Hang it! here's *Lazarus:* it's enough to make a parſon ſwear."

In this cheerful frame of mind, Mr. Warren allowed himſelf to be dreſſed by M. Larrazée; who tried all the while to briſk him up, and to make him take some delight in his "belle

taille," and the "toilette toute-à-fait charmante" he was encaſing him in.

"Ah! it's all very well your talking, *Lazarus*," he ſaid moodily, "but I hate it all.—Hang it!"

In fact, Jack had not the leaſt particle of vanity about him, and did not care a pin how he looked, provided he was eaſy and comfortable.

After a great deal of talking on Larrazée's ſide, and a great deal of ſighing and grunting on Jack's, behold him arrayed for his début!

"Ah! what would *Meeſe* Lydià ſay to ſee you, ſir!" cried the valet, holding a light very high that Jack might have a better view of himſelf in the glaſs.

"Say I look like an oaf," grunted Jack, turning away.

"Fi donc! monſieur," cried Larrazée, giving him his gloves and perfumed handkerchief.

"I hate ſcent," ſaid Jack, making a face. Jack was an ungrateful varlet. However, his coſtume was very brilliant. He wore a pale lilac watered-ſilk coat beautifully embroidered in ſilver, breeches of the ſame, a white ſilver tiſſue waiſtcoat, white ſilk ſtockings with ſilver clocks, Spaniſh leather ſhoes with high red heels, paſte

ſhoe and knee buckles; his ſword was ſilver-hilted in a black and ſilver ſheath, decked with a long lilac and ſilver bow about the guard; he carried a ſmall white ſilver-headed cane, decked to match the ſword; beneath his arm a little ſilver-laced hat fringed with a white feather, and in his pocket a ſilver ſnuff-box richly chaſed, with a little miniature on the lid.

"How I do hate gloves!" growled Jack, as he covered his brown hands with a ſoft Paris pair.

Sir Thomas was majeſtic in pompadour ſatin and gold. Having inſpected Jack, and given him a few finiſhing-off hints and orders, and having deplored the redneſs of his viſage and the fatneſs of his hands, they ſeated themſelves in the perfumed chariot, and rolled off to the Counteſs of Ilſley's.

Jack's heart beat, and his mouth felt dry, as he liſtened to the footman's thundering knock at the door—Jack, who could face any leap in the field, and who would have encountered a mad bull, or a roaring battery, without a ſhiver!

"Now, my dear child, do mind all I have ſaid to you. I wiſh you to impreſs the Counteſs

very favourably. Get out, and mind your ſword and hat!"

Jack felt the blood ruſh to his face and ears as they mounted the great ſtaircaſe; and in his face and ears it choſe to remain, whilſt his tight ſhoes made his feet feel ſtiff and cold. They traverſed ſeveral large chambers dimly but ſufficiently lighted, and ſoftly carpeted. At the end of the ſuite their conductor opened the door of a ſmaller room, from which proceeded a blaze of light, combined with an odour of iris, maréchalle, and coffee.

"Sir Thomas Warren—Mr. Warren," ſaid the ſervant bowing; and the unfortunate Jack, in a paroxyſm of ſhyneſs, followed his father into the room.

The Counteſs was beautifully dreſſed in a white ſilk dreſs, embroidered with a *ſemée* of very ſmall roſe-buds, and forget-me-nots; her hair, frizzed and dazzling white with perfumed powder, was crowned by a little wreath of the ſame flowers that were embroidered on her dreſs, with long ends of blue and roſe-coloured riband reaching to her waiſt; a ſtring of large pearls, with a diamond, encircled her white ſmooth throat, and

bracelets of the ſame decked her arms; ſhe played with a French fan, painted with love ſcenes from various romances, whilſt ſhe took coffee, and talked to Lord Langley, who ſat beſide her on a ſmall ſofa by the fire. Sappho repoſed with beatitude on a large ſoft green velvet cuſhion before the fire, with a large Sèvres diſh of cream beſide her, from which ſhe lapped in a very ladylike manner every now and then, without injuring her large roſe-coloured bow. Sir Thomas bowed to the Counteſs, and ſhook hands with Lord Langley, whilſt Jack remained at the door. On a ſign from his father he approached. "Counteſs!" ſaid Sir Thomas, "allow me to preſent my boy to you, and to intreat your *bienveillance* for him!"

"Vaſtly delighted to make his acquaintance. A fine figure of a man I proteſt, and I have no doubt we ſhall make a very pretty fellow of him before long," and Lady Ilſley gave her little white-gloved hand to Jack, who let it drop as though it had been a toad; and, conſcious it was his duty to ſay ſomething, (the grey eyes were upon him,) yet not knowing what to ſay, he ſtammered out in a thick hurried voice:

"How-do, grandmother?"

Lord Langley ſtared, gaſped, and took ſnuff to conceal a ſmile. Sir Thomas coughed drily, and inſerting his forefinger between his ſtock and his neck, promenaded it ſlowly backwards and forwards, with his chin in the air. The Counteſs frowned for a ſecond, then threatening Jack with her fan, ſhe forced a little laugh and ſaid:

"Oh! you wretch, you odious man—there—I forgive you!"

"Jack here attempted his bow to the lady of the houſe. Sir Thomas felt inclined to kick him. Jack, in riſing from his bow, let go his hat, with which he fought an inſtant to recover it, but the hat eluded his efforts, and pitched on one of its three corners into Sappho's cream. Sappho indignantly ſpit at it, and ran to her miſtreſs. Jack made a daſh at it, and picked it up; but in riſing, the tip of his ſcabbard, reſting on the back of a chair, inſtead of reſuming its proper poſture, there remained, and the bright blade eſcaping from its ſheath ſlid like a ſhining ſnake on to the floor.

"Hang it!" muttered Jack the unfortunate.

Lord Langley, pitying his embarraſſment,

picked up his ſword, and gracefully preſented it to him, ſaying, "Sir Thomas is one of my oldeſt friends—I hope you will think that ſufficient introduction, and in due time place me among yours."

Jack, bewildered, knew not what to ſay or do, ſo he mechanically nodded his head, and exclaimed, "Thank'ee—with all my heart!"—then, replacing his ſword, drew on one ſide, where he was ſuffered to remain and recover himſelf.

By degrees the perfumed powdered company aſſembled, to the number of twenty. Jack, from a corner, gazed around, feeling an inſtinctive awe of the belles and their *minauderies*, and looking on the men with contempt mingled with envy. He watched them bowing, ſmiling, and ſliding from lady to lady; liſtened to, but could not underſtand, a word of their converſation; and felt quite aſtoniſhed at the eaſe of their movements, the ſoftneſs of their voices, and the richneſs of their coſtumes. No one looked at or remarked him; which was another subject of aſtoniſhment to honeſt Jack. His ſolitude in a crowd made him feel very ſhy; he dared not even clear his darched throat for fear it ſhould

attract attention, or take coffee leſt it ſhould choke him. He stood up ſtiff and red and burly in his corner, like a beef-eater on duty; afraid leſt any one should speak to him, and yet wiſhing he had a companion to ſupport him. How he wondered at the ſelf-poſſeſſion of the daring beaux who actually put themſelves *en évidence* by playing with Sappho!—

He ſhuffled, firſt on one foot, then on the other; and when after a time he beheld the compaſſionate Lord Langley making his way towards him, he averted his eyes and ſtared at a Chineſe monſter, hoping by ſuch conduct to keep him off: all in vain! Jack felt that his Lordſhip ſtood beſide him, felt that he was about to addreſs him, felt very hot and uncomfortable.

"What do you think of the diſh of *cancan* all theſe dear creatures are regaling us with?" aſked young Lord Langley.

"I don't know what ſort of diſh it is," croaked Jack, looking about to catch ſight of it: "but I'll tell you a capital one—barbecued pig!"

Lord Langley could ſcarcely believe his ears; but, ſuch was the kindneſs of his heart, no one

but himſelf ever became acquainted with young Squire Warren's attempt at polite converſation.

"Come with me," he ſaid: "I want to preſent you to my wife; I'm ſure you'll like her, and be at home with her directly: that is her in pink, with a patch at the corner of her mouth, and the large dark eyes. Come!—Egad, my dear fellow, I ſhall not let you off!"

"No thank'ee," anſwered Jack, hanging back; "I'd ſo much rather not: I'm not uſed to fine ladies—don't know what to ſay to 'em."

Lord Langley, ſeeing it would really diſtreſs Jack, bowed and ſaid: "À une autre fois donc, mon ami!" and proceeded to make further inveſtigations as to Jack's taſtes and opinions: and a very curious ſtudy he found it.

Every one was now taking places at the card tables. Sir Thomas drew near to Lord Langley and Jack.

"I hope Jack is giving your *Ludſhip* a challenge at piquet," he ſaid, fixing his eyes on his ſon.

"No—but I here challenge him: there's my glove," and Lord Langley threw it on the card table.

"I can't play," bluſtered Jack; "'pon my ſoul I can't! I always loſe!—I'd rather not."

"Then I take up your *Ludſhip's* gage," ſaid the old Baronet, giving him his glove, ſeating himſelf, and making a ſign to Jack to do ſo beſide him.

Right glad was Jack to obey. His ſmart tight ſhoes, cauſing his compreſſed feet to ſwell, made them yet tighter, and great was his agony; whilſt the cloſely fitting waiſtband juſt hooked over his hip bones preſſed and hurt him ſadly. He ſat mechanically watching the game; but his ſoul was not in it, and ſleep was invading his brain and cauſing his eyelids to droop. He heard the hum of voices, ſoothing and ſoft, broken now and then by a gentle laugh; he felt the faint warmth of the room; by degrees he ſhut his eyes—opened them—ſaw the lights confuſedly—cloſed his eyes—nodded his head, and, with his hands on his knees, fell into the kind of ſleep indulged in by a dog ſitting in the ſun, or a parochial authority at an after-dinner ſermon in a cloſe chapel.

Lord Langley beheld him; but his Lordſhip pitied Jack, and felt for him a ſpecies of intereſt mingled with curioſity; wherefore his Lordſhip engaged the Baronet's attention that he might not

behold his ſon, whilſt he himſelf was infinitely diverted at ſeeing Jack's red face and nodding head: only hoping he might not betray himſelf by a ſnore.

"I never ſaw ſuch a ſpecimen of the natural man," thought the young Lord, as Sir Thomas was dealing: "'gad if his father ſucceeds in making anything of him I ſhall be vaſtly ſurpriſed. I should have given the old gentleman credit for more penetration and diſcernment, than to have thought he would have attempted ſuch a thing. He will be much mortified, and the boy return to the country juſt as he left it." Here the game cut short his lucubration, and he beat poor Sir Thomas for the third time.

"Your *Ludſhip* is too hard upon me—'pon my veracity! Fortune has quite deſerted me for your *Ludſhip*. I really muſt put a younger fellow in my place, and truſt to my boy to revenge my wrongs. Jack, my dear fellow, take my place, and ſee if you can't prevail on that jade Fortune to favour you!"

Jack returning no anſwer, Sir Thomas turned ſmilingly towards him. Jack, with cherub's face, half-opened mouth and well-cloſed eyes,

ſolemnly nodded to his parent, and then raiſing his head again let it fall on his giant's breaſt, bedecked with fine cambric and flowing ſofteſt lace.

The ſmile on Sir Thomas' wrinkled face became an angry grin: he ſat transfixed; whilſt Jack with a rounded back continued calmly to nod at him. "Idiot!" muttered Sir Thomas, "dolt—bumpkin!"

"I hardly think we ſhall have time for another game," ſaid Lord Langley, ſhuffling the cards intently, and pretending not to ſee Jack, or to have obſerved his paſtime. "I heard ten o'clock ſtrike, and I think ſupper would cut ſhort our battle. After ſupper I ſhall be vaſtly proud to attack either you or Mr. Warren, and give you your revenge."

"A *tonto* then," debonnairely replied the Baronet, with a bow; and as Lord Langley aroſe and departed from the table, Sir Thomas with the utmoſt precaution arouſed Jack. No tender mother could have awoke her child with greater care and gentleneſs: ſo afraid was Sir Thomas leſt Jack ſhould end his ſlumbers with a ſtart, a grunt, and a ſnort. The grey eyes reproved

him, and Jack did his beſt to look lively; but when that young gentleman had once indulged in an evening's ſnooze he was comatoſe till the following morning, and if arouſed, appeared to be walking in his ſleep. Sir Thomas half wiſhed him back in the country.

"For pity's ſake do rouſe yourſelf, Sir," he cried; as, ſupper being announced, there was a move among the company. "You look as if you were in your cups! You will have to conduct a lady to ſupper—'Gad, I pity her."

Lord Langley ſo managed that Jack ſhould conduct Lady Langley to ſupper, having in a few words told her the ſort of being he was.

In those days, when gentlemen conducted ladies, they did not form an angle with their elbow, and poke it towards the fair one like a chicken's pinion; they gallantly, and "*with an air*," preſented their hand, and ſidled along hat in hand.

Jack took hold of Lady Langley's little hand, extended with the accompaniment of a graceful little curtſey and encouraging ſmile—both of which were loſt on him, as he did not look at her, but marched on by her ſide, his ſhoulders,

to uſe a military idiom, "*square to the front,*" her hand held by him as nurſes hold their "little charges," whilſt the other cavaliers were rivalizing in grace and livelineſs. Supper was charming—every one doing their beſt; the *entrain* and gaiety perfectly aſtounded Jack, and partly awoke him from his lethargy. He had anſwered "yes," and "no," to all Lady Langley's amiable attempts to draw him out, and put him at his eaſe; but towards the end of the repaſt ſhe had ſo far been ſucceſsful, that he ſuddenly ſaid to her, though without looking at her:

"D'ye hunt?"

"No—that is too daſhing for my nerves, a great deal."

"Oh!—becauſe Lady Jenny Ravenhill, next county to ours, hunts like anything—'pon my ſoul ſhe does!"

"You quite aſtoniſh me, my dear Mr. Warren! She muſt be quite a Diana."

"Don't know about that—can't ſay—she'd do for a '*whip*' though, or a '*huntſman*,' with the beſt of 'em—'pon my ſoul ſhe would!"

"Is ſhe a young thing?—married, or a maiden?"

"Married; got a milkſop of a huſband, couldn't ſay 'Bo!' to a gooſe!"

"What an odious wretch! A man ſhould have ſpirit—but I think Lady Jenny goes rather too far."

"No—'pon my ſoul ſhe don't. Neat ſcarlet joſeph and black velvet cap. Up to anything!"

"But my dear Mr. Warren, ſhe muſt look odiouſly weather-beaten and coarſe!"

"Reddiſh about the face and noſe—thin as a whipping-poſt."

"And does ſhe take all the highflying leaps you brave fox-hunting ſquires feel such vaſt pleaſure in?"

"Aye!—claps her right leg t'other ſide the ſaddle—over ſhe goes—hoity-toity—devil take the hindmoſt!"

"Dear me! I'm afraid you will find the town belles very inſipid. Are all your ladies like Lady Jenny?"

Jack bluſhed, looked fooliſh, and ſhook his head.

"You ſhould ſee my Lydia," he ſaid hoarſely.

The company riſing prevented her ladyſhip

hearing his remark. The ladies were re-conducted by their cavaliers.

"*Dooced* ſleepy! Ain't you?" ſaid Jack, gaping as they reached their deſtination.

"You have been far too entertaining to allow me to feel ſleepy," replied Lady Langley, reſeating herſelf, after curtſeying to Jack as if he were a fine gentleman.

"Glad you thought ſo!" returned honeſt Jack.

The aſſemblage of gamblers did not ſeparate till paſt three o'clock. Our hero indulged in many nods, likewiſe in gapes behind his father's back; he felt as if a month had elapſed ſince he entered the houſe: and how people could ſit up ſo late playing at ſuch a ſtupid game as cards he could not think! Jack did not obſerve the changes of countenance that the moſt well-bred among the real players underwent, as they won or loſt: even the gentle-looking young belles frowned at their loſſes, whilſt their eyes flaſhed or gleamed with pleaſure when they won.

At length the evening's torture was over, and Jack blundered into the chariot and fell aſleep. Sir Thomas was too much mortified and too

irate to ſay anything to him that night; but the lecture was ready for him next day.

It took place during breakfaſt; Jack, as he ſeated himſelf, felt that it was coming. Here it is:—

"My dear child! I do not know whether I felt more ſad or angry at your *début* laſt night. Are you not aware that no fine creature likes a great gauky fellow like you to call her '*Grandmother!*' Cannot you ſee that Lady Ilſley wiſhes to paſs for a young thing? You will never make your way whilſt you are guilty of ſuch atrocities. And then letting your hat and ſword fall! No well-bred man is ever awkward; pray recollect that: and I cannot away with you for ſtanding up in a corner in the clowniſh hunched-backed attitude you aſſumed laſt night.

"For Heaven's ſake do not fall into the idiotic idea that there is anything to be aſhamed of in being tall; on the contrary it is a huge advantage. I have known young men of fine ſtature, ſtruck ſhy at their height, ſtand with round backs, bent knees and drooping heads, endeavouring to ſhorten themſelves half an inch by that mean and timid poſture. They only ſucceed in making their height appear the greater, whilſt they gain

the appellation of 'a great ponderous lout;' whereas if they would take half the pains to set themſelves up by fencing and drilling, they would, as it is called, '*carry off their height*,' and people would only ſay 'a very fine tall figure of a man.'

"Zounds ſir! what is the uſe of all *Doopwee* and *Cooderc's* leſſons if you ſneak about as though you were going to rob a hen rooſt? I really feel ſo ſhocked and dejected when I reflect that you actually fell aſleep in company that I would fain think it a viſion! What would you have thought if you had ſeen my Lord Langley, or any other gentleman ſitting nodding and ſnoozing like a low fellow at a tavern? Think how your actions would appear to you if you ſaw any other perſon behaving in like manner? When you are with other people you ſhould think of them, and not of yourſelf; you ſhould endeavour, according to your ability, to do ſomething for ſociety, not iſolate yourſelf as though you belonged to some other ſphere, or as though you thought your fellow creatures were wild beaſts.

"I *muſt* be juſt to you, and tell you that you in ſome meaſure redeemed your character at ſupper; as I ſaw you endeavouring to entertain my Lady

Langley, who appeared to enter into what you were ſaying."

"Aye, that ſhe did," ſaid Jack; "no nonſenſe about her: no finery or ſtuff; though ſhe don't look ſo."

"For Heaven's ſake hold your tongue ſir! Never let me hear you diſgrace yourſelf by talking about '*nonſenſe, finery, or ſtuff.*' It is the jargon of the vulgar, applied to their ſuperiors when they feel the coarſe inferiority of their own modes and manners. What ſubject did you find to divert her ladyſhip with?"

"Oh! let's ſee—why—Lady Jenny's hunting, and how ſhe'll throw her leg over, and leap like the devil—"

"Gods! did you talk in that way? Her ladyſhip muſt have thought you odious and coarſe in the extreme. You had better hold your peace to all eternity than talk ſo to a lady of quality: or, indeed, to any one."

"All I know is," retorted Jack, "ſhe made me a grand curtſey, and ſaid I was monſ'ous entertaining; and Lord *Thing-a-me* has aſked me to go and ſee 'em. Shan't be a bad fellow!"

"Lord who?" ſcreamed Sir Thomas. "Every-

one has a name, remember, ſir. Now bring the Univerſal Hiſtory, and we will ſtudy an hour or two; and never again let me hear you be guilty of ſuch an expreſſion as *Lord Thing-a-me!*"

In ſpite of all Jack's turpitude, Lady Ilſley gave him the *entrée* to her card-parties; whither Sir Thomas never failed to convey him, and by degrees preſented him to ſeveral of the ſociety. However, Jack could "*get on*" with none of them ſave Lord and Lady Langley; who, being much amuſed by Jack's rough *naïve* country modes, and pitying the life of conſtraint and torture he led with Sir Thomas, allowed him to go to them whenever he choſe: of which permiſſion he failed not to avail himſelf; his father beholding with pleaſure a *liaiſon* which he thought promiſed ſuch great things in the way of civiliſing his young ſavage.

Sometimes, when they were alone, Jack would dine with them; and they kindly indulged him in a tankard, and were much diverted with his appetite and remarks. Then, at other times, he would ſit with his elbows on his knees and his chin in the palms of his hands, and talk about "*my little Lydia*" to Lady Langley for an hour

or two; and her ladyſhip, feeling a real intereſt in her and in the mutual attachment which bade fair to make both ſo happy, (at leaſt from Jack's ſhowing,) became a willing liſtener—cautioning him againſt allowing the pleaſures and glitter of town to cauſe him to prove faithleſs to his little country love.

"Bleſs you! there's no fear of that," was his invariable reply. "I ſhall reach home juſt as I left it—honeſt Jack Warren. No fops for me! My ſervice to 'em."

Sometimes he would have a ſilent fit, and take up his poſition near Lady Langley, and play with her little Blenheim, only opening his mouth now and then to ſay—"Doris! you're a funny little thing!" and then Doris would wag her tail and ſtare fixedly at him till he ſcratched her little red and white poll; which he would do, again repeating in the very ſame tone as before, "Doris! you're a funny little thing!" and perhaps ſtating three or four times that it was his intention to take "juſt ſuch another to my little Lydia!"

Then he and Lord Langley rode out together into the neighbouring country: that was a real pleaſure to Jack; and he became more and more

attached to his new friends, and invited them to come and ſtay with him and Lydia when they were married, promiſing them ſport without end, and a ſight of Lady Jenny Ravenhill in her ſcarlet Joſeph.

As the ſeaſon drew to a concluſion, Sir Thomas reſolved to convey Jack to a levee. Jack rebelled dreadfully at firſt, and poured his ſorrows on the ſubject into Lord Langley's boſom; but finding there would be no "*fine ladies*" preſent, and that the aſſemblage would be compoſed entirely of men, he ſubmitted with his uſual dogged reſignation and a volley of "*hang its*."

Mr. Sayers was called in for the court-ſuit, and Lord Langley's taſte was conſulted; and as the eventful day drew near, the coſtume was ſent home — a white ſatin ſuit magnificently embroidered in gold; ſword in white and gold ſheath, with white and gold knots; golden knee-bands and diamond buckles; ſhoes of the fineſt white kid, with the indiſpenſable red heels and a ſplendid pair of diamond buckles.

Jack viewed theſe preparations with "*feelings of apprehenſion and alarm*," and bluſhed and inwardly fumed as M. Dupuis put him through

the various bows and ceremonies to be obſerved, —Sir Thomas, with eaſe and dignity, repreſenting the Sovereign. For a fortnight before the levee took place, Jack was daily "put through his *facings*," until his father and little M. Dupuis agreed that, after ſo much ſtudy, and with everything ſo accurately laid down for him,—chairs being placed to repreſent the various points and perſons,—it would be "*pire qu'abominable*" if he went wrong.

At length the day preceding the levee arrived; and, after his laſt leſſon, Jack mounting his horſe, —not his country ſteed, but a firſt-rate London one,—proceeded to Lord Langley's, to pick him up for a country-ride. Inſtead of finding his lordſhip in readineſs as uſual, a note was handed to Jack; who, tucking his whip under his arm, opened it, and read that a country friend having unexpectedly arrived, Lord Langley had been obliged to accompany him into the City on buſineſs. The note wound up by hoping they ſhould meet at the levee on the following day.

This being the caſe, Jack trotted off alone, and proceeded along the Barnet road, and then acroſs country, with feelings of freedom and

delight he had long been a ſtranger to. Over fences he put his horſe, galloped over green fields, and ſang with joy—he even forgot the levee in the ſenſations of pleaſure the freſh air, liberty, and exerciſe gave him. Lord Langley was content to trot along green lanes gently and debonnairely, converſing as he went; but now Jack and his high-mettled ſteed really enjoyed life, and Jack thought if he could but fall in with a pack of hounds in full cry, his joy would know no bounds. But Jack was too near town for that. On he ſped, with ſparkling eyes, till a ſudden turn brought him in view of the prettieſt little village poſſible. As he paſſed through it, he ſaw the little inn, neat and clean, with the ſign of St. George and the Dragon hanging from a large leafleſs elm before the door.

"I'm *dooced* hungry!" thought Jack; and the next minute found him diſmounted, and knocking with his whip at the inn-door, whilſt his horſe pawed and threw the foam over its head.

The landlord looked all amazement at the velvet coat and gold lace invading his premiſes, and Jack, having aſcertained that the ſtable and

the ale were good, inſtalled himſelf in a long narrow room, redolent of pipes, ſpirits, and beer; after having given an unlimited order for fried eggs and bacon, and a jug of the beſt ale.

The long room was to the back of the houſe, and from the windows a proſpect of a bowling-green and leafleſs arbour was obtained. The walls were decorated with gaudily coloured woodcuts in black frames, repreſenting Chevy Chaſe and celebrated highwaymen, all very near the ceiling and hanging very much awry. A long oak table, benches, and chairs, compoſed the furniture; the floor was ſanded, and not at all in character with Jack's red-heeled boots and maſſive ſilver ſpurs; neither did the whitewaſhed walls correſpond very well with the little gold-laced three-cornered hat he hung upon a great wooden peg. A little round one-legged three-footed table was put before the fire, a coarſe clean cloth with many darns thrown over it, and the ſmoking diſh of eggs and bacon placed thereon, accompanied by a brown jug of foaming ale, and a loaf of *very* heavy home-made bread. Jack ſtretched a leg on either ſide of the little table, and proceeded to eat with great guſto and a healthy young appetite, undeſtroyable

by ſuch trifles as dim-looking knives and iron forks.

Reader! do not imagine becauſe Jack was ſhy in London ſociety, and is now enjoying himſelf at the little inn, that Jack liked "*low life*"—*Diſtinguons!* many miſtakes ariſe in this tranſitory life from not doing ſo. Jack hated refined ſociety; Jack loved rough country gentlemen of his own rank: but from this it does not follow that he liked *low* life. That he might do ſo in time, if Sir Thomas perſevered in keeping him from his natural aſſociates, and if opportunities preſented themſelves for falling into it as an eſcape from the other, is another queſtion: at the moment in hand he did not love it.

He eat a plain dinner ſuch as he liked, a great deal of bread and cheeſe, and then turning towards the fire proceeded to fill a very long pipe with very ſtrong tobacco.

"This is worth all my father's kickſhaws and rag*oos*," he thought as he lighted his pipe—the firſt he had had for months—and leaning back in his great wooden arm-chair, ſhut his eyes and tranquilly ſmoked; heartily wiſhing for his old

uncle Squire Warren to fill up the meaſure of his happineſs.

It was all very pleaſant; but John Warren, Eſq., with a white and gold court-ſuit ready for him at the town manſion of his father, Sir Thomas Warren, Bart., had no buſineſs to be dining and ſmoking at the ſign of St. George and the Dragon, in a ſandy parlour at a public-houſe!

Jack was at his third pipe when the parlour door was thrown rudely open, to give admiſſion to a thick-ſet ſurly-looking man in the dreſs of a butcher. He marched ſtraight up to the fire, eyeing Jack (or, more properly ſpeaking, Jack's garments) with a contemptuous yet envious mien, and ſtood himſelf up with his back to the fire, with an "*I'm as good as you*" demeanour, quite laughable to behold.

Jack knocking on the table with his whip ſummoned the landlord, and ordered a pint more ale, and his bill, which were brought accordingly.

"Might have the manners to ſay—'*take a drink, ſir,*'" growled the butcher; as Jack, having finiſhed his ale, aroſe to depart: "Manners make the man, want of them the fellow!"

"Eh!" cried Jack, turning ſharply round.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," reſumed the butcher, turning his bilious diſcontented eyes on Jack. "Becauſe I comes in, you goes out; as if a man was *pyſon*, becauſe he earns a honeſt living inſtead of flaunting about in velvets and ſilks he don't pay for!"

"You're drunk, my good man," cried Jack, taking down his hat, and much aſtoniſhed at this ſudden attack.

The butcher was a diſcontented ſpirit, the head of a knot of idle fellows who neglected their buſineſs to give their time to bull-baiting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, drinking, and abuſing and hating every man at all above them—either in ſtation or manners.

Jack's velvet coſtume and *réjoui* mien had cauſed Tim Spraggs's bile to overflow.

"Drunk yourſelf," he ſnarled in return; "I don't ſee what buſineſs you have poking and prying about in our club-room. You think yourſelf monſtrous grand; but where would you be without butchers, you ſneak! You're a fine gentleman, I take it, come to make fun of us poor fellows: but we won't ſtand nonſenſe nor ſauce—ſo tramp, will you!"

And the butcher majeſtically extended his dirty paw towards the door, as a ſign for Jack to depart; to which gracious ſignal Jack reſponded by cutting him acroſs the face with his heavy riding-whip. Tim Spraggs ſtaggered back, raiſed his hands to his face—roared with rage—ſwore—and ruſhing at Jack, with foaming mouth and eyes ſquinting with hate and malice, dealt a blow at him with his heavy fiſt; Jack parried it, giving him one in return, which ſent him rolling againſt the fender; the clatter of his fall calling the landlord and all his family, and ſome cuſtomers ſeated about the kitchen fire, to the ſcene of action.

The butcher was ſlowly riſing, abuſing Jack all the time in the coarſeſt language he could muſter, and then darting at him ſtruck him on the mouth; Jack coolly knocking him down as the only reply.

Again the furious butcher flew at Jack; who contented himſelf at each attack by parrying his blows, till the opportunity came for planting one ſcientifically, which invariably knocked Mr. Spraggs down. Still Mr. Spraggs continued the fight; but the worthy creature having loſt his temper entirely, rage blinded him: he managed to hit

his adverſary twice; once cauſing the blood to guſh from his noſe on his velvet and fine linen, and then dealing him a blow on the right eye which cauſed him to ſee myriads of lights; but neither deprived him of his temper nor of his coolneſs.

Mr. Spraggs ſolaced himſelf with very horrible language; Jack ſpoke not a word; till, after a few minutes' fight, he ſtretched the butcher ſenſeleſs on the ſanded floor.

"I don't think he'll inſult a gentleman again," ſaid Jack; and, paying his bill, he mounted his horſe.

"I'm glad he's had a leſſon, ſir," ſaid the landlord: "he's the loweſt o' the low. Good thing none o' the others were there, or they'd 'a murdered you: they're always half-ſeas over. I didn't ſee him come in, or I'd 'a kept him out——"

Jack trotted off. The weather, as Engliſh weather *will* do, had quite changed during the two hours he had paſſed at the St. George and the Dragon, and he had not gone a quarter of a mile before a thick fine drizzle fell from the low, dark, lead-coloured clouds; the wind blowing it

full in his face, and againſt his breaſt, which was only covered by his delicate ſhirt and frill: his coat not being made to button.

"Hang it!" thought Jack, "I ſhall get my finery ſpoilt; and what will my father ſay?" for honeſt Jack could not ſhake off by any means the boyiſh awe and dread he entertained for Sir Thomas. As he trotted on, the drizzle gave place to larger drops, the wind became ſtronger and ſtronger, and Jack's velvet garments, wet through and through, preſented the appearance of the ſhining coat of a fat water-rat. The powder in his wig, too, was much damaged, and ran down his back and face; and he felt his mouth, noſe, and eye very ſtiff and ſomewhat painful.

By the time he arrived home, the hard determined rain had done its work, and made a ſponge of Jack's habiliments. The fat porter ſtared at him, as did the lacqueys; with a whiſper among themſelves, unheard by Jack, "whatever's *he* been up to?"

"Sir Thomas is a enquiring for you, ſir," grunted the porter. "He wiſhed you to ſtep in the ſtudy *d'reckly* you come in."

"Very well," ſaid Jack, and obeyed the

Baronet's mandate; ſaying to himſelf as he opened the ſtudy door, "now for it."

Sir Thomas, as his ſon approached, drew himſelf up majeſtically in his *bergère;* but when he gained a full view of him, horror ſucceeded to majeſty in the air and countenance of the old Baronet. Neither was it to be wondered at. Jack ſtood before him ſhining with wet from top to toe, the front of his ſhirt ſpotted with blood and marked with the green colour the rain had extracted from his coat. His wig, wet and ſhrunk, clung drooping cloſe to his face: and what a face! His mouth, cut by his teeth through the force of Mr. Spraggs's blow, was immenſely ſwollen, the upper lip curling up towards the noſe like a negro's, the noſe itſelf being equally ſwollen with the mouth. And then Jack's right eye and cheek! The eye was quite cloſed, and the whole ſide of the face, from chin to eyebrow, one large diſcoloured ſwelling. The left eye wore a perplexed expreſſion, wandering backwards and forwards from Sir Thomas to the fire, and from the fire to Sir Thomas, as Jack ſtood twiddling his riding-whip, confounded by his father's ſilence and fixed ſtare.

"The porter ſaid you wanted me, ſir," at length cried Jack, in ſuch a voice! the trembling, hoarſe, ſhy voice finding its way through the ſtiff, ſwollen, throbbing mouth.

"Where have you been, ſir?" demanded Sir Thomas, vibrating with rage. "Anſwer me! Zounds, ſir! — no flinching — where have you been, you young ſcoundrel? In ſome pot-houſe brawl, no doubt! I've ſeen my Lord Langley: you've not been with him. Don't ſtand up there ſhuffling about like a footman in diſgrace; anſwer this moment, ſir, or confound it, I'll cut you off with a ſhilling! Where have you been? What have you been doing? How did you get that diſguſtingly ugly bull-dog's face? Anſwer, you young ſcamp, anſwer!" and Sir Thomas patted the table pettiſhly and impatiently with his long delicate fingers.

"Yes, ſir," replied poor Jack; and, being the ſoul of truth, he would as ſoon have thought of picking his father's pocket as of telling him the ſhadow of an untruth; ſo, with great difficulty of utterance, he mumbled forth the whole account of the morning's tranſactions.

"You are a low fellow, ſir!" cried Sir Thomas,

grinding his teeth with paſſion. "How are you to go to the levee with that vulgar face? You cannot go! You are deprived of the opportunity of paying your devoirs to your Sovereign by the fiſt of a butcher! You're a diſgrace to your family! Eating and drinking at a public-houſe! ſquabbling and boxing with a butcher! Piſh!"

"He was ſo impudent, ſir: what could I do?"

"Treat the brute with ſilent contempt, ſir: that's what you ſhould have done. But you had no buſineſs in a public-houſe at all. I began to entertain great hopes of you: but now! Go to bed, ſir, and rid me of your hideous face. I would rather ſee you run through like a gentleman, than behold you with the face of a ruffianly knocked-about prize-fighter. You knew you were going to the levee, ſir! Zounds, get out of my ſight or I ſhall kill you! Go to your bed inſtantly. I ſhall ſend for White, who may perhaps be able to do ſomething for you by to-morrow: though I doubt it."

Jack aſked nothing better than to retire to his bed. The ſurgeon, of courſe, was unable to do away with Mr. Spraggs's handiwork in time for the levee on the following day; and ſo Jack

eſcaped it altogether, as there was not to be another that ſeaſon. Sir Thomas inſiſted on his remaining in his room, and ſpread abroad a report that Jack was very ill with cold and fever. He viſited him daily, and lectured him much.

Jack paſſed a very dull time till his face was well; but Larrazée, ſeeing the wondrous effects of boxing, like many Frenchmen, expreſſed a great deſire to be able to give ſuch awful blows; wherefore, Jack, at "*Lazarus's*" ſpare moments, endeavoured to paſs the time by teaching him: but the valet could never catch the true ſpirit of it, or deſiſt from defying cries and geſtures, no wiſe in accordance "*avec ce diable de boxe.*"

> "Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt—
> Man never is, but always to be bleſt!"

So it was with Sir Thomas in regard to poor Jack. He certainly was not bleſt on the levee-day, and the poliſh of his manners could ſcarcely conceal the vexation and ill-humour of his ſoul. He was very dejected by his ſon's laſt *eſcapade:* but, then, in ſtept Hope; and Hope adviſed him to forget paſt failures, and only look to the future. Hope, to uſe a phraſe of a poliſhed lord of the laſt century, was ſo vulgar as "*to let*

aff a proverb,"—not one, but ſeveral,—"Rome was not built in a day"—"*Avec de petites briques on fait de grandes maiſons*"—"Patience and perſeverance will move mountains"—with many more in the ſame ſpirit: to all of which Sir Thomas agreed, as perſons generally ſpeaking agree with whatever jumps with their humour. Then Sir Thomas perſuaded himſelf that Jack had made ſome little progreſs—that he was not *quite* ſo uncouth as on his firſt arrival; that a ſummer of ſtudy in the country, and another winter in town, or perhaps in Paris, could not fail of making him the man he wiſhed to ſee. Thus Hope, in ſpite of all obſtacles ſpringing in Sir Thomas's breaſt, firmly perſuaded him that he was to be bleſt!

Jack's disfigured face was nearly three weeks before it returned to its normal ſtate of ſmooth, ſoulleſs good-nature. This ſaved him not only from the levee, but from three card-parties at his grandmamma's, and a ball at Lord Langley's: Jack's firſt appearance at ſuch an affair; and at which he was to have danced his firſt minuet, Lady Langley having conſented to dance it with him. There were great practiſings to enſure

ſucceſs; and her ladyſhip told Jack ſhe was ſo diſappointed at not dancing it with him, that ſhe hoped he would conſider himſelf engaged to her for their firſt meeting in public the following ſeaſon—to which Jack gallantly replied: "'Pon my ſoul, I'd much rather not!"

Jack felt comparatively happy when, the London ſeaſon having drawn to a cloſe, he beheld lords and ladies departing for the country, and heard orders given with a view to Sir Thomas's removal to his country-ſeat. He cheriſhed a ſecret hope that his father would then conſent to give him leave of abſence, for a ſhort viſit to his beloved old uncle and his dear little Lydia. He ventured to expreſs his wiſh. Luckleſs Jack! he choſe an ill moment to do ſo.

Sir Thomas had juſt had an interview with l'Abbé Potelle; who, ſliding into the ſtudy, preſſed his three-cornered hat on his breaſt and bowed over it, and then, after the uſual ceremonies and compliments, announced, with great expreſſions of ſorrow and regret, that he had come "*pour donner ma démiſſion!*" that "*hélas! ce bon M. Jac*" was ſo totally unfit for the line of ſtudy Sir Thomas wiſhed him to purſue, that after giving

him all his attention and care, the Abbé, ſeeing that his pupil's mind was utterly incapable of even a glimmer of light in mathematics, and that he could not make him pronounce or remember one word of French, conſidered that he ſhould be robbing Sir Thomas if he continued to attend his ſon. As for *belles-lettres* and hiſtory, the Abbé ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and had recourſe to a pinch of ſnuff. It was in vain that Sir Thomas endeavoured to alter the prieſt's determination.

"Ne m'en parlez plus, *Sire Ouarrène*," he anſwered, politely but firmly; "vous me ferez de la peine. Je ne conſentirai jamais à vous faire un vol; et faire ſemblant d'inſtruire ce bon M. *Jac* —ma foi!—" and he ſpread out his arms, ſhook his head, and bowed. The Abbé concluded by hoping Sir Thomas would not view him with an evil eye for his "*franchiſe*," as he had perſevered till he found his pupil thoroughly impracticable. Sir Thomas aſſured him of his eſteem, and M. Potelle withdrew, bowing and backing out of the room with a lightened heart and a clear conſcience.

Jack's little requeſt was peremptorily refuſed.

Jack was obliged to make the beſt of it, and to look forward to a long ſummer with his father, and a certain beetle-browed book-worm, in ruſty black, engaged by Sir Thomas as tutor to his ſon during his ſtay in the country; and from whom the Baronet expected better things than from the Abbé. "The French are very agreeable," thought Sir Thomas, to console himſelf for the Abbé's ſeceſſion, "but they are too *volage* for tutors. Jack is not bright, but the Abbé muſt have exaggerated—got tired of his taſk: a child of mine could *never* be ſo idiotic as he makes Jack out to be; *never!* I hope more from Dr. Spark: beſide there are two livings in my gift to lure him on. Nous ver-*rong*."

That is all the Abbé gained by his honeſty. Then the Baronet, his ſon, and houſehold left the metropolis for the cool woods, freſh ſtreams, lovely park, and freſh air of Stanley Manor.

The winter ſeaſon was over for little Lydia in her quiet country retreat, as well as for Jack in his father's town manſion. She had ſeen her crocuſſes come up, and her innocent-looking little ſnowdrops, as pretty and as pure as herſelf. She beheld the ſmalleſt twigs of the trees thick-

ening with buds; theſe had ſwelled, opened, and the trees were covered with the beautiful, bright, yellow-green leaves of ſpring. She made poſies of violets, primroſes, and cowſlips, wherewith to deck the Vicarage and render it gay and fragrant. Then there was ſuch a *battue* of cowſlips for the purpoſe of making wine! She liſtened with ſmiling delight to blackbirds, thruſhes, and all the other birds ſinging and calling from tree and buſh, whilſt the ſky-lark balanced himſelf over the fields with the gayeſt ſong of all; the large black rooks ſailed cawing to and fro, and ſped about in the air advancing, facing about, wheeling, retreating, like a large black regiment, and then ſcattering like a *Seminaire* let out for recreation. The ſweetbriar ſmelt ſo ſweet, the evenings were ſo ſerene, the moon aroſe ſo calmly, and the ſtars looked out one after the other ſo tranquilly grand, that Lydia and the Vicar would wander about the garden till ſupper-time; the good doctor delighted with all his little "*Puſs*" ſenſible but innocent remarks.

Lydia was one of thoſe happy, but rare beings, who have only to follow the natural inclination of their ſouls to do all that is good and right;

as far as fallen creatures can do ſo. Her placid countenance and ſteady gentle eyes could never have been the accompaniments to a turbulent or paſſionate mind. In them you could read innocence, purity, good ſenſe, ſweet temper, patience, gentleneſs, affection, content, cheerfulneſs, and conſequent happineſs; for little Lydia was *very* happy and *very* ſerene. She was none of thoſe talented, gifted, ſtrong-minded, energetic, "*highly intelligent*," reſtleſs, ſet-the-world-to-rights, turbulent females, ſelfiſh, conceited, and arrogant; the peſts of every one who has the misfortune to know them: ever meddling, adviſing, dragooning in all things, from the food of an infant to the politics and faith of a man. Outcaſts are they from both ſexes; hovering on the confines of each, belonging to neither. Lydia was not of theſe; but Lydia had her little fault, I grieve to write it: ſtill it was a gentle, amiable defect; againſt which the Vicar did all he could to warn and ſtrengthen her. The worthy doctor had the ſame defect himſelf; and well he knew it, and ſucceſsfully had fought againſt it.

Her fault was a ſoftneſs of character, which rendered her eaſy to be led away by others, and

apt to follow the modes of thoſe ſhe might be with, againſt her better ſenſe and judgment. She might, with this ſoftneſs and a pure innocence which could not imagine wrong, have been led into the depths of folly and harm. I have known beings like Lydia led away by giddy, headſtrong ſiſters—girls who ſhrink at nothing, or married women who care for nothing; led away through their yielding nature, their eyes cloſed by their own purity to all the harm around them; led away till they are lightly ſpoken of, looked upon as "*one of the ſet*" they are with, their reputation breathed upon and dim as though they had tranſgreſſed, yet remaining as purely innocent as ever.

Beings of this gentle ſpecies, beware! Whenever you hear much laughter, one word of ſlang, one witty ſaying accompanied by a look neither of which you underſtand; when you find this paſſing among men and women, even if they are your neareſt and deareſt, follow not blindly; think not it is "*great fun*," but pauſe and reflect, and turn away. A pure white garment ſhould have no ſpot on it. No man would have "*great fun*" with a being he could reſpect or value: pure innocence *muſt* be reſpected. "*Great fun*" then,

as well as excited laughter and manners *en ſuite*, are for beings whom, from ſome cauſe or other, they cannot reſpect. Beware then of "*great fun:*" you may not ſee the *deſſous des cartes*, or all that lurks beneath the ſurface; but where you ſee that, pauſe, reflect, beware!

Strange to ſay I have never met with ſuch a character as Lydia's but this little defect accompanied it, as the ſhadow does the ſubſtance. But little Lydia was in good hands, and Dr. Freeman ſtrengthened the weak part of her character without injuring or altering the reſt; ſo we may, I think, taking her altogether, look upon her as a very charming, amiable, perfect little creature: as far as perfection goes *ici bas*, which I fear me much is not *very* far.

Matters continued *in ſtatu quo* in Dr. Freeman's pariſh, but in the pariſh adjoining was a great ſtir. With ſpring arrived numerous workmen from London and various country towns. Theſe proceeded *en maſſe* to the "*great ſhut-up houſe*," as a beautiful Elizabethan manſion on the brow of a wooded hill was popularly called in the neighbourhood. This abode and the fine eſtate it ſtood upon, were the property of Ralph

Addiſon, Eſq., who had not been near it for twenty years; during which time an old man, his wife and daughter—rumour added a ghoſt to the party—had had charge of it. The proprietor, being a hater of the country and all belonging to it, paſſed his days at Paris, Rome, Naples, Berlin, Dreſden, Vienna, and ſometimes London; until the hour arrived in which he breathed his laſt, leaving his body to Italian ground, a good dower to his widow, and all his eſtates to his ſon, Philip Addiſon, Eſq.; whoſe intention it was to dwell in the Elizabethan manſion above mentioned, and to offer a home there to his mother: which ſhe readily accepted.

It was matter of great amazement to Lydia to think that "the great ſhut-up houſe" ſhould be opened and dwelt in. All her life long it had been closed, and ſhe could not imagine ſuch a thing poſſible as that it ever had been opened, or ever could be again! The real name of the houſe was Abbot's Manor. The ſhutters were uncloſed; windows mended; paint-bruſhes at work; tilers and maſons repairing; boys weeding; gardeners pruning, tying up, raking, digging; wheelbarrows travelling in all directions; furniture arriving;

waggons unloading; coals coming in: ſervants appearing—rather timid about the ghoſt, and going about in pairs after duſk; old man, wife, and daughter, who was born in the houſe, retiring to a ſnug cot on the eſtate; and, finally, the maſter himſelf one fine evening arrived on horſe-back, followed by a groom leading a third horſe carrying the baggage.

When this event took place ſpring had turned to ſummer: ſpring flowers had given place to their ſucceſſors; the pale freſh green of the verdure had changed to a darker and more ſolid ſhade; the cricket chirped all over the face of the country; the ſnake lay coiled on ſunny banks or dragged his ſtrong but heavy length through the yielding graſs and flowers; loudly ſang the night-ingale throughout the night; ſummer ſtorms aroſe with all the majeſty of lightning, rolling thunder, and daſhing rain; the ſun ſhone fervid and bright, and made dark ſhadows ſharp, and darker ſtill; the Vicar read and wrote and dozed beneath his ſplendid trees; flies buzzed, and humming bees, from Miſtreſs Freeman's hives, dived into all the flowers; the green outer blinds of the Vicarage being cloſed, kept all obſcure and

cool within, till the evening breeze began to blow gently, and lightly, and soothingly among the ruſtling trees; the droning ſound of the church clock, slow and even, and diſtinct, told how the ſummer hours were paſſing; the diſtant whiſtle of a country boy added drowſineſs to the drowſy air; the Vicar's kine ſtood in the pond beneath the meadow trees, lazily laſhing away the inſects by means of their long tails; the ducks ſlept on the bank; and the comely well-ſhaped ſwine wallowed in the cool, wet, muddy ditch.

Theſe things are of every-day occurrence in the country, and there are poor human beings in ill-favoured courts and alleys about town who have no idea of them!—So it is!

Hotter and hotter ſtill grew the ſummer! Dr. Freeman, with an umbrella over his head, proceeded, one dazzling afternoon, at his fat and gentle cob's ſloweſt pace, to pay his reſpects to his new neighbour, and returned much exhauſted, without having found him at home. Abbot's Manor was ſtill in disorder, and the owner's mother not expected till the autumn; remaining until then with her daughter, who was married and lived some twenty miles off.

Hotter and hotter ſtill grew the ſummer! The air ſeemed to blink and twinkle with the heat; the earth was parched and cracked, and threw back the ſun's rays with oven-like heat.

Lydia, after paſſing the morning in houſehold duties with Mrs. Freeman, retired after dinner, one enervating afternoon, ſleepy and tired as a little child, to repoſe on the ſofa of her large and airy room. The cloſed blinds rendered it dark and cool; the honeyſuckle around the window gave forth a refreſhing perfume; Lydia drew from her pocket a letter received that morning from Jack, and began to peruſe it. Jack gave her a deſcription, as well as he was capable of doing, of the beauties and delights of Sir Thomas's country ſeat; ſaying he was happier there than in town, but that time paſſed heavily with Dr. Spark, and that his father gave dinner parties to his country neighbours, inſiſting on Jack's aſſiſting in doing the honours, which he hated; and that he looked forward more and more to his marriage with Lydia, who was worth all the fine London ladies twenty times over, with their patches, and airs, and graces. He wound up by his usual proteſtations of undying love, and by

aſſuring her that Stanley Manor was ſo beautiful and ſo pleaſant that it only wanted a pack of fox-hounds and her "*dear ſelf*" to make it quite complete.

"Dear Jack," ſighed Lydia, as ſhe always did when ſhe had read one of his blunt honeſt billets-doux; and then, arranging her pillows and cuſhions more comfortably, ſhe began for the third time to peruſe his epiſtle. Sleep was ſtealing on her: ſhe ſtill heard the buzz of the inſects and the hum of the bee, but Jack's vigorous pothooks and hangers ſwam from before her ſight—the letter dropt on the floor—ſhe opened her eyes—the heavy lids cloſed again, and pretty little Lydia ſlept, and ſmiled in her innocent ſlumbers as ſhe did in the days of her playful childhood. And for two long hours little Lydia ſlept. The ſun began to think of deſcending towards earth and ocean; but ſtill the heat was great: the village cows were ſlowly wending their way from fields, along the duſty roads, to their reſpective milking-places. Miſtreſs Freeman had looked into Lydia's room, dreſſed for a charitable ſtroll through the pariſh; but ſeeing her ſleep ſo ſweetly, ſhe gently kiſſed her and ſallied forth alone.

Lydia ſlept, and Lydia dreamt. She thought ſhe was in a wood under the dark trees, and ſhe heard a beautiful voice, very deep and very rich. She thought the voice ſang, and ſometimes it was very near, and ſometimes it was afar off—and then it laughed, and then it ſang again—and ſhe ran about the wood to find the owner of the voice—but all in vain: there was the beautiful voice—but no one could Lydia ſee, nor could ſhe find from whence the ſound proceeded. Lydia awoke in part—ſtill ſhe heard the voice: but inſtead of ſinging, it ſpoke; and ſhe thought, between ſleeping and waking, that ſhe ſhould then be able to diſcover to whom it belonged.

Lydia awoke quite: ſtill ſhe heard the voice! The voice was the ſame ſhe heard in her dream, deep, ſtrong, and rich; but it did not ſing: it talked and laughed. Lydia ſat up and liſtened for an inſtant. "Who can it be?" ſhe thought: "I'm ſure it is not Roger Brown." She aroſe and ſtept ſoftly to the window; in doing ſo ſhe kicked poor Jack's letter, which lay on the floor. Juſt then the Vicar's voice ſounded in anſwer to the other.

"Very good—very ſmart indeed, and well

turned! Ha! ha! ha!" and Dr. Freeman laughed his fat, ſoft, good-natured laugh. Lydia very gently puſhed open her blind, juſt ſufficiently to enable her to ſee the owner of the voice—the perſon ſhe had hunted for ſo vainly in the wood during her dream.

There he ſtood by the ſide of the Vicar; both of them with their backs towards the houſe, in the ſhade it was beginning to caſt on the drive and lawn in front.

"It muſt be Mr. Addiſon!" thought Lydia, fixing her eyes on the ſtranger; and feeling an unknown pleaſure and faſcination in ſo doing, and in liſtening, without heeding the words, to the voice that had ſo charmed and perplexed her in the dream ſhe had juſt awoke from.

Lydia had rightly gueſſed; the man who ſtood beſide her father was Philip Addiſon, the newly-arrived proprietor of Abbot's Manor.

He was dreſſed in very deep mourning, his long boots and black ſpurs powdered with duſt from riding along the hot and dazzling road. In one hand he held a pair of fringed gloves, his whip in the other, and both croſſed behind him. Lydia thought ſhe had never beheld hands ſo

white or ſo beautifully formed; and Lydia was right: they were very different from poor Jack's; and even from her "*dear Papa's*" little round fat ones, not to mention the Rev. Roger Brown's.

Mr. Addiſon was of middle ſtature; his ſtrong wide ſhoulders and deep cheſt were ſhown off to the greateſt advantage by the coat without collar then worn; and there was an eaſy ſupple grace in his ſmall waiſt, and in the firm but light manner in which he ſtood up on his ſmall well-formed feet, which contraſted ſtrongly with the good old Vicar's portly figure and ſturdy *tenu*. His head was firmly but very gracefully ſet on his ſhoulders, his little plain three-cornered hat thrown on careleſſly on one ſide over the right eye, with the military air which pervaded his whole *tournure* and manner. Lydia did not note theſe ſeveral particulars; but the *tout enſemble* of this ſuddenly-beheld perſonage charmed her, ſhe knew not why.

"I wiſh he would turn his face towards Papa," ſhe ſaid to herſelf. As though he had heard her, he did ſo; but, Dr. Freeman being on his right, the little hat only allowed Lydia to perceive, between that and the ſoft white ſtock, a firm well-cut mouth, ſmiling and handſome, and a

Napoleon jaw and chin of the fineſt proportions. She did not behold his high white forehead, ſtraight and well-ſhaped noſe with the chiſeled flexible noſtrils, or his deep-ſet violet eyes, rendered dark by his thick black eyebrows and long black laſhes; the whole rendered ſoft and rich by the ſnow-white powder in his hair, which was ſimply turned off his forehead, curled at the ſides, and tied by a broad riband forming a long bow and ends. He was pale without being ſallow or ſickly looking, in age not far from forty; his expreſſion *enjoué*, with a ſlight daſh of gravity now and then, firm without ſternneſs: a man who had evidently ſeen much, who could gueſs thoughts, and underſtand at one word where ſome would have required a long explanation.

Dr. Freeman rubbed his hands, ſtroked his well-ſhorn double chin, quoted Latin and Greek, ſmiled, laughed, and gave unequivocal ſigns of being highly delighted and charmed with his new acquaintance.

Lydia, her little ſoft hands repoſing one in the other, with a half ſmile on her pink lips, and animation in her gentle eyes, continued to ſurvey, from the ſhelter of the green blinds, the perſon

beneath her window; until that perſon ſuddenly pointing with his whip to the ſhrubbery, which led to the ſtables, exclaimed:

"Oh!—look there—how odd—how *very* pretty!"

This exclamation was cauſed by the apparition of two individuals from the ſhrubbery, ſtepping ſoberly along, one a little in advance of the other, and both wearing a meek air of virtue and duty and goodneſs which ſtrangely became them. One gently nodded its head up and down as it advanced; the other, on the contrary, held it ſtiff and ſtraight, merely fixing a pair of ſoft, dark eyes on the Vicar the moment it ſaw him. He looked fondly towards them, and ſaid:

"Thoſe are Phœbe and Chloe—my mare and Newfoundland; and huge friends they are, I aſſure you. Chloe knows when the groom goes to ſaddle Phœbe, and then ſhe lies down with her noſe between her paws, watching him. The minute he has done, up ſhe jumps, the rein is put into her mouth, and ſhe leads Phœbe up to the door as you now ſee; and not only that, but ſhe follows me in my ride, and when we get home again, I give her the rein and ſhe leads her

friend back to her ſtable. If the lad happens not to be in the way, Chloe barks till he comes. Now, juſt watch them!"*

The round, fat, ſnow-white cob, with its forelock combed meekly down, and its ſagacious, good-tempered eyes, now arrived at the door—exactly in front of it, as neither of the friends ſtopped till they reached that preciſe ſpot; then Chloe, who was alſo milk-white, ſat herſelf down in front of Phœbe, and wagging her long, feathery tail to and fro on the gravel, bruſhed it about, whilſt ſhe kept her tender eyes ſteadily fixed on her maſter—the cob alſo looking round at him from time to time.

Mr. Addiſon expreſſed his aſtoniſhment and admiration, the Vicar looking with proud affection at his two pets.

"They're expecting their little treat," he ſaid. "Lyddie! Lyddie! are you in your room—Puſſy?"

"Yes, papa!" liſped Lydia, taking two ſteps backwards.

"Come down, my child! Phœbe and Chloe are waiting for their treat!"

* This is a fact.

"Yes, papa," and Lydia trod on Jack's open letter. She ſtooped, picked it up, ſmoothed it, folded it, put it in her pocket, looked at herſelf in her oval glaſs, with its ſoft muſlin furniture, arranged her hair and breaſt-knot, and then ran lightly down ſtairs.

Preſently the ſound of her little footſteps were heard ſtepping along in her high-heeled ſhoes, and ſhe appeared at the hall-door, bearing a china plate, on which were a piece of cake and a large ſlice of bread. At this ſight, Phœbe turned her head and ſtamped with her foot, whilſt Chloe's tail bruſhed very vehemently; but ſhe did not quit her poſt or let go the rein: Chloe was a very diſcreet, well-bred canine.

"Come hither, my Lyddie," ſaid Dr. Freeman; "I muſt make you acquainted with Mr. Addiſon, our new neighbour—a gentleman of good parts and great underſtanding, I aſſure you!—And this, ſir, is my little Lydia—my only child—nearly as great a favourite as Phœbe and Chloe! Eh, Puſſy?"

Mr. Addiſon took off his hat, and bowed to Lydia with the air of a ſoldier and a courtier, and then, ſtepping one ſtep back, put his hat

under his arm; whilſt ſhe bluſhed, making a pretty little curtſey, without daring to look at him, but noting what a ſweet ſmell of violets emanated from him.

Phœbe and Chloe were very much tantaliſed by theſe bows and curtſeys; their treat ſo near at hand, but yet withheld from them.

Lydia firſt gave Phœbe a bit of bread, which ſhe took very delicately and gently with her velvet lips; then taking the rein from Chloe and putting it into the Vicar's hand, ſhe proceeded to break a piece of cake. No ſooner had ſhe taken the rein, than Chloe, with a virtuous, but wiſtful countenance, ſat up and begged, drooping her fore-paws, and holding them very tight againſt her, till the cake was preſented, and taken without any vulgar ſnapping or noiſe.

Lydia was very intent on her taſk, Dr. Freeman very intent on watching his "three pets" as he called them. Mr. Addiſon therefore ſeized that opportunity of ſurveying Lydia, as intently as ſhe had ſome minutes previouſly ſurveyed him. She would have ſtarted if ſhe could have ſeen his dark keen eyes fixed upon her: when Dr. Freeman looked up, they were benevolently

watching the cob and Chloe. The result of his survey of Lydia was the following inward exclamation to himself:

"'Gad! she's the sweetest, most innocent, little creature I ever clapt eyes on!"

The repast being over and another steed having joined the party, brought round by the groom, the two gentlemen mounted their horses; which were quite in character with the appearance of their riders.

Mr. Addison's was a splendid animal, with gleaming eyes, small head, wide open nostrils; large, powerful, swift, and spirited. His master gathered up the reins, put his toe in the stirrup, and mounted. Lydia had seen Jack on his hunter, but Mr. Addison was very different. He seemed one with his horse, and so easy and supple, his position so perfect from head to foot, that the Vicar, from Phœbe's back, launched out in a quotation respecting the Centaurs.

"I vow, Doctor," said the man so addressed, "you put me to the blush! Mistress Lydia, I am the most humble of your slaves!" And so saying, with another courtly bow, he turned to depart; the Vicar telling his daughter not to expect

him back till bedtime, as he was going to Abbot's Manor to paſs the evening and ſee the improvements.

Lydia watched them down the road; Phœbe ſteadily trotting, Mr. Addiſon's horſe prancing, curvetting, and, as Lydia thought, behaving very ill. Little did ſhe think the rider was the cauſe of it, all for her eſpecial gratification. He felt ſure ſhe would watch them quite out of ſight; and ſo ſhe did: and then the cloud of duſt they had left behind them ſubſided, and Lydia returned to her room. She puſhed back the blinds and looked out, and thought the garden appeared quite deſerted!

She then went to the little Indian cabinet, took from it the paquet of Jack's letters, untied the pink riband, added the laſt comer to the collection, and ſhut them up again.

Miſtreſs Freeman returned from the village, bringing poor Roger Brown with her, whom ſhe had invited to tea and ſupper; Roger, like an inſect who will perſevere in buzzing into and burning himſelf with the flame of a candle, having accepted. Miſtreſs Freeman was the moſt compaſſionate of human beings. She was

of a penſive nature, ſad, and pitied everything and everybody. Roger ſtood high in her compaſſion: ſhe always called him "Poor, dear Mr. Brown;" and many little comforts and luxuries did he owe to the compaſſionate kindneſs of Miſtreſs Freeman. Could ſhe have ſeen the thoughts of "poor, dear Mr. Brown's" heart, and his miſerable, dejecting paſſion for Lydia, what would ſhe have ſaid? I think ſhe would have ſhot him: with pitying compaſſion ending his hopeleſs miſery. She did ſometimes ſay, "if poor, dear Mr. Brown were not ſo good and pious a man, I ſhould think he had ſomething on his mind!"

The party was not very gay. Miſtreſs Freeman was tired and penſive, Lydia ſilent and thinking about Mr. Addiſon, Roger Brown ſhy and taciturn; looking hideous, as he ſat up with his tea-cup in one hand and a large ſlice of cake in the other. Roger was always hungry and always thin.

Lydia, as the evening wore on, liſtened to every ſound; thinking it high time the Vicar ſhould return, and relate the events of his viſit. When at length he did arrive he was in raptures with Abbot's Manor and its owner.

"Mr. Addiſon," he ſaid, "is the moſt poliſhed of men: a true gentleman—not a fop, but a gentleman both in mind and manners. Then, too, he is vaſtly erudite: he ſeems to know everything, and can liſten to, and talk on, any ſubject without pedantry or affectation; not as if he had ever been at the pains of acquiring knowledge, but as if it were natural to him—born with him! I never met with ſo charming a companion. He has travelled everywhere and ſeen everything thoroughly: not merely ſcampered here and there, juſt to ſay he had been at ſuch and ſuch a place. He relates his adventures and makes his obſervations, too, with ſo much plainneſs, and in ſo unaffected, eaſy a manner, that it adds ten-fold to the charm of his converſation. I hope to ſee a great deal of him. Lyddie, my child, did not you think him very poliſhed, and very good-looking to boot?"

Lydia, thus addreſſed, bent her head over a little china jar of flowers, and concealing her face by ſmelling them, ſhe replied:

"I don't know, papa; I hardly ſaw him!"

Roger Brown's heart was fluttering with agony. He alone had obſerved Lydia. They ſay Love

is blind, and they say Love is lynx-eyed! Which is it? *De deux choses l'une! Lynx-eyed?* The little fellow would look *very* ugly! However, poor Roger *had* observed Lydia, and Roger assured himself that Lydia *had* observed Mr. Addison; that Lydia thought him perfect, that Lydia loved him, that he of course *must* love Lydia; that *they* would marry, and *he* should die. He knew nothing about Jack Warren. Roger felt very faint, and, in a meek, faint voice, he said:

"I must bid good night—it's getting late," and he arose and took up his stick and his great clumsy hat.

"No, no, my friend," said the Doctor, "you must stay a little longer, and we'll smoke a pipe of tobacco under the trees. Mr. Addison can't smoke: he says he did so in Turkey, to conform to the mode; but that the Oriental tobacco is so very different to what we smoke here—as different as satin is to sailcloth, he said."

But no!—Roger *would* depart: and depart he did; rushing along as though there had been a hard frost, and arriving at his two rooms as miserable as it was possible for mortal man to be.

"Poor, dear Mr. Brown!" exclaimed Miſtreſs Freeman, with a ſigh. "I'm ſure he's going to be ill!—Poor man!"

"Who would ſuppoſe," cried the Vicar, "that my poor ſcarecrow Brown and Mr. Addiſon were of the ſame race? Both men; yet how different. You ſhould have heard my new friend talk of Rome and Greece—'Gad, it ſet me madding to be off there!"

"Lor! my dear," cried his wife: "what Rome? Why, ain't that where the Pope lives?—poor, dear benighted man!"

"To be ſure: but I don't think he'd eat me, my love. There are at Rome ſuch mighty remains of the great city, ſuch magnificent ruins, ſuch works of art, ſuch—oh! dear, oh! dear, I do think I ſhall never die in peace till I ſee it all!"

"Well!" ſaid Miſtreſs Freeman, with a ſigh, "for my part I'd rather have a cot in England than dwell among the heathen! I'm afraid poor Mr. Addiſon's a very dangerous companion for you, my dear—unſettling your mind, and making you ſo wild!"

The Doctor laughed.

"Why do you call him 'poor Mr. Addiſon?'

he's a fine ſtrong fellow, and as rich as a jew! Abbot's Manor *is* ſuch a lovely place; and Mr. Addiſon's taſte is ſo refined! I'm to take you over there ſome cool evening, my Lyddie, to ſee it all; and I'm ſure you'll be hugely pleaſed with it. He has ſome very fine paintings—in ſhort, he's quite a *virtuoſo*. But come, light my candle, Puſſy, and I'll be off to bed, or I ſhall ſtay talking of our accompliſhed neighbour all night."

The good old Vicar kiſſed Lydia's forehead tenderly, and ſo withdrew.

Philip Addiſon began life as a younger ſon; was ſent to ſchool as ſoon as he came from nurſe, and there well flogged and kept in order according to the old-faſhioned plan. At ſixteen his father ſubmitted three different paths in life to him—Church—law—army! At nine years old the navy had been offered to him; but, much as he hated ſchool, he rejected the offer, having even then made up his mind for the army. The army then he ſelected, and left ſchool for "*a pair of colours in a marching regiment.*" He was the "*beauty*" of the corps—a wild fellow enough—uttered a "*demme*," or any other little oath then

in vogue with a peculiar grace — made love wherever he went, *pour paſſer le temps*—fought the proper quantity of duels with coolneſs and effrontery—wrote poetry and played the violin—gambled—drank as a gentleman—could break the wildeſt horſe and ride anything—obſerved everything—ſtudied every character around him without appearing to know that one man's mind differed from another—in his wildeſt moments never made a mock of grave and ſolemn matters —was the friend of the diſtreſſed—a hater of fools—a capital drill—a thorough ſoldier—a promoter of athletic ſports—kind hearted—as brave as a lion—and an univerſal favourite with the fair ſex. A merry life he led! A wild young enſign—a gay young lieutenant—a brilliant rattling captain! Many bleeding hearts he left behind him whenever the regiment got the route; he whiſtled "The girl I left behind me!" and looked forward to freſh conqueſts. At length his life was changed!

Captain Addiſon was detached with his company to a quiet little country town. He was then about five-and-twenty. His lieutenant, a young man about his own age, named Gwynne,

—a fiery, impetuous Welſhman, above all things anxious to outſhine his captain among the ladies, perpetually thwarted in his wiſh by Addiſon, who ſupplanted him without knowing it—had conceived a hatred of the moſt bitter kind for him, founded on mortified vanity and unſucceſsful rivalry. Gwynne was a flat-faced, ſandy-haired being, ſlightly marked with ſmall-pox; ſtrong as Hercules, but clumſily made; wiſhing to be handſome, he believed himſelf to be ſo, and envied Addiſon his undoubted ſuperiority in looks and manner. A charming companion to be detached with! Addiſon deſpiſed, but never mortified him; except involuntarily. This added to Gwynne's inveterate hatred: he had nothing to complain of, except that his captain was handſomer and better-mannered than himſelf, and that he loſt all his little conqueſts, real or imaginary, the moment Addiſon appeared. I believe great hatreds have ſprung from leſs cauſes.

Quiet little country towns have their belles, as well as London or any other great metropolis. Charlotte Paget was the belle of the little town in queſtion; and on Charlotte Paget did Mr. Gwynne

fix his affections a few days after his arrival. He ſpoke to no one of the lovely being he had beheld: meaning to keep the diſcovery a ſecret and the lady to himſelf. It was in a field near her own dwelling that Gwynne loſt his heart. His great dog had run at and terrified Charlotte's little lap-dog; he gallantly flew to the reſcue, allayed her fears, praiſed her favourite, and left his inflammable heart in her keeping. She was a young freſh girl about ſeventeen, a bluſh-roſe in complexion, an angel in diſpoſition—far too good for Mr. Gwynne, although Mr. Gwynne did not think ſo. She was one of a large family, children of Colonel Paget, a *brave en retraite*, of a good but poor family, living in an old houſe about a mile from the town.

On the Sunday following Gwynne's diſcovery, Captain Addiſon ſtrolled into the country, and ſeeing the door of a little village church open, he entered. It ſo happened that this was Colonel Paget's pariſh church; and there, in a huge pew lined with green baize, ſat the colonel ſurrounded by his wife and family. Addiſon's ſcarlet coat, handſome face, and military mien, were a great diſtraction to the little congregation. The old

ſoldier viewed him with feelings of ſoldierly pride. Charlotte thought him much ſuperior to the ugly officer with the great rough dog; and as for Addiſon, before church was over his heart was hers. Never had he beheld any one who had ſo charmed him! Love in thoſe days would appear to have been much more ſudden—more frantic, and more laſting—than in theſe days of ſteam, platform oratory, and "women's *rights!*"

On quitting church, the colonel, bowing to Addiſon, addreſſed him as a brother ſoldier; told him that he too had once ſerved in his corps—the gallant —th.—Reader! you may fill up the blank with the number of any regiment you may moſt favour!—Then inviting him into his "quarter," Addiſon was ſoon as much at home there as if he had known them all his life.

The viſit was repeated again and again, and matters ended by Philip adoring Charlotte ſeriouſly; and, after a time, finding that nothing would make him happy but marrying her. Charlotte's thoughts were preciſely of the ſame nature towards Philip; and many pleaſant hours they paſſed in each other's ſociety.

Poor Gwynne knew nothing of all this.

A ball was given at the Town Hall. The officers of Captain Addiſon's company as well as the captain himſelf were, of courſe, preſent. Gwynne commenced a proceſs then in vogue among impertinent fellows of ſpirit: namely, that of "*ogling*" the object of his affections. What was his horror! what was his rage! when he saw his captain lead her out in a minuet, to the admiration of all beholders? Smothering his feelings, or at leaſt concealing them, he careleſſly begged Addiſon to introduce him to her; which Addiſon did immediately. Gwynne, led on by his paſſion, and ſearful that Addiſon ſhould gain any advantage over him, made furious love to Charlotte: told her ſhe was "a *dem* fine creature, 'pon honour!" and, before the evening was over, ſo far loſt ſight of reaſon and all things ſave Charlotte, that he actually made her an offer of his hand; which ſhe refused, with a laugh. Gwynne, furious, left the ball and returned home; love for Charlotte and hatred of Addiſon flaming in his breaſt with redoubled fury: for he felt ſure that it was Addiſon—"*that infernal Addiſon*"—who ſtood in his way. He knocked down his ſervant—kicked over his table—and ſo to bed.

Addiſon's frame of mind was very different from his lieutenant's, when he reached his room, next door to Gwynne's, about two hours after. The wall between them ſeparated a furious man boiling over, toſſing and rolling impatiently in his bed, from another, calmly and ſoftly ſleeping, happy as an angel.

Addiſon having made up his mind that life would be as a bleak deſert without Charlotte—that a good march and whiſtling "the girl I left behind me!" would be powerleſs towards forgetting her—had that very morning propoſed—been accepted—got the old colonel's conſent—written to his father to ſay how matters ſtood—and had paſſed a moſt happy evening in dancing with his beloved Charlotte.

The "*happy day*" was fixed—parson and clerk applied to—friends invited—everything in readineſs. Gwynne, concealing his black hatred and wrath, was to be Philip's "*beſt man.*" Addiſon was radiant in ſmiles, and full dreſs uniform, *bien poudré*, perfumed—handſome—a model bridegroom. The ſoldiers of that day wore their uniform, as foreigners do: there was no odd-looking "*mufti*" to be ſeen—

a ſtrange choice of raiment, ſemi-civil, ſemi-military.

The wedding took place in the little village church where Addiſon had firſt ſeen Charlotte. Merrily and loudly rang the bells as the bride and bridegroom left the building. The bridesmaids, her ſiſters, ſmiled on the "*cavaliers*" who led them. The Spring ſun ſhone warm and bright, the birds ſang ſweetly among the ſurrounding trees. Addiſon looked happier than man ever looked before. Gwynne ſmiled, but heard not a word that had been ſpoken ſince he entered the church: his throat was parched, his heart beat thickly and loud. As they reached the churchyard gates he dropped the hand of the lady he led, and ſpringing forward, in one inſtant he ſeized the bride firmly by the arm, placed the cold muzzle of a piſtol againſt her ſoft white temple, fired, threw the piſtol violently in Addiſon's face, croſſed his arms, grinning like a demon, nor attempted to eſcape, or reſiſt the young men of the party who ſeized him.

There lay Addiſon's bride in a deluge of blood! disfigured, not to be recogniſed. Poor Addiſon! his happineſs in one minute flown—gone! He

ſtood bewildered—ſcared; looked on heaven—on earth—it ſeemed a dream. He ſtood in Charlotte's blood—he looked on her without appearing to ſee that on which he looked.

On that day week he followed her coffin to the grave. The ſun ſhone as brightly, the birds ſang as ſweetly as on his wedding-day. He looked on the ſpot where ſhe fell—hurried home—called for brandy—drank madly—was carried to his bed in a raging fever.

When he recovered he found that his company had rejoined head-quarters, that Gwynne was in the county jail awaiting his trial, that the regiment was under orders for Ireland, and that he himſelf had been at death's door. His ſoldier ſervant was with him, and had nurſed him with a ſoldier's care and cleverneſs. He eaſily got leave for the purpoſe of recovering his health, went home, found quiet inſupportable, rejoined his regiment, found all his former pleaſures inſipid and tame, ſold out and went on the Continent. Gwynne was executed, of courſe.

Abroad all was new to Addiſon. Paris fixed him. He had good introductions, was in the firſt ſociety, about court, very *répandu*, very

diſſipated, and known by the name of "*le bel Anglais.*" But ſtill he did not forget Charlotte; and her image always ſpurred him on to freſh diſſipation and exceſs. He was ever reſtleſs and craving for novelty and excitement, joined as a volunteer in the wars then going on, and received many a dangerous wound; but death ever ſpared him, as he ſaid, for more miſery.

After a few years of this excitement, and feveriſh exiſtence, reflection came with ſoothing powers. Addiſon had a lodging at Verſailles, and at the window of it he lay one evening on his ſofa, feeble, ill, and ſorrowful: he had but juſt ariſen from his bed, and that after many a weary day and night of pain and reſtleſſneſs. "And what for, in the name of Heaven?" he aſked himſelf. "What for? I wiſh de Liancourt had made an end of me! Confound it! Women are all alike, every one of them. I riſk my life for one, and ſhe gives me up and goes over to my rival, becauſe he half killed me! Talk of the tenderneſs of the ſex! Tender enough as long as you flatter them, cajole them, and paſs your time on your knees at their feet! meet with a reverſe, and ſee what becomes of their tenderneſs.

Ugh! The *Marquiſe*, too, making a ſhow of hating de Liancourt and deſpiſing marriage, and then, becauſe he runs me through, ſhe turns about and marries him: marries him, after all her vows and proteſtations to me! and I fought on her account! *Stop my breath!* I'm a fool and a madman: and ſhe was the *only* woman, of the mob of fine creatures of whom I've been the humble ſlave and victorious deſpot, that I really cared about. Well! *vogue la galère;* there are plenty more of 'em, and I've only to chooſe: I never ſaw the woman yet who could withſtand me!"

So it was: "*le bel Anglais*" had been the ſlave and deſpot of a charming young widow, who had "regiſtered a vow," made to be broken, that never again ſhould wedlock fetter her. The Vicomte de Liancourt, a friend and rival of Addiſon's, alſo ſighed for the enchanting Marquiſe de Villefort, and, irritated at the young widow's preference for Addiſon, inſulted him with a view to being called out. He ſucceeded, of courſe; they fought; the Vicomte, after a ſkilful combat, ran Addiſon through; and before "*le bel Anglais*" had half recovered from his dangerous wound, his rival was married to the Marquiſe; and there

was Addiſon, on a ſultry ſummer evening, ſick and weak, left to his own reflections.

He reflected long and profoundly, and when midnight ſtruck ſlowly and with a long vibration, and the moon was ſhining down upon him, his mind was made up. He had ſifted his ſoul thoroughly, and found that he was tired to death of diſſipation, excitement, and gaiety; that the recollection of Charlotte was now nothing more than a pale, melancholy ſhade, preſent only when he choſe to recal it; that he cared for nothing, and looked forward to nothing, and could never be at the pains to begin his man-of-the-world life again: in ſhort, that what was novelty and delight ſix years before, had now become old, faded, and flat. At this point of his reflections, atheiſm and ſuicide preſented themſelves to him, as Vice and Virtue did of yore to Hercules; but Addiſon ſhook his head, frowned, and the viſions diſappeared; leaving him to battle on with the "vanity and vexation of ſpirit," which he ſaw all ſublunary things to be.

When his valet had undreſſed him and helped him to bed, when he was left by the ſoft light of the moon and his lamp, and a feeble breeze blew

through his window, when he had heard the old church clock ſtrike one, he ſunk to ſleep, determined, as ſoon as he ſhould have recovered, to retreat to Switzerland, and lead a life of mingled exerciſe and ſtudy, recruit his purſe and health, and try ſimple pleaſures, after the turmoil and flutter he had plunged himſelf into.

Addiſon put his reſolve into execution. The uſual "*three days' wonder*" complimented his departure; rivals rejoiced, the powdered belles lamented—but only for three days. He inſtalled himſelf at Lauſanne, and ſeemed to breathe freely. He made the acquaintance of the paſtor, and of his brother, a medical man; both of them ſtudious and learned, of ſound judgment and cool heads, and therefore very well ſuited to his preſent purpoſe. With them he ſtudied theology, philoſophy, and medical ſcience; walked with the paſtor over mountain and valley, or rowed on the lake. By degrees his natural cheerfulneſs returned, in place of empty excitement: though it muſt be confeſſed he found his new life rather inſipid at firſt, and more than once meditated a return to Paris. His two friends, however, ſtrengthened him in his good reſolutions, and

urged him on to perſeverance: ſervices he never forgot as long as he lived. His health, too, became perfectly reſtored; and the death of his brother made him an elder ſon, and effectually recruited his purſe.

His next move, after two years paſſed in Switzerland, was to make the tour of Europe; which occupied him ſeven years, ſo thoroughly did he accompliſh it. His father's demiſe, which made him heir to vaſt eſtates, recalled him to England after an abſence of fifteen years. He had left it full of deſpair and raging youth—he returned to it calm, conſoled, contented, wiſe, and happy.

Such is a brief deſcription of Addiſon's life. Small wonder that little Lydia ſhould have viewed him with ſuch aſtoniſhed faſcination: ſhe who had hitherto only dwelt on the image of honeſt Jack Warren. Here was a man who had been mixed up in the moſt refined and elegant life of France, and who wore the air and manners of that life. Small wonder that Dr. Freeman ſhould be ſo captivated with him; his mind poliſhed by ſtudy, travel, thought, and mixture with the beſt ſociety!

Dr. Freeman was never tired of talking of him

to his "little puſs," and ſhe never weary of her father's theme. As for Addiſon, he never let more than three days paſs without viſiting the Vicarage. He told the Doctor that it was his intention to give England a fair trial, and if he found it anſwer his expectations that he ſhould undoubtedly ſettle in it.

"Suppoſe, papa," ſaid Lydia, when the Vicar mentioned this reſolve: "ſuppoſe, papa, that Mr. Addiſon ſhould not find England to his taſte after being ſo long in foreign parts, what *would* become of you? You would be obliged to go with him!"

"And as I could never leave my three pets, why Lyddie, and Phœbe, and Chloe muſt come too!" Hereupon Lydia laughed: but her laugh wound up with a little ſigh, unheard by the Doctor.

Mr. Addiſon never appeared to take more notice of Lydia than politeneſs warranted: indeed not half ſo much as he did of Miſtreſs Freeman; who thought him "all very well, poor man, but too Frenchified to ſuit my taſte." Addiſon ſaw without looking, and not a geſture or look of Lydia's was loſt upon him. Lydia only looked

at him, as it were, by ſtealth: but that was quite enough; and pretty little Lydia ſat at work with downcaſt eyes, liſtening to every word he ſaid: not exactly underſtanding them all, but thinking the voice ſhe firſt heard in her dream more charming from day to day.

It was quite a *fête* for her when ſhe viſited Abbot's Manor, "*the great ſhut-up houſe*," one lovely ſummer evening. Phœbe was led up to the door by Chloe, and on Phœbe's back was a pillion; on which, behind the Vicar, Lydia was to proceed to Mr. Addiſon's.

She looked like one of Greuze's moſt lovely pictures, wrapped up in her black ſilk mantle with its black lace trimming; her face ſhaded by a little ſtraw hat, with a wreath of blue ſatin riband and long ends; one little hand in a black mitten paſſed through the ſtrap round her father's waiſt, the other holding her fan, reſting upon her knees; her little feet, encaſed in Spaniſh leather ſhoes decked with "dear Jack's" gift of gold buckles, reſted on the board attached to the pillion. Phœbe nodded her head and ſtept firmly and ſoberly along, Chloe friſked and ran to and fro, the Vicar talked and laughed, and ſo did Lydia: but Lydia

thought they ſhould never arrive at the "*great ſhut-up houſe.*"

At the lodge-gates they found Mr. Addiſon waiting for them. A pleaſed expreſſion beamed in his look as they drew nigh, but his mouth remained firm and grave. He greeted Lydia with his usual courtly bow, and ſhaking hands with the Doctor, patting Phœbe, and noticing Chloe, he proceeded to walk by the ſide of the cob, juſt between Lydia and the Vicar, reſting the tip of his fore-finger on the extreme edge of the foot-board. Lydia had opened her fan, and gently fanned herſelf, with a little air of agitation marked by Mr. Addiſon. She obſerved him from time to time from behind her fan — cunning little manœuvre for Lydia, but he ſaw it without her being aware of the fact.

Lydia thought him quite perfect, in his black velvet ſuit, his thin ſilk ſtockings, and thin high-heeled ſhoes with the black buckles. "*Le bel Anglais*" had been famed for the beauty of his leg and foot—which in that day was an eſſential mark of "blood"—and they remained as perfectly well formed as ever. Lydia could not help thinking of her abſent lover's thick ankles and

clumſy ſhoes; alſo of the Lincoln-green ſuit ſo heavy and ill cut, and the way his ſword dangled againſt his legs, inſtead of being *en broche*, like Mr. Addiſon's. She hung her head, cloſed her fan, opened it, ſighed, and ſaid to herſelf—"*poor Jack.*" The Doctor was repeating Greek verſes, and marking the emphaſis with his whip. Addiſon looked from beneath his eyebrows furtively at Lydia, and was ſtruck by the penſive air ſhe wore. "There is no doubt of it," was his inward obſervation; he ſmiled, and the Doctor having finiſhed his harangue, he reſponded in the ſame ſonorous tongue; which little Lydia thought ſhowed off his voice to great advantage.

On reaching the terrace, which extended the whole length of the front of the houſe, Mr. Addiſon lightly claſped Lydia's ſmall round waiſt with both his hands; ſhe gave a ſpring and ſtood on the ground before him. Lydia's heart fluttered, and ſhe ſaid to herſelf, "How very ſhy and ſilly I am: poor Jack has often jumped me off Phœbe, and I never minded it at all!" Fooliſh little Lydia.

A groom having taken the cob, the Doctor began to aſcend the ſteps of the terrace, extaſiſing

over the ſplendid view. Mr. Addiſon with a bow preſented his hand to Lydia, who placed the tips of *her* fingers along *his* forefinger, where he lightly retained them with his thumb; but, ſlight as the touch was, he felt a tremulous vibration in Lydia's ſoft fingers, which without a muſcle of his face moving ſpread an univerſal ſmile over it.

"*Eh! chère petite,*" he ſaid to himſelf, as he gallanted her up the ſteps and acroſs the wide ſtone terrace into the large cool hall.

Abbot's Manor formed three ſides of a ſquare, the blank ſide being to the rear of the manſion. The terrace (which, as before obſerved, extended the whole length of the front of the houſe,) was very wide and paved with ſtone, ſurrounded by a heavy ſtone baluſtrade, except where it was approached by the long ſhallow ſteps. The hall reached to the top of the houſe, the dark oak ſtaircaſe being on the left. Mr. Addiſon conducted his gueſts to a large long room on the right, entirely covered with paintings; ſome originals, others ſplendid copies from the beſt maſters. In the middle ſtood a marqueterie table, on which tea, cakes, fruit, and preſerves were placed.

"You will like ſome refreſhment after your

ride," ſaid Mr. Addiſon, ſeating Lydia at the table. "I came here on horſeback, and I have neither coach nor chariot yet: not ſo much as a ſedan chair, or I ſhould have made bold to have put them at your orders."

"Thank you, my good ſir, thank you," replied the Vicar. "My Lyddie is well uſed to jaunt about behind her old father. Many a pleaſant mile we've been together."

Lydia had in her ſhort life beheld no paintings, ſave a few family portraits. After tea Mr. Addiſon conducted her round the gallery, much intereſted and pleaſed at her *naive* queſtions, and modeſt little obſervations. Some of the large ſombre pictures—a martyrdom of St. Sebaſtian, eſpecially—ſtruck her with a vague ſenſation of awe and dread. The ſaint was repreſented the ſize of life, his face pale and full of agony, the arrow wounds awfully real; he appeared faint, at the very point of death, the whole brought out by a miſty and very dark background. There was a ſilence and majeſty in the air of the painting, and a life-like reality in the figure, which made Lydia ſhiver. Mr. Addiſon perceived it, and ſaid:

"That is a fine picture; but I think this little painting will be more to your taſte: St. Sebaſtian has an air of grandeur, but theſe little perſons have ſomething infinitely gay about them, and are more likely to pleaſe you."

Lydia looked at the picture he pointed out to her. It was a ſmall oval, repreſenting a little Cupid at the feet of a little fat girl of his own age, to whom he was offering his weapons with an air of paſſionate gallantry, which ſhe was accepting with a little air of lively coquetry; the two doves fluttering round them as though they were ſhowing their approbation of the ſcene. There was a bright roſy tint over the painting, and little Lydia ſmiled with delight at it; could hardly tear herſelf away to inſpect the others, ſtill returning to the gallant Cupid and the charming little girl.

Mr. Addiſon took the painting from the wall.

"You muſt do me the favour, Dr. Freeman," he ſaid, "to allow me to engage Miſtreſs Lydia to hang up this painting in her room. I hope ſhe will not refuſe to do ſo."

Lydia raiſed her eyes and endeavoured to ſpeak, but in ſo doing her eyes met Addiſon's,

and the look darted from them cauſed Lydia to look on the ground, open and ſhut her fan, and ſay nothing. Dr. Freeman, not having perceived theſe little particulars, ſpoke as follows:—

"Indeed, I cannot find it in my heart to forbid my dear little puſſy's accepting ſo pretty a gift. I ſhall only require her to place it in the parlour, where all eyes may view it. Gad! I ſhall turn it into Latin verſe, and ſend my attempt to an erudite friend of mine. I muſt leave my Lyddie to thank you herſelf, ſir! Her little roſy lips will do ſo far better than I can."

"Indeed, my dear papa, I do not know what to ſay," liſped Lydia in a ſoft and rather tremulous voice.

"Thank you, Mr. Addiſon," ſhe added, and put out her hand to him, which he gallantly raiſed to his lips. It was a common *politeſse* in the world, but the Vicar's daughter had never been in the world; and when ſhe felt her trembling hand touched by Mr. Addiſon's lips, her heart beat ſo violently that poor little Lydia felt as though ſhe were going to faint. Mr. Addiſon clearly perceived it, and addreſſed himſelf to the Vicar; giving her time to recover herſelf by ſo

doing. He then preſented his hand and conducted Lydia and the Doctor over the houſe.

His own room gave Lydia the greateſt pleaſure. That, too, as all the other rooms, was ornamented with paintings; portraits of celebrated warriors, pictures of battles, ſome of them by Wouvermans, landſcapes by the beſt maſters; and, in an oval frame, delicately wrought, the repreſentation of a perfectly beautiful little *Marquiſe!* There were bookcaſes filled with volumes of all ſizes, redolent of Ruſſia leather; there was a large marqueterie ſecrétaire with ſlender legs; there were ſmall copies in marble and in bronze of antique ſtatues; there were three trophies, one compoſed of Turkiſh arms and armour, another of thoſe of the middle ages, a third of ſwords, piſtols, and various arms of the day.

Lydia looked on all theſe things, but her eyes ever and anon returned to the lovely picture in the oval frame. Mr. Addiſon quietly obſerved the fact with the greateſt pleaſure and delight. Lydia would have given thouſands, had ſhe poſſeſſed them, to know if there had ever been an original to the painting; and if ſo, who and what ſhe was: whether Mr. Addiſon was acquainted

with her, and whether—but there ſhe ſtopped, lacking courage to frame the queſtion even to herſelf.

Dr. Freeman was buſily engaged in looking at various relics and antiquities which Mr. Addiſon had brought home from his travels, and which were contained in the drawers of an immenſe Indian cabinet.

"I could look at theſe till midnight," he ſaid; "but it won't do to keep you, ſir, and my Lyddie ſo long. Gad, a *monſ'us* handſome creature," he added, looking at the picture in the oval frame.

"Faith! doctor, ſhe was," ſaid his entertainer; "and uſed me like a dog, 'pon honour. She was nearly cauſing my death; and as I was lying but half alive, run through and through, ſhe marries my rival. Come! we will go forth into the ſhrubberies; and if you've a mind to hear it, I'll tell you the whole affair."

"I'm your humble liſtener, ſir. Gad, ſhe *is* beautiful! But how can you favour ſo faithleſs a lady by having her always before your eyes?"

"I know better now," replied Mr. Addiſon ſmiling; and going up to the picture he turned it with its face to the wall—"There, *Madame la*

Marquiſe; for the time to come that will be your poſition!" The Doctor laughed, and Lydia felt a great weight removed from her heart by the mere turning of a picture with its face to the wall.

The quadrangle, which was to be traverſed in order to reach the ſhrubbery, was laid out as a Dutch garden, with trim borders and many ſtatues repreſenting heathen gods and goddeſſes. Along the blank ſide of the ſquare ran a ſtone baluſtrade, on which a couple of peacocks were perched, ſhining in the rich red evening ſunlight and ſcreaming with their melancholy, diſcordant and yet pleaſing cry. Beyond the baluſtrades the ground dipped into a valley, at the bottom of which ran a clear, murmuring trout-ſtream; beyond this aroſe a hill higher than the other, and covered with thick wood. The deſcent beyond the garden was cut into three terraces communicating by ſtone ſteps and ornamented by clipt yew-trees, vaſes, and ſtatues; from the laſt terrace a ſtone bridge was thrown over the ſtream, and a winding path led to the entrance of the wood.

As Mr. Addiſon led Lydia over the bridge they ſtopt an inſtant to look into the cool freſh ſtream, and to obſerve the trout quietly ſwimming

about with an occaſional fan of the tail, whilſt the ſummer inſects ſkimmed along the ſurface of the water, or danced about in the glowing rays of the ſun.

"Fine fellows," cried the Doctor, eyeing the fiſh—"very fine fellows, upon my veracity!"

"You muſt do me the favour to give me your opinion of them, ſir, at your breakfaſt to-morrow; at which ſome of them ſhall not fail to appear," ſaid Mr. Addiſon bowing.

They reached the wood, in which paths were cut with the greateſt taſte and diſcrimination, and where the birds were loudly ſinging their evening ſongs. On gaining the top of the hill they reſted on a ruſtic ſeat beneath an aged oak, wide-ſpreading, and thickly leaved. From this ſpot a view of the whole ſurrounding country was obtained, the trees having been cut away with that intention. Lydia had never felt ſo happy, the Doctor had never been in better ſpirits; Mr. Addiſon was very polite, very ſmiling, and extremely brilliant and entertaining.

They gazed on the view ſtretching far away beneath them, as they ſeated themſelves under the oak-tree.

"Oh! there is the Vicarage, my dear papa," cried Lydia, pointing it out with her fan.

"You ſee I have my eyes upon you," ſaid Mr. Addiſon laughing. Little Lydia laughed too, but a bluſh accompanied her laugh.

He then, at the Doctor's requeſt, recounted the ſtory of the faithleſs *Marquiſe*, and how he had engaged a firſt-rate artiſt to follow her to all public places, in order to paint the portrait they had ſeen in his room; and which was a moſt valuable painting, and a perfect likeneſs. Lydia was very much intereſted in the recital, and expreſſed her ſurpriſe at the perfidy of the beautiful French lady.

"I think ſhe deſerves to have her face turned to the wall," ſhe ſaid, gently fanning herſelf; "but it is a great pity: ſhe is ſo handſome, and has ſuch an air.—Do forgive her, Mr. Addiſon, and turn the picture back again!"

"Your wiſhes are a law to me," he added, gallantly bowing, with his hand on his breaſt.

"You have ſo intereſted and entertained us, ſir," ſaid the Vicar, "that if we can aſk the favour without indiſcretion, I am ſure my Lydia will join with me in the requeſt that we may hear any

other paſſages of your life which you may be ſo indulgent as to favour us with."

"Oh! yes," ſaid Lydia, ſoftly.

Mr. Addiſon ſighed, and then laughingly ſaid, "I am ſure you take me for a free and independent bachelor. Faith! I muſt make my confeſſion and let you know I am an old married man: married before Miſtreſs Lydia Freeman was born!"

"Ods ſo!" replied the Vicar, opening his eyes. Lydia's fan had fallen to the ground, and her colour had fled. Mr. Addiſon picked up the fan, and obſerving the pallor without appearing to do ſo, he ſaid to himſelf—"c'eſt bon"—cleared his throat—prepared his liſteners for a touching ſtory, and recounted that of his wedding with poor Charlotte Paget.

"I never really loved but twice," he ſaid in concluſion; "you are in poſſeſſion of the hiſtories of both my loves: am I not an unfortunate fellow?"

Lydia had liſtened with the ſame attention ſhe uſed to bring to the Vicar's recitals of "the Babes in the Wood," and "little Red Riding Hood," when ſhe was a little child; and at the termination ſhe was ſilently weeping, with her handkerchief to

her eyes. Mr. Addiſon looked at her with an air of triumph and pleaſure, whilſt her tender old father drew her towards him and ſaid, as he kiſſed her:

"Never mind, dear puſſy, it happened when you were a little thing: it's all over now, and our good friend Mr. Addiſon is quite happy again; and will ever remain ſo, I hope."

"I am more than happy," he replied: "three is the charm, ſo old houſewives tell us, therefore I muſt hope my third love will be ſo happy as to make me amends for my paſt miſchances."

"What! venture again, my good ſir? You're a bold man!"

"I'm an old ſoldier, doctor," replied Mr. Addiſon laughing, and they began their return home.

Lydia did not feel ſo happy as ſhe had done half an hour before: ſhe ſuddenly recollected Jack—honeſt Jack Warren—a pang ſhot through her heart—ſhe caſt down her eyes—the voice ſhe heard in her dream ſounded in her ears: ſhe heard her father's laugh, but could have given no account of what had paſſed ſince they left the old oak, had ſhe been required ſo to do.

The Vicar became more and more *en train*,

Mr. Addiſon fell in with his humour, and as he conducted Lydia ſecretly ſurveyed her, and inwardly joyed at her ſilence and abſtracted air. He had never heard of ſuch a perſon as young Squire Warren.

On reaching the upper terrace they remained awhile to taſte the freſh evening breeze, ſurvey the blood-red ſunſet, liſten to the diſtant ſheep-bells in the park, and obſerve the cawing rooks going through their curious evening evolutions.

Lydia thought it "very pretty," and ſighed. Mr. Addiſon wiſhed the good old fat Vicar ſafe in his Vicarage, and himſelf *en tête-à-tête* with his daughter. The innocent old eccleſiaſtic quoted the claſſics, and made ſome beautiful and moral obſervations drawn from his own righteous heart.

On regaining the houſe they proceeded to the dining-room, which was well lighted by wax-lights in ancient ſilver candelabra of foreign deſign and execution: the windows remained open to admit the fanning breeze. The ſupper was ſerved on plate of curious form, and Sèvres china delicate and fragile. A ſweet perfume of flowers pervaded the apartment. The ſupper was cold, and followed by ſplendid fruits and foreign

preſerves. There was champagne, too, in long Flemiſh glaſſes. The Vicar did ample juſtice to it; ſo freſh and vivifying after the heat and dryneſs of the day. Lydia had never met with it before. Mr. Addiſon informed her of its treacherous deluding properties: unlike the chivalry of the preſent day, who think it ſuch "*great fun*" to make the young ladies friſky with champagne, and then boaſt of their proweſs.

The time for parting came. Mr. Addiſon had left the room, and returned in his riding-dreſs, with his hat under his arm. The Vicar was aſleep in a large ſoft ſatin chair; there he gently ſnored whilſt Lydia looked from the window, over the garden, at the ſilent lightning playing beyond the wood. Her pleaſure was gone, or at leaſt ſadly diminiſhed. The form, the clumſy form of Jack, ſtood between her and Mr. Addiſon! Did ſhe feel angry with Jack? No! Lydia never was angry; but ſhe ſighed, and felt ſhe loved Jack preciſely the ſame as ſhe had always done, without the leaſt ſhade of alteration: and yet ſhe could not think of Jack without ſhivering, and he and Mr. Addiſon were perpetually together in her mind.

As Mr. Addiſon entered the room he ſaw at once the Doctor ſleeping, and Lydia looking out at the lightning. He drew near her ſoftly (he could walk as lightly and ſilently as a cat, when he choſe), and ſtopt about three paces from her, with the light full on his face. The Doctor with a long-drawn ſnore awoke; Lydia turned round and ſaw Mr. Addiſon's eyes gleaming on her: he purpoſely deſigned that ſhe ſhould do ſo.

"Come, my child," ſaid the Vicar ſlowly riſing, "we muſt ride home by the light of the ſtars; and a moſt pleaſant time we have paſſed, ſir, owing to your urbanity and kindneſs!"

"Since it is ſo," returned his hoſt, "I hope you will confer on me the favour of repeating your viſit."

Lydia could ſay nothing. Mr. Addiſon helped her to ſpring on Phœbe, Chloe danced around, and Mr. Addiſon's horſe was led up pawing and foaming to the terrace. He reſted his hand on it and leapt on its back without touching the ſtirrup; then reining it in, made it walk quietly beſide Phœbe, ſo that the rider was preciſely between the Doctor and Lydia.

The champagne, fatigue, and ſubſequent doze

had ſomewhat ſtilled the Vicar; Lydia ſpoke ſoftly now and then; Mr. Addiſon furniſhed the converſation for all. The evening was ſoothing and ſtill, the tramp of the horſes' feet ſharp and diſtinct, the cricket cheerfully ſinging, the diſtant watch-dogs barking as though in anſwer to each other.

As Mr. Addiſon talked to her, Lydia once again forgot Jack in the pleaſure of liſtening to him, and the ride home appeared much ſhorter than the ride to "*the great old houſe:*" it appeared too ſhort; and when Lydia heard Mr. Addiſon gallop off, they ſeemed to her ſcarcely to have left Abbot's Manor. He galloped off with an air of triumph and a ſmiling countenance: with the mien of a man certain of ſucceſs. He ſang too as he pranced along, and put his horſe through all ſorts of paces. The fact was, that Mr. Addiſon, with his natural ſhrewdneſs added to his knowledge of the world and of the fair ſex, had a better inſight into Lydia's heart than Lydia had herſelf. He perceived the inſtant it was touched, and rejoiced accordingly; for Lydia was, as he told himſelf, the "*ſoft moonlight*" he needed to make him completely happy. She was ſo

young, ſo freſh, ſo innocent, ſo different to the women he had been accuſtomed to and grown tired of, that a paſſion for her did more towards the curing the *blaſé* ſtate of his feelings than travelling, philoſophy, or any remedy he had hitherto adopted.

"Gad!" he ſaid, "it makes me gay and boyiſh again!"

He reached home, took a bottle of champagne in a huge ſilver goblet to Lydia's health, and ſo retired to bed to dream of her, as happy as a king; having only to ſpeak to be accepted.

As for poor little Lydia, no ſooner had he quitted her, than Jack again aroſe in her imagination. In the parlour was Miſtreſs Freeman, buſily knitting, and on the table beſide her the little oval painting ſent by Mr. Addiſon to greet her on her return.

"This is for you, Lyddie, my dear! How pretty it is: but bleſs me! poor little dears, they muſt be very cold, with nothing to wear but blue ribands and a thin ſcarf. Poor dear Mr. Brown was ſitting with me when Mr. Addiſon ſent it. It ſeemed quite to upſet him: he grew ſcarlet, and went away, poor man!"

"Brown has no taſte for the claſſics," ſaid the Vicar. "That's the prettieſt little ſubject I ever clapt eyes on. I ſay, puſſy! what would worthy Jack ſay? You'll have the lad jealous, gad you will; ſo take care!"

"He knows me too well," faltered poor Lydia, feeling inclined to cry; and, lighting her candle, ſhe aſked permiſſion to go to bed, ſhe "*felt ſo tired!*" Oh, Lydia, you were *not* tired.

Lydia did not ſleep. Mr. Addiſon's ſtories of his life; the horrid death of poor Charlotte—the painting of St. Sebaſtian—the "*great old houſe*"—the portrait of the *Marquiſe*—the large wide terraces—Mr. Addiſon himſelf, ſo handſome in his black velvet dreſs—and eke Jack Warren, her affianced lover, in his Lincoln-green, not ſo handſome as Mr. Addiſon; all theſe things occupied her mind ſo ſtrongly that ſleep ſhe could not. Twelve o'clock pealed forth from the old ſquare tower—one o'clock—two—three—Lydia heard them all—and four. The birds were twittering, the ſilent day-break and riſing ſun ſucceeding the ſummer night. Lydia could ſee the oval painting hanging on the wall. With day came ſleep, and dreams from all her previous thoughts.

Next day brought a letter from Jack, announcing, with the utmoſt glee, that Dr. Spark had "given him up"—that he was enchanted to get rid of "ſo bookiſh a man,"—that Sir Thomas was furious—that he hoped his father would let him go home, as Dr. Spark had ſaid "*in ſo many words*" that he would never be fitted for Parliament, and "the old Frenchman" in town had ſaid the ſame thing—that Sir Thomas ſtill inſiſted on making a coxcomb and a fine gentleman of him—that he'd find it would not do, it wasn't in him—that he was ſure his "little Lydia" did not care for fine learned fops, and would love him better as plain honeſt Jack Warren with his heart in his hand—that he meant to do all he could to ſet himſelf free and haſten their marriage—his father, indeed, talked of a match in town for him, a rich and handſome lady—that he had ſtood a good deal out of reſpect to his father, but he wouldn't ſtand that; *hang him!* if he did, indeed:—that nothing on earth ſhould ever force him to forget Lydia. And ſo, with his reſpects to the Vicar and Miſtreſs Freeman, the worthy fellow concluded.

Lydia read and re-read the letter.

"Poor Jack," ſhe ſighed. She wiſhed he could love the young lady in town; and then ſhe felt ungrateful towards him, and reproached herſelf with her wiſhes. Then Mr. Addiſon arrived with his good looks, and his deep voice, and charming manners—and then ſhe quite forgot "poor Jack"—and when Mr. Addiſon departed, with him departed little Lydia's ſerenity; for Jack's gigantic form reappeared in her mind, and ſhe read his letter again and put it among its fellows, and ſighed, and looked at Mr. Addiſon's gift—and hoped, before ſhe knew what ſhe was hoping, that Sir Thomas would detain Jack—and then ſhe thought town training would do him good, he was "*ſo very rough*"—and then ſhe put off anſwering his letter—and put it off—and put it off—till poor Jack wrote to inquire if anything was the matter, and why ſhe did not write to him?

It was quite true that Dr. Spark, a moſt erudite and clever eccentricity, thoroughly diſguſted with his pupil's obtuſe brains, and ſheer incapacity for gaining knowledge, ſought out Sir Thomas, and addreſſed him as follows:

"Sir, you'll never make anything of that boy of yours—he's a paper-ſkull, ſir—a paper-ſkull

—paper—yes—paper. Send him back to his hounds, ſir—ſend him back—yes—ſend him back. I'd ſooner teach a hog, ſir—a hog—more capacity in a hog, ſir—more capacity—infinitely more! The young fellow's torpid, ſir—torpid—quite torpid—ſtupid, ſir—ſtupid. It's an inſult to give one ſuch a pupil, ſir. Don't be alarmed, ſir, I'm not a fighting man, ſir—no—not a fighting man, ſir. As for Parliament, ſir—Parliament—might as well ſend out a bear as ambaſſador, ſir—a bruin, ſir. Ambaſſador, ſir!—quite unfit for the ſenate, ſir—yes—ſenate. Never met ſo ſluggiſh a brain, ſir—never:—no notions, ſir, beyond the chaſe, ſir—none—except a tankard, ſir—beer, ſir:—ſottiſh—very ſottiſh. Loſt time—loſt time—never make anything of him, ſir—never—as long as the world laſts, ſir—never—as ſure as my name's Spark, ſir—Spark. Fine man, ſir—very—very much ſo, ſir—very much ſo indeed, ſir—no fire—no life, ſir—you'll live to find I ſpeak truth, ſir—truth. Give it up, my good ſir—give it up—ſend him to his dogs, ſir—his tankard, ſir—his choice country ſpirits, ſir—marry him, ſir—ſave him from ruin, ſir. I waſh my hands of him, ſir—yes, ſir—leave this the day after to-

morrow, ſir—early coach, ſir—humble ſervant, ſir—boy's a numſkull, ſir!"

The Baronet chafed and fumed. The ſpeech of the tutor tallied too well with his own unbiaſſed judgment: but his will, his darling ſcheme, ſtood out againſt his judgment; and he was determined, if obliged to give up his idea of making a ſtatesman of Jack, he would ſtill try his efforts at breaking him in for a fine gentleman.

"Was ever man more curſed than I?" he ſaid to himſelf. "I cannot away with the boy—given up by both tutors!—I did hope more from Dr. Spark! That a boy of mine ſhould be ſuch a conſummate lout! The more I dreſs him the worſe he looks—the more pains I take with him the more ſhy and awkward he grows. And here he is left on my hands. He'll be gallanting with the dairymaid for want of ſomething to do. Gad, I wiſh he'd form a *liaiſon* with ſome woman of faſhion! 'Twould be the making of him—but no!—Lydia, and Lydia, and Lydia—and bluſhing and looking like a clown—confound the fellow! I'll try him next ſeaſon, do all I can for him—inſiſt on his giving up that country wench—make up a match for him—ſet him love-making

—take him everywhere—give him a ſpirit—zounds, that I will—or if I fail '*ſtrike me moral*' I'll marry, and cut him off with a ſhilling!—the fooliſh bumpkin!"

Dr. Spark left by the early coach, with few clothes, but many books: rare works, choice editions, his cheriſhed treaſures. Sir Thomas left alone with Jack, himſelf attempted to illuminate his brains. During the hot ſummer mornings Jack, *en robe de chambre*, ſat in the fine old library reading to his father, and writing from his dictation. He read and wrote mechanically: all the works on hiſtory, philoſophy, and human nature, reached no farther than his eyes and tongue. Jack's mind was quite left *in ſtatu quo;* his thoughts rambled to far other ſubjects: horſes, dogs, foxes, runs, fences, leaps, ale, beef, veniſon, bread and cheeſe, ſhooting, fiſhing, courſing, a pipe of tobacco, Lydia, and old Squire Warren. Such were the materials of Jack's divers thoughts, put into different forms, like a Chineſe puzzle: the ſame ſquares with a variation in pattern.

Sir Thomas bethought him of making his ſon keep a common-place book. What inſanity!

Jack was a long time before he could underſtand the object in view.

"You are to write down," ſaid his father, "your opinion of the divers works you read, and to make extracts from them."

"What's extracts?" aſked Jack.

"To copy out of them into your book any thing that you think may be of uſe to you, in order that you may not forget it. You have this morning been reading the reign of William Rufus, and a work on manners and politeneſs done into Engliſh from the Italian. Now ſit down, take up your pen, and enter your thoughts on your common-place book. Take your time; and for Heaven's ſake do endeavour to ſhow ſome intereſt in what you are about, and try to be more like other young fellows of your own age. When you have done, we'll go into the ſhade of the avenue and fence a little."

Jack ſat down drowzy and dull, ſpread open his common-place book and the reign of William Rufus, looked at the ceiling and out of the window, and at the end of a quarter of an hour's rumination wrote as follows:—

WILLIAM RUFUS.

"William Rufus had red hair. He was a king of England. He liked fox-hunting and ſtag-hunting. It don't ſay how many packs he had, nor how many horſes. I ſuppoſe a good many, becauſe he was a king. It don't ſay anything of harriers nor beagles; perhaps he was above them, becauſe he was a king. I ſhould like well enough to have been in his ſhoes, except at laſt. Out ſtag-hunting one of the company ſhot him with an arrow he meant for the ſtag, but ſomehow it went wrong; ſmack into the king and killed him. I wonder why they had arrows out hunting. If they muſt have arms, I think they would have found their guns more handy, but I'd rather have nothing for my part. Give me a good hunter, and devil take the hindmoſt."

"Pleaſe, ſir," ſaid Jack, in a thick ſchoolboy voice, "I've done William What's-his-name!"

"Heavens, you young ruffian, you'll deſtroy me. Have I not told you hundreds of times how deteſtable it is not to give every perſon his proper name? Now then go on to the other work, and then I'll ſee how you ſucceed."

Jack found this harder work than the laſt, but after puſhing back his nightcap and rubbing his ſmoothly ſhorn pate, and furtively gaping a great deal, he brought forth the following remarks :—

MANNERS AND POLITENESS.

"I don't like this book, and ſo I don't want to copy anything out of it. It has got a great many pictures of fops and coxcombs bowing and ſcraping, and turning out their toes, and drawing in their backs. I have no reliſh for them. I don't remember much what the book ſays. I like William Rufus beſt."

Sir Thomas having left the room, Jack looked at his watch, gaped with good will as wide as his jaws would extend, ſtretched out his legs and arms like a tiger, and *tilting* back his chair, made amends for two hours' conſtraint and miſery.

Sir Thomas returned, gently opening the door, as was his cuſtom. Before him, he beheld Jack taking his eaſe, and ſtood aghaſt at his mighty ſtretch, and the wild-beaſt-like noiſe of his gape. "Oaf!" he faintly exclaimed. Jack heard him not. Jack's ponderous muſcular back was too

much for the back of the chair. With a crack, it ſeparated from the ſeat. Over went Jack, his toes in the air, his capleſs head on the floor at his enraged parent's feet, his eyes looking up imploringly at him, his arms ſpread abroad—and there he lay.

"When in the name of all the furies, ſir, are you going to leave off your pothouſe habits?—Who ever ſaw a gentleman ſtretching and yawning like a beaſt of prey? You know it is wrong, or you would not wait to begin your ignoble performances till I had left the room. Breaking the back off a chair, and falling over like a drunken fellow! Why do you lie there, ſir, ſtaring at me like a booby? Gracious heavens! get up, or I ſhall do you a miſchief."

Jack aroſe, replaced his cap, and carried his literary toils to Sir Thomas. He read them—pale and trembling with ſuppreſſed rage and vexation. He read them three times over, put the book on the table, and ſaid:

"Is it poſſible that a human being of your age can write ſuch ſtuff? Is that all you have gleaned from your morning's ſtudy? Are thoſe the only remarks you have to make?

Jack thought for a few minutes, and replied:

"That's all, ſir!"

His father, taking a pinch of ſnuff, eyed him ſuperciliouſly.

"Go and fetch the foils, and wait for me in the avenue!"

Jack departed; Sir Thomas read his performances over again.

"What writing!" he exclaimed. "What ideas! How puerile—how utterly devoid of anything brilliant! Gad! I fear the Abbé and Dr. Spark were right! One-and-twenty next February; and this is the performance of a child of twelve years old! He's fit for nothing but to break his neck out hunting: but that he'll never do! Well! I ſuppoſe I muſt give up all notion of ſeeing him a ſtateſman! I can get him into Parliament: that will look well: and as for ſpeaking, he won't attempt it. Then I muſt ſee to getting him well married to Lady Betty, or Lady Flora, or ſome modiſh woman or other. That will give him a little more weight in the world: a fine woman might put the fellow on his mettle, and make ſomething of him. I'll try him this winter—make love for him myſelf—the

lout has no idea of it: he'd be chucking the lady under the chin, or ſome ſuch enormity, if I gave him his head."

The perſevering old Baronet thus continued to row againſt wind and tide, in the vain hope that by ſome means he ſhould ſomehow make ſomething of Jack; whilſt every one but himſelf ſaw plainly enough that he might juſt as well hope to diſcover the "philoſopher's ſtone," or turn black to white. He had neglected his ſon in his boyhood, when he might have been ſowing the ſeeds which might have produced ſomething near akin to what he wiſhed him to be; he now reaped the fruit of his deſertion and negligence: ſtill perſevering in cruelly keeping him from all he loved, and debarring him from the only purſuits he was capable of engaging in. And why? Becauſe he, Sir Thomas Warren, in his old age, had taken it into his head to think of his heir, and in his ſelfiſh vanity imagined that the ſucceſſor to all his imaginary ſuperiority and importance muſt be a perſon of firſt-rate attainments! Jack decidedly was far, very far, from being ſuch an one; but Jack was his only ſon and his heir, and Jack muſt be moulded to his ideas. Sir Thomas's

conſcience was mute ſo far; the voice of vanity alone was heard; his eyes were blinded; divers defeats might half uncloſe them for an inſtant, but vanity, aided by ſelfiſhneſs, cloſed them again as faſt as ever.

As for poor Jack, he did not think very profoundly. He complied, as well as he was able, with his father's wiſhes; doing ſo, if I may be allowed the term, with *ſulky good-nature*. He looked forward to being of age as to a grand epoch, when he ſhould be able to "*ſpeak his mind*," and marry his darling "Lyddie;" hunt with his old uncle "*and the reſt of 'em*," and turn his back on the great metropolis for ever.

He little knew the changes that were going on in his Lydia's mind; neither could he have imagined them. He felt that nothing could ever make him care for any one but her; he clung to her remembrance as a faithful maſtiff would to that of an abſent maſter. If he had been told that ſhe could think of any one but faithful Jack Warren, he would not have believed it. If he had been in her company together with that of Mr. Addiſon, he would, with his unſuſpicious mind, have had no idea of their feelings; he did

not know that ſuch a thing as faithleſſneſs was to be found, out of a pathetic ballad twenty verſes long: in ſhort, he bore the preſent with a ſpecies of dutiful enduring philoſophy, which was natural to him; much as a young recruit from rural diſtricts would ſtand in ſquare, *en but* to the enemy, from morn to eve, becauſe he *was* there, without thinking it poſſible things might be otherwiſe: and ſo Jack remained where he was, patiently looking to the future.

Time rolled on, the green ſummer gave place to the rich autumn. Little Lydia had ceaſed thinking; and led away by the ſoftneſs of her character, gave herſelf up to the pleaſure of loving and being loved by Mr. Addiſon, without looking to the future. She was ſo quiet, and he made ſo little outward ſhow of his feelings, that the good old Vicar perceived not the ſtate of affairs; well pleaſed with his new friend's ſociety, his anecdotes, quotations, and the deference with which he liſtened to all the Doctor ſaid. As for Mrs. Freeman, as Mr. Addiſon always appeared gay and cheerful, ſhe did not beſtow much thought upon him or his doings; and thus the fire ſmouldered, unſeen by the Vicar and his lady.

Lydia continued to receive Jack's miſſives and to anſwer them; but ſhe now read them over but once; ſaid "poor Jack," when ſhe had ſo done, inſtead of "dear Jack," as heretofore, and conſigned them at once to their reſting-place in the little ſweet-ſmelling cabinet. Old Squire Warren was wont to repair to the Vicarage to dinner every Sunday, to dine, talk of Jack, read the weekly letter he received from him to "his pretty little niece," as he called Lydia, and denounce Sir Thomas's conduct with all his heart. This had once been pleaſing to Lydia; now the preſence of the Squire made her penſive, and ſhe dreaded his arrival after church. He thought he could not pleaſe or conſole her better than by talking of Jack and their intended marriage, and bidding her cheer up and keep up her ſpirits, as the time was rapidly paſſing, and Jack would be back and her happy huſband "before ſhe knew where ſhe was."

"Thank Heaven!" he would ſay, "the boy's true to himſelf; not led away by the dazzle and fooleries Tom wants him to take to. He's my own boy: a lad after my own heart; and they'll never ſpoil him for me—never. He ſends me

ſuch nice gifts, too: all ſorts of bits and ſpurs; and ſuch whips! Dear grateful fellow, how I long to ſee him again with his good-natured face; and to hear his manly voice and hearty laugh! Then for a good '*run!*' I tell you what, my pretty little niece, take honeſt Squire Warren's word for it, he'll make you the beſt of huſbands, and ſpoil you as he would a puppy. There's many a young Miſs will be envying you, I'll be bound. What a wedding we'll have, eh! Doctor. I mean to open the ball with the bride; and mix the punch ſtrong and ſtiff. We'll have it all at Denham Park; and I'll give the young couple the run of the houſe, ſo they'll leave me my little den. You needn't bluſh and look down, Miſſie," he added, pinching Lydia's ſoft cheek, "we'll have a merry time of it, and be as happy as ſo many kings — that we will, once we get Jack amongſt us again!"

It may be imagined the effect ſuch little ſallies as theſe produced on poor little Lydia. But Monday came, and with it Mr. Addiſon; for by degrees his viſits, from once a week grew to twice a week, from twice to thrice, from thrice a week

they became daily; Sunday being the only day on which he appeared not.

Mr. Addiſon was fully bent on making Lydia his wife. He went over to ſee his mother, and talk over his plans; all of which met with her entire approbation. He hurried on the works at Abbot's Manor, reſolving that as ſoon as the houſe was ready to receive Lydia, he would make his offer to her, and enjoy the happineſs he felt ſure it would give her; for Mr. Addiſon knew well enough exactly what Lydia felt for him, and much had he amuſed himſelf in watching her, and in noting the ſimplicity with which her feelings towards him betrayed themſelves. In ſhort, he was himſelf very much in love with Lydia, and hurried every one ſo much at Abbot's Manor they could not imagine what had "*come over maſter*," he was uſually ſo calm and patient.

Lydia was ſitting alone in the parlour one ſplendid afternoon in September, thinking of Mr. Addiſon, of courſe; the Vicar was in his ſtudy, taking an afternoon nap, with an unfiniſhed ſermon on the table before him; Miſtreſs Freeman was ſuperintending the confectioning of preſerves, on which ſhe much prided herſelf;

Phœbe was in the paddock, and Chloe lying aſleep on the lawn in the rich ſunſhine.

One of the parlour windows at the far end of the room opened to the ground, and looked out at the ſide of the houſe on a ſmall lawn and flower-borders. Honeyſuckle twined around the porch, and ſhed its ſweet perfume into the apartment. The briſk autumn breeze was ſighing in the trees; the diſtant report of ſportmen's guns heard from time to time; floods of golden ſunſhine poured on plains, on hill and dale, warming without enervating; ſome of the bright rays lighted up the poliſhed oak floor of the parlour through the open window.—Lydia was feeding her little bird, which ſhe had let down, cage and all, from the ceiling, where it hung, according to the mode of the day. The pretty little fellow, in his yellow jacket, knew her well, was pleaſed to be let out; if ſhe went to the further end of the room would fly after her and perch on her ſhoulder; he would take ſeeds from her mouth, ride about on her finger: in ſhort, little Philander was the moſt poliſhed, and the moſt charming of birds.

He was perched on her ſhoulder, and ſhe,

turning her head, gave him ſeeds and little bits of ſugar from her lips; he, fluttering his wings, gently took them from her, turned his little yellow pate about, looking at her with his beautiful ſhining eyes, began a little ſong, and broke off to take another ſeed. Her back was turned towards the window—ſhe did not ſee a ſharp ſhadow, black and diſtinct, caſt on the oak floor—ſhe did not ſee the man who caſt it ſtanding looking at her, with gleaming eyes and ſmiling lips—ſhe did not hear a light tread on tip-toe, or the ſubdued jingle of a ſpur, for little Philander was loudly ſinging; ſhe gave him another ſeed; ſhe felt an arm around her; ſhe felt ſoft perfumed hair touch her cheek; and ſhe heard the voice ſhe once heard in her dream ſay in her ear:

"What a happy little rogue that is!"

Lydia ſtarted, and uttered a faint cry, on ſeeing Mr. Addiſon.

"Don't be frightened, my Lydia:" he ſaid taking her hand and kiſſing it, as he removed his arm from her waiſt: "put that little impertinent raſcal into his cage, or he'll fly at me when he hears what I am going to ſay to you.

Now ſit down, and don't tremble ſo. One would think I was an ogre, come to devour you, inſtead of your fond and faithful lover!"

Lydia could not ſpeak. She knew what Mr. Addiſon was going to ſay to her, and felt no power to ſtop him. She leant her head on her hand, her elbow on the arm of her chair, not daring to look at him, ſcarcely able to breathe. He drew his chair cloſe beſide hers, took her little hand in one of his, and placed a wedding-ring on her fourth finger before ſhe knew what he was doing.

"There;" he ſaid triumphantly, "now, Lydia, lovely little Lydia, you are mine. Let any one dare remove that ring, or ſay the contrary, and I'll run him through. The Vicar muſt end what I have began, my Lydia, and we will be happy together for life. I have long loved you, and I know you love me. Dear little creature, ſay 'yes,' and I'll not torment you any longer!" And herewith he again kiſſed her hand. But he felt it grow cold and tremble violently; he looked up at Lydia, and beheld her deadly pale. This was not quite the reception he had pictured to himſelf. Lydia did not ſee him; ſhe hardly

heard him: Jack was before her eyes; ſhe remembered that ſhe was promiſed to the playfellow of her childhood.

"What is the matter, my angel?" enquired Mr. Addiſon. "Why are you ſo pale?—You love me, do you not?"

"Oh! yes!" replied poor little Lydia, faintly.

"And you will be my wife then?

"I cannot," murmured Lydia, hiding her eyes that ſhe might not ſee Mr. Addiſon's. He in his turn became pale.

"Why not?" he aſked.

"Becauſe I'm——" and poor Lydia's tears began to fall.

"Why?—tell me why!" he enquired rapidly, looking eagerly at her.

"I'm engaged to be married!" replied Lydia, ſcarcely audible, and with many tears.

"Hell and furies!" cried Mr. Addiſon, ſtarting up crimſon and trembling.

There was a dead ſilence, only interrupted by Philander hopping about on his perches.

"Who to?" at length aſked Mr. Addiſon, in a ſuppreſſed tone of voice.

"To Squire Warren's nephew!" replied Lydia.

Mr. Addiſon walked up and down the room with jingling ſpurs and impatient tread, his face fluſhed and his hands behind him. He ſtopped, and leant on the back of Lydia's chair.

"Is there no means," he ſaid, "of breaking off your engagement?"

"No," ſaid Lydia, and taking a letter from her pocket, held it out to Mr. Addiſon.

He ſat down by her, opened it, and read as follows:—

"My Dear Lydia,

"Cheer up!—I think my father is getting tired of me, though he ſays he ſhall ſet about getting me into Parliament as ſoon as we get up to London; but Parliament nor anything elſe ſha'n't prevent our marriage.

"Lord Langley was here for three days, and he got my father to let me off thoſe dull ſtupid taſks, and took me out ſhooting. I wiſh I could ſend you ſome of the fine birds we brought down. He's a good ſhot, but I'm the beſt. My father ſays he ſhall marry me to a fine woman, but I've no fancy for an airified modiſh wife! I ſay nothing, but don't be afraid, I won't have her;

nothing can ever make me give up my little Lydia, but death. We are to go to London ſoon for my dancing, and fencing, and fine manners—a plague on them! As for my marriage, my father may do and ſay as he thinks fit, but I'll tell the lady to her face flatly and honeſtly that I love you, and won't have anything to ſay to her; or I'll get Lord Langley to do it, for he's very much my friend in ſpite of his foppery. The long and ſhort of the matter is, I love you, and no man on earth or woman either ſhall ever make me give you up—ſo keep a good heart, my dear Lydia. Give my reſpects to Dr. Freeman and Miſtreſs Freeman. I hope Phœbe, and Chloe, and your little bird are quite well.

"I am, my deareſt Lydia, your faithful lover,

"JACK."

Mr. Addiſon threw Jack's love-letter on the floor, and ſtamping on it with the heel of his boot, reſumed his walk up and down the room.

For five minutes not a word was ſpoken.

"Lydia," ſaid Mr. Addiſon at length, going up to her and ſtanding by her, "you muſt marry

this man; and as it muſt be ſo, I will ſay nothing about him, except that he is in no way worthy of you. You will marry him and do your duty—but you love me. I will not make fine ſpeeches about my own miſery: *your* heart will tell you the ſentiments of *mine*—Adieu."

"Take the ring," ſaid Lydia, bitterly weeping.

"No, keep it for my ſake," he ſaid; then kiſſed her forehead, and ruſhed away from her.

Philander ſang merrily and hopped about his perch—Lydia fixed her eyes on the ſpot Mr. Addiſon had juſt left—a ſharp ringing of hoofs at full ſpeed ſtruck her ear—gradually it died away—Mr. Addiſon was gone!

Lydia picked up the letter cut by the iron heel, and throwing herſelf into the chair Mr. Addiſon had left, cried as though her poor little heart was about to break.

"Puſſy, come, and we'll have a ſtroll in the fields this fine afternoon. Your mamma can't leave her preſerves." Thus ſpake the Vicar, opening the parlour-door and looking in. "*Puſſy*" returning no anſwer but ſtifled ſobs, her father drew near to her, with conſternation depicted on his face.

"My child! what is it? What has gone wrong with you?"

"Oh! my dear papa, my dear papa!" cried Lydia, riſing and throwing her arms round the Vicar's neck, while ſhe hid her face on his breaſt.

"My dear, dear Lyddie, what *is* the matter? Tell your old father! Are you ill or in pain, my darling? Do ſpeak!"

Lydia tried to do ſo, but could not.

"Come into the ſtudy, my Lyddie; try and calm yourſelf. You frighten me, Puſſy,—you do, indeed."

Poor little Lydia ſuffered herſelf to be led into the Vicar's ſtudy. The tender-hearted old man ſoothed her, fetched Meliſſa-water for her; taking great care that Miſtreſs Freeman ſhould not ſee him, or know what was going on.

"Now, Puſſy," he ſaid, when Lydia's tears had ceaſed flowing, "now try and tell me what has happened. Take your time, darling. Don't flurry yourſelf!"

"Thank you, my dear papa," replied Lydia, faintly; and, after a ſhort pauſe, ſhe added, "Mr. Addiſon has been here"—

"Well!" interrupted the Vicar, ſharply,—

that is, ſharply for him. "Has he vexed you?"

Oh! no, papa," ſaid Lydia; and the poor little thing's tears again began to flow.

"What then?" cried Doctor Freeman, taking his daughter's hand in both his. "You'll make yourſelf quite ill, my Lyddie. Take heart, and ſay at once what it is. What has Mr. Addiſon done? What did he ſay?"

"Oh! papa, papa, he—" ſhe could not finiſh, but put forth her hand ſtill decked with the wedding-ring.

"Ah!" cried the Vicar, ſtarting.

Lydia made a great effort, collected her ſtrength, and ſaid, in a hurried voice:

"He put that on my finger, papa, and aſked me to be his wife!"

The Vicar rubbed the tip of his ear, ſighed deeply, and ſaid nothing.

"He gallopped away, papa: he's gone for ever!" and Lydia's tears once more began to fall.

"I'm a ſelfiſh old fool," thought the Doctor. "I've been encouraging the man here, never dreaming of anything of this kind. But, my Lyddie being engaged to Jack, who would have

thought it. A plague on Jack—I adviſed him not to engage himſelf.—Lyddie," he ſaid, aloud, "did you tell him you are to marry Jack?"

"Yes, papa."

"What did he ſay?"

"He was very angry, I think. I gave him that and he ſtamped on it," ſaid Lydia, giving Jack's letter to her father.

The Vicar ſaw the cut produced by the iron heel of Mr. Addiſon's boot; he read the letter through, again rubbed the tip of his ear, and ſaid:

"I pity Mr. Addiſon, poor fellow, with all my heart: but do you love him, Puſſy? He's ſo much older than you are."

"Oh! yes, papa, I do! And I love poor Jack juſt as I uſed to do; but I never *can* marry him, papa,—never!"

"I underſtand, my Lyddie. The truth is, you love Jack juſt as you would a brother, if you had one; for he has been your playmate, and is as kind-hearted a fellow as ever ſtept; but as for Mr. Addiſon, you feel very differently towards him. I feel for you, dear Puſſy, for I have been in the ſame plight myſelf pretty nearly. I

married your mother, Lyddie, becauſe ſhe loved me. At the time, I was nearly as miſerable as you are now. I was very much in love with a young lady who loved me, but her parents would not hear of her marrying a "*parſon*," and matched her with a decrepit old lord. Your mother had been my playmate, Lyddie, as Jack has been yours. I married her; ſhe never knew of my real love. I have been very happy; and you, my dear child, make amends to me for all the reſt!"

Lydia embraced her father, and they talked very long over her ſorrows. Dr. Freeman ſuggeſted that Jack might perhaps take a fancy for the lady his father would make choice of. Poor Lydia caught at the idea for a moment, but her heart told her that Jack would be faithful to her in ſpite of everything.

"I wiſh I had never ſeen Mr. Addiſon, papa," ſighed Lydia ſadly.

"Never mind, darling! When I loſt my love I thought I ſhould have died,—but I'm fat and well-liking now. You'll get over it in time, Lyddie.—Marry Jack, and end by being quite yourſelf again!"

"Oh! my dear papa, I feel that if I marry Jack I ſhall die: I can't have dear Mr. Addiſon, but really papa I *cannot* marry poor Jack."

"We won't talk about him, my Lyddie; we'll hope he'll make up his mind to obey his father, and marry the town belle."

"I wiſh he would, papa! Poor Mr. Addiſon, he has been ſo unhappy about his two other loves; and he looked ſo happy when he came, and ſo altered when he went away, I'm afraid he's going to be unhappy about me!"

Lydia was right. Mr. Addiſon galloped ſome ten or twelve miles—returned home—ſhut himſelf up in his room—in ſpite of philoſophy kicked a chair to pieces—cut his knuckles by ſtriking out againſt the marble chimney-piece—took no ſupper—walked up and down his room all night—and looked like a ſpectre when the pale dawn broke on him.

Poor little Lydia cried herſelf to ſleep, but dreamt, and ſtarted and ſighed in her ſlumbers. It was the firſt wretched night ſhe had ever paſſed: and how wretched was her waking!

Next day came: no Mr. Addiſon! He was miſerable enough, and paſſed the day on horſeback;

trying, by tiring his body, to benumb his mind. Lydia's was her firſt grief; his was the overthrowing of what he had looked upon as certain happineſs.

Lydia's days were blank and dreary; and ſhe clung with greater affection than ever to her father, whilſt he did all in his power to comfort and enliven her. They were ſo much alike in all their thoughts and feelings, that he underſtood thoroughly every turn of her mind, and every ſentiment of her heart. As for Miſtreſs Freeman, ſhe only made her worſe by lamenting over her and calling her, "my poor, dear daughter;" claſſing her in ſhort with, "poor, dear Mr. Brown;" and all the other "poor dears" ſhe was in the habit of pitying.

Mr. Addiſon ſometimes repaired to the ſeat under the old oak, and with a good glaſs would watch Lydia as ſhe ſtrolled in the garden; but as this paſtime only made him worſe, like a wiſe man he gave it up, and reſolved to travel all through England and Scotland on horſeback, to viſit ſome of the places where he had been quartered in his ſoldier days, and to try if poſſible to forget Lydia as ſoon as he could. Moping

and thinking about her he knew would do no good to either, and a great deal of harm to himſelf; ſo taking a good reſolution he, one fine morning, mounted his horſe, and, followed by his ſervant, left Abbot's Manor: juſt three weeks after his hopes had received ſuch a ſtunning blow.

He was forced to paſs the Vicarage. Lydia was in the garden with Chloe, whilſt Miſtreſs Freeman was preparing the breakfaſt. She heard a horſe's faſt trot—ſhe thought ſhe knew the ſound—looked up and beheld Mr. Addiſon, followed by his groom. He checked his horſe, raiſed his hat, replaced it, kiſſed his hand, put ſpurs to his ſteed, and galloped off like mad. Poor Lydia could only look at him with ſilent grief. She ſaw that he was going on a journey; and he ſeemed more loſt to her than ever!

Winter came on cold and bleak, rain and wind, ſnow and froſt, ſhort dark days, Chriſtmas and its gaieties—now ſo unintereſting and dull to Lydia, though ſhe tried to be gay for her father's ſake. Letters from Jack, too, arrived with their uſual punctuality; Mr. Brown paid droning viſits, Squire Warren came regularly every Sunday—but no Mr. Addiſon! He continued his travels

in ſpite of wind and weather—froſt and ſnow; his groom thought "*maſter*" inſane, but "*maſter*" found no conſolation ſo great for the preſent: no remedy ſo effectual as wearing himſelf out with fatigue. He viſited Charlotte's grave, hoping to revive a bygone ſorrow as a palliative to a recent one. He looked on the grave with intereſt, entered the old church, ſtood before the altar where he had ſtood with Charlotte, philoſophiſed over the paſt, ſighed over the preſent, and rode, till, faint and weary, he was glad to diſmount from the horſe that had carried him the two laſt ſtages, ſup on what fare a ſmall inn could furniſh, and fall aſleep without feeling how hard the bed was on which he lay.

The only incidents that occurred during the winter in the Vicar's pariſh and the adjoining one, were the removal of the Rev. Roger Brown to a ſmall vicarage in the giſt of the Biſhop of the dioceſe, and the arrival of Mr. Addiſon's mother at Abbot's Manor. "Poor, dear Mr. Brown" left Lydia with an aching heart. We will finiſh his hiſtory at once. His mother went to live with him, and remained until her death. Roger never married. After ten years' aſſiduous attention

to the duties of his pariſh, he died calmly and contentedly; regretted by all the worthy portion of his flock, unreviled by the reprobate, pitied by all.

Meanwhile Jack had returned to his purgatory in town, where the old ſtaff awaited him: *minus* the Abbé Potelle, who could not be prevailed upon to reſume his functions as tutor to "ce bon M. *Jac!*"

"My dear child," ſaid Sir Thomas, "I do hope you will now exert yourſelf, and do your beſt to help my endeavours for your welfare. Reflect with yourſelf what a brilliant exiſtence is open to you, if you will but ſecure it! It all depends on yourſelf—entirely on yourſelf. Your fate is in your own hands; either to become a finiſhed gentleman, a man of the world, with all the advantages attending ſuch a character, both for yourſelf and your heirs—or to fritter away your days in the country among dogs and horſes, bringing up your children like a horde of young Cherokees. You will have a title, a vaſt fortune—a good perſon you naturally poſſeſs, if you would but ſet it off to the beſt advantage. Do, my dear boy, try what you can do!"

"I will, ſir, to pleaſe you; but I ſhall never have any reliſh for Town life. Why iſn't a country gentleman living happily on his eſtate, and following his own bent, as good as a man of the world? And what's the uſe of being all one's life long what one hates?"

Sir Thomas opened his eyes—for Jack had never addreſſed him in ſo long a ſpeech, or ſpoken ſo plainly, before.

"Why, ſir, it amounts to this," he replied, fixing his cold grey eyes on his ſon, and tapping the arm of his chair with his waſted fingers, "either to lead the life of a hog, wallowing in your own inclinations, good or bad; or to poliſh yourſelf, learn ſelf-reſtraint, know the world, and the thouſand-and-one things that can only be learnt in the world: to cultivate both mind and body, to ſtudy character, to be '*homme univerſel*' —and not tumble into bed drunk every night, after hallooing after a fox all day!"

"Well, but ſir," perſevered poor Jack, "I don't want to poliſh myſelf and learn all thoſe hard things; I'm not made for it at all. I only do it becauſe you tell me. I'd much rather lead the life of a hog, and go fox-hunting; but I

never get drunk *every* night; only now and then, once and away—and then I can take my three bottles with the beſt of 'em!"

"Don't be flippant, ſir, I deſire," ſaid Sir Thomas, angrily. "If you are ſo degraded in mind, ſo grovelling, as not to wiſh theſe things for your own ſake, I inſiſt on your cultivating them for mine. I ſhall take you everywhere; and I muſt further inſiſt on your being more aſſiduous with the ladies: you never addreſs them or look at them. I don't know what you are made of! At your age I was on the beſt terms with ſeveral of the fineſt women of the day. You talk to my Lady Langley juſt as though ſhe were a great lout of a boy. Begin with *her:* you are on friendly terms; recommend yourſelf more particularly to her good graces by an aſſiduous manner mingled with reſpectful tenderneſs; when you are at a loſs conſult me, and I will put you in the way. It will be an amuſement for you, and do more towards poliſhing and ſoftening you than any one other thing in the world."

"I don't underſtand," ſaid Jack.

"Well then, ſir, in plain terms, make love to her; that is, if you know how!"

Jack grew crimſon—frowned—and ſaid firmly, "I've no fancy, ſir, for betraying my good friend Lord Langley; and my Lady Langley is too good to betray her huſband."

"Tut! tut! tut! the boy's a greater ſimpleton than I took him for! I inſiſt, ſir, on your paying your court to ſome lady or other. You'll never be a pretty fellow till you do!"

"I'd rather not be one. I'm engaged to my little Lyddie, and that's enough. I will never deceive any woman, ſir, as ſure as my name's Jack Warren. I don't much mind dancing and dreſſing, and ſo on, to pleaſe you, ſir; but I won't be a raſcal to pleaſe any man!"

"You are growing much too talkative, ſir. You are to obey, and not to reaſon. I do not wiſh you to deceive any one, or to be a raſcal, as you moſt impertinently inſinuate that I do—for I take it, your flouriſhing oratory was meant at me!"

"No, ſir, it waſn't."

"Hold your tongue, ſir, this inſtant. Our fine women will not take you ſerioufly. You muſt acquire a habit of gallantry; that, and a fiery courage are eſſentially neceſſary to a gentleman.

A duel or two would go far towards giving you a little brilliancy and reputation; but there is no immediate hurry about that."

"Very well, ſir, but I don't want to cut any fellow's throat."

"If you cannot favour me with more elevated ſentiments, ſir, I deſire you will remain ſilent. You can box with a butcher till you look like one yourſelf, but when I ſpeak of fighting like a gentleman, you talk of cutting throats. I will not put your courage in doubt—that would be too painful a reflection for me to bear!"

"Courage, ſir!" ſhouted Jack, involuntarily ſquaring and falling into the moſt approved boxing attitude. "I ſhould like to ſee the fellow would frighten me! I'd give 'em as good as they bring, that's all!"

"You atrocious young ruffian, leave the room this inſtant. You low, vulgar bumpkin, you abſolutely make me tremble. Send Larrazée to me, he is in your room looking over your ſuits, and get yourſelf ready to go out with me—and for heaven's ſake never again let me behold you in the ungraceful, plebeian poſture you thought fit to throw yourſelf into juſt now. Go!"

The Baronet lent back in his chair, and languidly took a pinch of ſnuff.

"Shall I ever make anything of that boy?" he thought. "No ſooner have I corrected one enormity than he breaks out in another. *Allong, coorage!* I have never been foiled in any thing *yet* that I have attempted, and I do hope to ſucceed with him ſtill: the greater the difficulty, the greater the glory. He *muſt* and *ſhall* be all I wiſh. He will live to thank me for it," he added complacently.

And ſo Jack was taken everywhere, with his father's eyes upon him. There was the muſky chariot to convey him about, and the elegant ſuits he never felt at eaſe in, and all the miſery of going through all he diſliked, and never doing the leaſt thing to gratify himſelf. Some perſons would, under ſuch circumſtances, have contracted a ſourneſs of temper never afterwards to be got rid of. Jack's good temper remained intact, and his friends, Lord and Lady Langley, did all in their power to cheer him on; even little Doris wagged her feathery tail and friſked with additional vivacity as ſoon as he appeared. Jack's greateſt pleaſure, in ſhort his

only one except writing to Lydia, was to be with them.

"What do you think my father wants me to do now?" he ſaid one day to Lord Langley.

"What? Learn to dance on the tight-rope, perhaps."

"Make love to Lady Langley! I told him in ſo many words I'd be hanged if I would. He ſhan't make a villain of me, as ſure as my name's Jack Warren."

"Jack," ſaid Lord Langley, half ſadly, half laughingly, "you're an honeſt fellow. It's a pity your father does not ſee your true value, and let you ſhine in your natural capacity!"

"He's a very mean opinion of me!" ſighed Jack. "He tells me I am to copy you in everything. If I did ſo till Doomſday, I ſhould never be like you! You're ſuch a delicate, handſome fellow; and never ſhy a bit! I ſee you go and talk to the fine ladies, as though they were ſo many hounds, and you the huntſman!"

Lord Langley laughed.

"I tell you what, my dear Jack; don't copy me: you would not be a gainer by it. Each man has his own proper gifts: let him improve

thoſe to the utmoſt, and not affect thoſe of his neighbours. I ſhould only be laughed at if I affected the Hercules or the ſtalwart fox-hunter; you would be equally ridiculous if you gave yourſelf the airs of a pretty fellow. Sir Thomas is miſtaken, Jack, in what he's about. However, if you take my advice, you'll obey, in all things innocent; but, at the end of your two years, ſtand out manfully for your marriage with Lydia, and then lead the country life you are ſo well fitted for."

"That's plain and ſenſible," ſaid Jack, "and jumps with my humour exactly. I'm a lucky dog to have you to my friend."

Little did Sir Thomas dream of the advice Lord Langley gave to Jack! He was buſily looking out among the families he viſited for a fitting wife for his ſon. He paſſed them in review: one was charming, only ſhe lacked fortune; another was rich, but of doubtful genealogy; a third was noble, but too old; a fourth, everything he could wiſh for, but ſhe looked higher than a baronetcy. At length, all things well conſidered, Sir Thomas fixed his choice on a young widow of quality, juſt two

years older than Jack; which he thought would be everything for the boy. She was very pretty, knew the world well for her years, poſſeſſed a good fortune, a lively temper, and was the widow of a ſurly, cynical man of talent: the more likely, Sir Thomas thought, to try matrimony a ſecond time with ſuch a good-tempered, open-hearted fellow as his ſon, Jack.

The widow had a large train of admirers—all more aſſiduous, the one than the other. Theſe ſhe played off with the moſt refined coquetry and the greateſt art. It was very difficult to pronounce who among them was the "favoured ſwain." One day you might ſuppoſe ſuch-an-one to be the man; the next day all would appear changed: the ſuppoſed favourite was apparently in diſgrace, and a rival promoted to the honour and pleaſure of being next to her—"*gallanting her fan,*" feeding her ſquirrel, carrying her little dog, leading her to and fro, receiving playful raps from her fan, whiſpering love-ſpeeches, and flattering himſelf that he had diſtanced all his competitors. He, in turn, would be diſmiſſed for another; duels, without end, were rife among her ſuite: they put the ſame ardour in hating

each other that they did in adoring her. They had, one and all, fits of hatred towards her: at leaſt, ſo they ſuppoſed their frequently recurring tranſports of "*dépit amoureux*" to be; but then the widow ſmiled from behind her fan—Love returned, and fallacious hope with him; and ſhe never loſt a man from her train. Old and young were there; bright and ſtupid, rich and poor: Miſtreſs Fairfax enſlaved them all. Her "*petit nez mutin*," her large black eyes, her comely form and charming modes were not to be reſiſted.

Sir Thomas began his attack by hinting to her that ſhe had made dreadful havoc in the heart of his ſon Jack, as well as in his own; but as he was an "*old fellow*," he thought it but right to ſacrifice himſelf to the young one: that Jack was ſuch a "*baſhful dog*" in her preſence, he would never muſter courage to approach her, brave as he was by nature: that her charms quite overawed him and took from him the power of utterance, and all his habitual *ſang-froid*. "For let me tell you, Maſter Jack is the moſt impudent rogue under the ſun; but, 'gad, my dear madam, in your preſence you would think

the boy a very fool. He does not preſume to draw nigh to you; let me beſeech you to caſt but one favouring glance on the poor fellow, and render him as grateful as he is loving: it would coſt you nothing to laviſh a glance on him, when even the moſt careleſs look from your eyes ſheds ſuch havoc around. I aſk nothing for myſelf but to mingle with your train, and reſpectfully ſigh at a diſtance: were I five-and-twenty, I ſhould not be ſo humble—*dem'me!*"

This little confeſſion ſuited Miſtreſs Fairfax's ſchemes moſt admirably. Her heart, which appeared ſo fickle to all beholders, was rivetted to one Colonel Penruddock, a gallant officer in the Coldſtream regiment of foot guards: one of the "*honeſt Coldſtreamers*," as they were called in the days of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, the man who raiſed the corps. "*Honeſt Coldſtreamers*," bluff, ſoldier-like cognomen! They are ſomewhat too "*fine*" for it now-a-days: "*the* Coldſtreams"—"*a* Coldſtream"—no "*honeſt Coldſtreamers*"—*à l'heure qu'il eſt.* Well,—Miſtreſs Fairfax loved "the Colonel," and he adored "the widow;" and the more ſhe loved, the more ſhe ill-uſed him; and the more he

adored, the more peeviſh and ill-tempered he grew. The widow had tortured him by means of all her admirers; the more ſhe tortured, the more he loved; and the more he loved, the more ſhe tortured: and the widow, being a woman of infinite tact and feeling, knew preciſely the ſtrength and effect of every meaſure ſhe adopted. How it would end none could ſay, not even the Colonel himſelf: he perhaps leſs than any one; but the young widow, in her heart, knew full well, and rejoiced accordingly.

Jack was preciſely the new actor ſhe required. She believed all Sir Thomas had thought fit to ſay about him. The moſt clever woman in the world will give credit to a tale which exalts her for her beauty; improbable though the tale may chance to be. Miſtreſs Fairfax then, threw away a few languiſhing glances on young Squire Warren, which he did not perceive: neither had he ever remarked the widow at all; and was not likely to do ſo of his own accord.

Sir Thomas however ſaw for him, and congratulated himſelf on his ſcheme having had, as he conceived, ſo proſperous a beginning. The

Colonel had ſeen likewiſe, and chafed and fumed accordingly.

"A great booby, like Jack Warren!" he cried, foaming with rage. "A fellow who hasn't a word to throw to a dog—who wears his clothes as if they didn't belong to him—looks like a hog in armour. That is *ſo* like women: they take ſuch deviliſh fancies in their heads! I'll give her up, by George! I will. I'll write her a billet ſhe'll remember to her dying day! To prefer that great overgrown ſimpleton to me, after all my ſighing and languiſhing! She has never ſo much as ſpoken to the lout; and ogling him already! I won't ſtand it: no, '*curſe me*' if I do!" And the Colonel wrote a fiery, frantic, contemptuous, polite, rude, ſorrowful, indifferent note, and diſpatched it to the widow; repenting the minute it was gone beyond recalling. Miſtreſs Fairfax returned a verbal meſſage: her compliments, and ſhe hoped Col. Penruddock would be pleaſed to do as he thought fit. The Colonel ſtormed and raved, and returned to the widow a greater ſlave than ever; and ſhe thought him ſo captivating, ſhe could hardly reſolve to continue her ill uſage: but ſhe wiſhed for another

year of the freedom of widowhood, and knew full well that, if ſhe relented, matters would be brought to a climax, and ſhe ſhould be Miſtreſs Penrüddock before ſhe wiſhed it. Beſides it *was* ſuch a pleaſure to torment the Colonel: he had ſuch a "*fine mouth.*"

"My dear boy," ſaid Sir Thomas to the unconſcious Jack, as they were taking their breakfaſt, "allow me to congratulate you on the conqueſt you have made. Everyone is talking about it. 'Gad, you ſly rogue! how quiet you've kept it: but the lady has betrayed herſelf by her looks. She's a *dem* fine creature; and report ſays you have only to ſpeak to make her yours. Really, my dear boy, I've great hopes of you: and all the pretty fellows are ready to burſt with rage and diſappointment!"

The old Baronet ſpoke all this mendacious ſpeech with ſuch an air of truth, the moſt penetrating might have been deceived by it—much more honeſt Jack Warren! He ſtared at his father a minute, and then ſaid:

"How? What, ſir?—don't know what it's all about, 'pon my ſoul!"

"Very well played, Jack—very well!" cried

Sir Thomas, gently clapping his hands, as though in applauſe. "But you can't deceive me, you ſly raſcal: beſides, it's the talk of the town, and every one ſays what a lucky young dog you are like to be!"

"Hang it, if I know whether I'm ſtanding on my head or my heels! Pleaſe to tell me, ſir, in plain words, what you mean?"

"Why, the Widow Fairfax adores you!"

"Me?" cried Jack, looking wild.

"Yes, you ſcamp—you! Don't you ſee the glances ſhe beſtows on you?" ſaid Sir Thomas.

"Can't ſay I do, ſir," replied Jack.

"Well, then, open your eyes! You'll be in her company to-night at Lady Bab Somerſet's: obſerve her well; take ſome pity on her, poor thing, and pay your addreſſes in ſtyle. The game's in your own hands—pray do not loſe this opportunity of bringing yourſelf well into notice. The patronage of ſo fine a woman will help you on, and cover any little defects yet latent in you. Do, my dear boy, I entreat, ſeize this advantage and keep it."

The Baronet was on a new tack. He wiſhed

to try what effect a little pampering and flattery would have on his impracticable ſon.

"I don't fancy it at all, ſir!" ſaid Jack, after a pauſe.

"Why — may I aſk?" ſaid Sir Thomas, blandly.

"Why, you ſee, ſir, I don't want to marry the woman."

"You need not do ſo, my dear boy: no one can force you to that."

"Then what's the uſe, ſir, of putting myſelf out of the way to make love to her?"

Sir Thomas felt very peeviſh at this queſtion; but he ſuppreſſed his feelings and replied:

"Put yourſelf under my directions, Jack. All I do, my dear child, is for your good. Enroll yourſelf among Miſtreſs Fairfax's admirers: it will coſt you nothing, engage you to nothing, and you can form no conception the ultimate advantage it will prove to you."

Jack could not very well ſee in what this advantage was to conſiſt; but breakfaſt being concluded, he ſaid, "Very well, ſir," and determined to aſk Lord Langley's opinion on the point.

Lord Langley laughed very much when Jack put the caſe before him; and ſo did Lady Langley, who was preſent at the time.

"My good fellow," ſaid his lordſhip, "the lady in queſtion is an arrant coquette. She's leading poor Penruddock a dreadful dance. If you have a fancy for a little flirtation with her, it won't injure *her;* only mind you don't burn your own wings."

"I don't want any flirtations," replied Jack; "it's ſo much trouble: beſides, there's my little Lyddie at home, and I don't care for fine ladies."

"Well," rejoined his friend, "then the caſe ſtands thus: your father wiſhes you to be well with the widow; you don't care about it. She's not worth diſpleaſing him about. Keep your heart for your Lydia; but if he inſiſts on your addreſſing the beauty, do ſo, for the ſake of a quiet life. She'll give you no trouble: all ſhe'll require will be your attendance now and then to vex ſome other man,—Penruddock eſpecially. Only mind what you're about with him: he's a moſt quarrelſome, paſſionate fellow."

"Well—thank'ee—I'll ſee about it," ſighed Jack. "Hang it—I wiſh I was ſafe back in the

country again, with none of this bother going on. I wonder any fellow can be found to reliſh ſuch nonſenſe."

At Lady Bab Somerſet's rout, Sir Thomas obſerved both the widow and his ſon; gliding about as he did ſo, and paying his devoirs here, and gallanting there, without ſeeming to know that there were two ſuch perſons in exiſtence as Jack Warren and Miſtreſs Fairfax.

As for Jack, he felt very uncomfortable, and more ſhy and awkward than ever: his legs and arms were horrible incumbrances to him; he did not know what to do with them, where to beſtow them. The buzz of an aſſembly, the ſmell of perfume, the dazzle of lights, always produced a flutter of the heart, and a ruſh of blood to the head, he never ſucceeded in overcoming; and on the evening in queſtion, the conſciouſneſs that the widow's glances and the Baronet's grey eyes were upon him, doubled his confuſion and embarraſsment. He felt that Miſtreſs Fairfax was "*ogling*" him, raiſed his eyes, met hers, turned his back to her and ſtalked to the furtheſt end of the next room. Sir Thomas perceived the movement, and ſeized the opportunity for making play in

his ſon's name with the widow,—ſidling up to her, and pointing out to her notice Jack's ſtate of bewilderment and confuſion, and his precipitate retreat—all of which Miſtreſs Fairfax had perceived and gloried in accordingly.

"You muſt allow me to preſent the poor love-ſick wretch to you," ſaid Sir Thomas. "Faith! he will never take courage to addreſs you unleſs I ſupport him. Your charms have taken ſuch hold on the boy, he is loſing his appetite rapidly, and I hear him pacing about his room at night inſtead of ſleeping. 'Gad, my dear madam, I ſhall expect him to throw off a copy of verſes in your honour and then ſhoot himſelf, unleſs you take compaſſion on the miſerable Strephon!"

"We will ſee about it," liſped the widow: "he will be ſtrangely entertaining after the fribbles and coxcombs one meets with. I ſhall be vaſtly happy to make his acquaintance."

Miſtress Fairfax inclined her head. Sir Thomas bowed, and went in queſt of Jack. The widow was anxious to have him eſtabliſhed by her ſide before Colonel Penruddock ſhould arrive. She had been ſo gracious to him in the morning—

he was ſo full of hope and ſpirits—that ſhe knew it would be neceſſary to "*take him down*" in the evening. He expected to be by her ſide, and indulge in a few hours of happineſs, wherefore Miſtreſs Fairfax eſtabliſhed herſelf on a ſofa capable of holding a lady, a gentleman, and a hoop; where, with Jack by her ſide, ſhe could bid defiance to the Colonel, and triumph in his rage and miſery.

"My dear boy," ſaid Sir Thomas, going up to Jack in the corner, behind a folding-ſcreen, whither he had retreated, "how unconſcionably cruel you are to that poor creature. She has no eyes for any one but you, I proteſt; and you are barbarous enough to fly her. You ſhould have ſeen the deſpairing, imploring look ſhe caſt after you as you left the room. I ſuſpect you are playing a very deep game, Maſter Jack," and the Baronet beſtowed on him a meaning ſmile, as though he really was convinced of what he was ſaying.

"Not I, ſir, 'pon my ſoul," grunted Jack; "all I aſk, is, to go quietly home to bed!"

"You're not ill, I hope, my dear child?"

"No ſir, quite well, thank'ee; but I've no

opinion of a woman caſting ſheep's eyes at a young fellow, and I don't want to have any thing to ſay to her."

"Nonſenſe, Jack! why it's a feather in your cap, my dear fellow! Poor Colonel Penruddock would give his right hand for one of the fond glances ſhe waſtes on you, you hard-hearted young dog. Come! let me conduct you to her feet. You need not ſay a word more than you like. It will be quite happineſs enough for the poor enamoured creature to have you by her ſide! Come!" and the Baronet with his white-gloved finger and thumb, ſeized Jack by his embroidered cuff to lead him away. But Jack reſiſted, and hung back.

"I'll have nothing to do with her, ſir! I can't bear ſuch forward bold minxes."

"You will come with me, ſir," ſaid his father, with one of his coldeſt ſtares. Jack obeyed. Though grown bolder than of yore towards Sir Thomas, the cold ſtare never failed in quelling him.

Sir Thomas with a courtly inclination preſented Jack to the widow. He bowed, *tant bien que mal.* She received him with a gracious ſmile, and a briſk fluttering of her fan. Sir Thomas, graſping

his arm, ſeated him by Miſtreſs Fairfax, and withdrew to continue his obſervations.

"Once get him to notice her, and look at her, he will ſoon be over head and ears in love with her, and ſhe appears monſtrouſly well affected towards him;"—ſo thought the Baronet, and felt very well pleaſed with himſelf and his diplomacy.

Jack ſat ſtiff, gaſping, and ſcarlet beſide the fair widow, who left him to recover himſelf a little, whilſt ſhe frequently directed her eyes to the door in expectation of the Colonel's arrival. She fully believed all Sir Thomas had recounted about Jack, and taking all his ſhyneſs and awkwardneſs for the effects of a mighty and unrequited paſſion, felt quite elated at her ſuppoſed power over him. He amuſed her too; being ſo totally different from the pert beings who paid their court lightly and airily to her, as well as from the Colonel, who alternated between a tornado and an ordinary thunder-ſtorm.

At length the Colonel arrived, brilliant in ſcarlet, gold and gorget, ſmiles and good looks; for he was a handſome man, though generally disfigured by an air of diſcontent and angry contempt. He made the requiſite bows with a very good "*air*,"

and turned ſmiling towards the widow! She knew it; wherefore, from behind her fan, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to Jack; giving herſelf a pretty little troubled, ruffled mien, as though ſhe were anſwering to ſome very tender "*propos.*" "You are not long from the country, Mr. Warren, I hear," was all ſhe ſaid.

"No," croaked Jack. "Wiſh to heaven I'd never left it."

The widow conſtrued this ſpeech into a declaration *à double entendre*, that if he had never left the country he ſhould never have met her; never have loved her, never have been miſerable.

"Very pretty!" ſhe thought, and ſaw the Colonel's ſmiles turn to a frown, and his advance to a retreat; for he turned on his heel, withdrew into the next room, and, unſeen himſelf, obſerved the movements of the enemy, in a large mirror, which reflected the form of the lovely widow, and that of poor tortured Jack.

"Charming!—he's wild with rage and diſappointment," thought Miſtreſs Fairfax; and although he had left the room, ſhe was too cunning to alter her *allure*, and martyriſed Jack

accordingly. She was right—the Colonel eyed her ſmalleſt movement.

"Coquette!—Looby!—And as for me, I'm a fool—a dupe—a plaything. Now ſhe's dropt her fan: her charming ſwain don't move to pick it up—deuce a bit. Dick Fielding is giving it to her, with his confounded titter and jerking bow, and ſhe looks tender at the gaby; and he turns out his ugly feet, hangs his wriſt on his ſword-hilt, and plumes himſelf not a little. Now ſhe looks fond again on that idiot, Jack Warren; and he looks ſtraight forward, with his eyes burſting from his head, as though he was about to have an apoplectic fit. I wiſh he would, with all my heart. How can ſhe love a dolt like that? 'Pon my ſoul, I think women really *do* prefer thoſe creatures. Juſt like Titania and Bottom the tailor! And this morning ſhe was all ſmiles and playful love for me. This very evening, too, I meant to offer my hand! I feel inclined to run all theſe ſmiling fools through,—madam and her admirer with the reſt of them,—and then blow my own difordered brains out!"

Colonel Penruddock, after an hour ſpent in tormenting himſelf with the mirror, took his

departure in a deteſtable frame of mind; juſt as Sir Thomas, conceiving matters to have arrived at a very ſatisfactory point, withdrew Jack, much to his delight; and left the widow to coquet with Dick Fielding, Tom Knightly, Harry Stapelton, and many more, and to wonder why Penruddock did not re-appear.

"My dear Jack," ſaid Sir Thomas, as they rolled along homewards in the foppiſh chariot, "you really begin to ſhine. Did you obſerve poor Colonel Penruddock?"

"No, ſir,—don't know him when I ſee him."

"Why, that handſome fellow with the well-turned leg, in the uniform of the Coldſtream Guards. Not the fair one with the ſmall features, but the dark thin man with the marked eyebrows?"

"Aye, ſir, I remember him, now: looks yellow, as if his face was dirty."

"My dear child, do *not* give way to ſuch expreſſions, let me entreat you. The Colonel is very ſallow, no doubt. You ſhould have ſeen how vexed and enraged he became when he ſaw you on ſuch eaſy terms with the widow. He retired into the next apartment and watched you

in a mirror. You were the talk of the whole aſſembly, and he muſt have heard a great deal to perplex and annoy him. How do you like the Widow Fairfax?"

"Not much, ſir: ſhe turns her eyes about, and gives herſelf ſuch mighty airs and graces. She's very different to my Lady Langley and my little Lyddie."

Here Jack gave a deep ſigh.

"Umph!" ſaid Sir Thomas, aloud.

"*Nil deſperandum*," ſaid Sir Thomas to himſelf; "the widow will entrap thee yet, honeſt Jack."

"I wiſh ſhe'd have Colonel What's-his-name, with the yellow face, and leave me in peace and quiet," ſaid Jack, ſleepily. "She'll get nothing for her pains: I'll be hanged if ſhe does!"

The chariot ſtopped, or Sir Thomas would have lectured Jack on his phraſeology.

"I wiſh I was out of it all," ſighed Jack, as he got into bed, refreſhed by a tankard of cold bright ale, provided by his ally, M. Larrazée.

Jack's condition became more inſupportable to him than ever: fine clothes, tutors, dancing and fencing maſters, French cookery, routs and

aſſemblies, his father's lectures, and a dearth of ale and tobacco, no hunting and no congenial companions—all this was bad enough and hard to bear; but the Widow Fairfax ſuperadded, made the weight intolerable. She was in all parties where Jack appeared, and Sir Thomas inſiſted on his going up to her, and repeating a little compliment which the Baronet concocted for him each evening; he ſtanding near enough to hear it repeated, Jack croaking it forth, the widow enchanted: ſhe ſtill viewing his awkward baſhfulneſs as the effect of his overpowering paſſion for her.

As for Colonel Penruddock, his humour became blacker and more black every day: he abſented himſelf from his idol during a whole week; but ſhe ſmiled on him from her coach in the Park, he followed her home, threw himſelf at her feet, raved like a maniac, accuſed himſelf like a penitent, obtained pardon and ſoft glances, and the next day was treated more diſdainfully than ever.

"Je veux éviter sa presence,
Je veux n'être plus amoureux—
Je veux — mais ſitôt que j'y penſe,
Je ne ſais plus—je ne ſais plus, ce que je veux!"

Theſe four lines contain in few words the exact

repreſentation of the Colonel's feelings. He hated everything and everybody, himſelf and the widow included; but poor Jack was the eſpecial object of his ire and deteſtation: if looks could ſcorch and blaſt like lightning, innocent unconſcious Jack would have been reduced to a maſs of aſhes by Colonel Penruddock's flaſhing lurid eyes. But Jack obſerved him not, although Sir Thomas did; and the Baronet, noticing his wrath and uneaſineſs, and Miſtreſs Fairfax's apparent indifference and ſang-froid, together with her flattering reception of his ſon, became, as it were, his own dupe; and imagined that everything was proceeding as ſwimmingly as he could deſire.

"My dear boy," he ſaid with inſinuating mien and voice, as Jack, dreſſed and perfumed for a ball at Lady Ilſley's, ſtept into his room;—"My dear boy, I muſt beg of you, as a great favour, to exert yourſelf to-night more than ever. The widow is yours, I aſſure you: that wretched man Colonel Penruddock is quite diſcarded for you. I heard one of his brother officers ſay he thought he would go crazy; and his temper has become ſo intolerable, no one dares ſpeak to him.

What a triumph for you, my dear Jack!—for it is all your doing!"

"I'm uncommon ſorry for it, ſir," ſaid Jack, with one of his long ſighs. "I don't want the widow; and what's more, won't have her. The Colonel, poor fellow, muſt be *dooced* unhappy!"

"It's very well for you, Maſter Jack, to affect pity and indifference, you ſly dog: but I ſee through you! I muſt have you lead out the widow in a minuet, directly you meet her; gently preſs her hand, without vulgarly ſqueezing it, in thoſe parts of the dance where the muſic is moſt expreſſive; whiſper in her ear as you reconduct her, that you are dying for her: that, with a little agreeable converſation, will be ſufficient for this evening; look tenderly at her from a diſtance, and reverentially caſt down your eyes when ſhe perceives you;—this you may repeat three or four times. Juſt turn round a minute; your ſword is all on one ſide: Larrazée ſhould have looked to it; there, that will do, I've put it right. I'm really growing quite proud of you, my dear child;" and the wily old gentleman ſmiled approvingly on his ſon.

"Glad of it, ſir. But I can't dance: I'm ſure

I ſhould do it all wrong. Hang me! if ever I remember which way my laſt bow is to be made; and I always make it ſomehow with my back to *Monjoo Doopouiy*. Might do ſo to the lady, you know, ſir!"

"Nonſenſe, ſir. Pivot round on your left foot, that will bring you with your face towards her—then execute your bow!"

"The chariot is at the door, Sir Thomas!" cried a footman, and cut ſhort the converſation.

"Well!" thought Jack, as they drove off; "I'll tell the widow honeſtly and plainly all about it, and adviſe her to give me up, and take to poor Colonel *Thing-em-bob*. I don't like her or her ways, and never ſhall, making ſo free: ſhe ſhould wait till I make love to her. She's putting the cart before the horſe! Hang me! if I dance a minuet, and make a fool of myſelf—I've no turn for 'em—always leave off long before the muſic's over—won't do at all—twiſting about like a great fool!"

Lady Ilſley's rooms were brilliantly lighted; the girandoles glittering like diamonds; velvet, ſilk, and ſatin, of various colours, making the aſſembly look like a rich parterre; ſoft muſic and

ſweet perfume filled the air; gentle laughter and voices ſounded around, whilſt Jack's ears began, as uſual, to burn, and his face to fluſh. There was the widow, in pale pink ſatin, reclining in a fauteuil of white brocaded ſilk, ſurrounded by Dick Fielding and ſeveral others, in ſuits of ſilk and velvet, ſparkling with rich embroidery and divers precious ſtones; there ſtood Colonel Penruddock in his ariſtocratic uniform, leaning againſt the chimneypiece, frowning on his beloved with ſcowling brows.

Jack made his bow to his "*grandmama*," with better ſucceſs than on his firſt appearance in her "*falons*." She ſat on a ſmall ſofa to receive her company, Sappho purring ſleepily beſide her, with her little round feet juſt viſible beneath her ſnow-white breaſt, and a ſmart bow of ſilver and blue ſtanding up above her little ſharp ears.

Sir Thomas did not quit Jack; but, to the inexpreſſible relief of the latter, Miſtreſs Fairfax was led paſt them to dance a minuet with Tom Knightley, ſo that Jack had only to make a bow and receive a ſmile as ſhe paſſed. The Colonel moodily followed her, to watch her exquiſite

dancing, and collect further matter for uneaſineſs and diſcontent.

She was ſucceſſively led out by Dick Fielding, old Lord York, and Sir Charles Stanhope; ſo that the evening was paſſing, and Jack began to hope he ſhould eſcape without moleſtation. Vain hope! Sir Thomas touched his elbow, and rivetted his grey eyes upon him—"You will now go, ſir, and aſk Miſtreſs Fairfax to honour *you*, '*the moſt devoted of her ſlaves*,' by dancing a minuet with you. You underſtand!"

"I can't, ſir, 'pon my ſoul: I don't——"

"Nonſenſe, ſir!" cried the Baronet, graſping his arm, and giving himſelf the air of ſaying ſomething to his ſon *en badinant*, whilſt his voice was harſh and determined; "go this inſtant, d'ye hear! I ſhall follow you, and watch you. Don't let me loſe the good opinion I begin to entertain of you. Hold your head up, and preſent yourſelf with an air! All the world is perſuaded that you are the favoured lover; ſo maintain your character. Juſt obſerve the poor diſconſolate creſt-fallen guardſman! He eyes you, my dear boy, as if he could annihilate you; and the fair widow is ſhowering

ſuch faſcinating looks on you! 'Gad ſhe'd melt a heart of ſtone. *Eng avong*, Jack. Victory is in your hands!"

Sir Thomas aſſumed his *pateline* voice as he uttered the laſt ſentences, and puſhed Jack forward, took a pinch of ſnuff with his beſt grace, and felt certain he ſhould at laſt "*make ſomething*" of his poor patient boy. He put one hand in his well frilled breaſt, the other on his ſword-hilt, ſmiled imperceptibly, and followed Jack's progreſs with his grey eyes, peering from beneath his huge black eyebrows.

The Baronet was not the only one who thus regarded the young Squire, as he moved, with more rapidity than grace, in the direction of the widow. Colonel Penruddock's malignant glance was on him. Hatred, contempt, and jealouſy, gleamed in his eye. That very morning, Miſtreſs Fairfax had *careleſſly* said—*on purpoſe*, of courſe—that ſhe never beheld ſo fine a man as Mr. Warren, —that he poſſeſſed ſo artleſs, yet ſo faſcinating, a mode of paying his addreſſes, ſhe was ſure no heart could reſiſt him; then ſhe leant her cheek on her hand, looked abſent, ſighed, and allowed the Colonel to addreſs her twice before ſhe

appeared to know that he had done ſo at all. The Colonel threw himſelf into one of his moſt violent tornados' and ruſhed out of the houſe. The widow tapped her chin approvingly with her fan, ſurveyed her charming face in the glaſs, laughed, hummed an opera tune, and went to the auction.

The Colonel had not condeſcended ſo much as to bow to her, on the evening in queſtion. When he ſaw Jack proceeding towards her, the muſcles of his thin face worked nervouſly. He placed himſelf in the way, and, as Jack approached, leaned his hand on the back of a chair, and advanced his right foot directly in Jack's path. Jack hurrying "*to get it over*," perceived not the guardſman's movement. He drew near: the Colonel, contracting every muſcle, held his foot firmly planted. Jack tripped: the Colonel ſmiled a ghaſtly ſmile. Had Jack been lighter or more active, he would have tripped and recovered himſelf; but the poor fellow was neither: he tripped, ſtumbled, ran two or three paces forward, and fell proſtrate at the widow's feet. Good manners were totally forgotten, and a titter, which grew to a laugh, ſaluted Jack's misfortune. Sir Thomas ſwore

and fumed. Jack aroſe: anger and indignation chaſed ſhyneſs and *mauvaiſe honte* from his ſoul. Everything around him ſeemed to whirl and totter; he heard the laughter; he felt the inſult. He ſtrode up to Colonel Penruddock like a young Hercules, and, in a loud clear voice, he ſhouted:

"Was that on purpoſe or by accident?"

"On purpoſe," replied the Colonel, bowing, and then drawing himſelf up to his utmoſt height.

"Then take that!" roared Jack; and doubling his ponderous fiſt, he drew it back to his ſhoulder, —then ſtraightening his arm with the iron ſtrength of a gladiator, he ſtruck the Colonel on the face with the whole might of his thick muſcular arm. The Colonel reeled and fell, cruſhing a chair in his fall. All the men preſent ruſhed towards him; the laughter was huſhed; Penruddock aroſe with an oath, the blood ſtreaming from his face. Several ladies fell into "*hyſteric affections*" and faintings; but, the gentlemen being all occupied round Jack and the Colonel, they ſoon recovered their ſenſes. Sir Thomas drew his ſon away from Penruddock, anger and diſguſt ſtamped upon his features.

The Colonel, followed by three or four of his corps, who were preſent, hurried from the room. It was in vain that Miſtreſs Fairfax gazed after him, her real feelings flaſhing from her eyes: his face was buried in his handkerchief, and he ſaw her not.

"Do not quit me, ſir!" ſaid Sir Thomas to his ſon. "You are a low ruffian! Come and make your bow to my Lady Ilſley, and we will return home. I'm wounded and humiliated by your enormities beyond meaſure."

"I deſpair of you," continued the Baronet, as they deſcended the ſtairs. "You cannot even return an inſult like a gentleman. You ſhould have ſent the Colonel a challenge—not have behaved like a low villain, turning her ladyſhip's rooms into a bear-garden. Gracious heavens! what will you do next?"

"He put my blood up, ſir, and I didn't think or care where I was!"

Jack felt a friendly preſſure on his arm, and heard Lord Langley's gentle voice:

"My dear Jack, you will hear further from Penruddock. He has diſpatched one of his brother officers to Groſvenor Square, to await

your return, with a challenge. I will be your 'second,' if you think fit!"

"Your *Ludſhip* is too *obleeging*," ſaid Sir Thomas, politely. "I'm ſure Jack is infinitely indebted to you. I hope he will redeem his character. He has acted raſhly, and ſhould have been content with challenging the Colonel.'

Lord Langley ſlightly ſhrugged his ſhoulders.

"Shall I deſire my people to drive to Grosvenor Square after your chariot?" he inquired.

"By all means," replied the Baronet.

"I hope, ſir, you will not add to your atrocious conduct by ſhowing the white feather and refuſing to meet the Colonel," he ſaid to Jack, as they proceeded home.

"Not I, ſir: I am afraid to meet no man living."

"You have been ſo well grounded by *Coo*derc, and the Colonel allows himſelf to be ſo led away by temper and blinded by rage, you will ſoon arrange the affair for him. The duel will be everything for you—give you vaſt *éclat:* the widow will ſurrender at once. Do, my dear child, exert yourſelf—carry yourſelf through it

with an air, and thus efface your horribly vulgar conduct this evening. Think that the eyes of the whole town, as well as the fair widow's, are upon you!"

"Hang the widow, ſir! If it waſn't for her, I ſhouldn't be in this ſcrape."

"Tut-tut-tut! You ought to rejoice beyond meaſure. I'm ſure I do. An affair of honour for a fine woman! What more can you deſire? I regret you ſhould have behaved as you did; but you muſt efface all that with your ſword. Above all things, don't loſe your temper: bear in mind all *Coo*derc's hints and inſtructions: be up betimes, and practiſe a little to ſupple yourſelf before you ſtart; and with all you have learnt, and your ſuperior length of arm and reach, the Colonel will ſtand no chance with you!"

"I ſhan't hurt him, if I can help it, poor fellow!"

"Gracious heavens, my dear child, what a lout you are! Do you intend to throw away this immenſe advantage, as you have done all the reſt? Do you mean to allow the Colonel to run you through, and then walk off with the widow?"

"No, ſir! I ſhall defend myſelf: but I bear

no malice to the Colonel. I knocked him down in hot blood; but I don't want to cut his throat in cool blood. As for the widow, my ſervice to her: he's quite welcome to carry her off."

"My dear boy, do not uſe that odious expreſſion, '*cut his throat*'—as though you were ſpeaking of a pig inſtead of a gentleman. Mind you bring my Lord Langley home to breakfaſt with you: don't forget that. You had better go out in your plaineſt morning ſuit—the brown velvet one—and put on plain linen: the leſs you have about your wriſt the better."

"Very well, ſir."

On arriving, they found Colonel Penruddock's friend and brother-officer awaiting them. The challenge was given and received; and Lord Langley and Captain Richmond retired to another room to arrange everything for the meeting, which it was agreed ſhould take place, at daybreak, at the back of Montague Houſe.

"I ſhall leave you, my dear Jack," ſaid Sir Thomas languidly, "to ſay 'good-night' to my Lord Langley, for me. I feel ſo ſhaken by your violent conduct this evening, I muſt retire to bed. Ring the bell for Larrazée. Remember

all I have ſaid to you: and above all things, don't ſlam the doors and ſtamp about in the morning, as you uſually do. Go out gently: if you rouſe me ſuddenly, at an early hour, I ſhall have the head-ache all day. Good-night. I recommend you to get to bed as ſoon as you can—reſt ſteadies the nerves. Larrazée, donnez *moâ* le bras!"

"Good night, ſir; God bleſs you!" cried Jack, eagerly extending his hand to his father! But Sir Thomas ſaw it not—he was buſy telling Larrazée how much ſhaken he felt.

Jack watched him as he left the room.

"If that fierce fellow ſpits me," he thought, "I ſhall never ſee my father again!" and he ſighed deeply.

"My dear Jack," ſaid Lord Langley, joining him in his room; "we have arranged everything. You meet at dawn, at the back of Montague Houſe. If you will allow me, I'll call for you in my chariot."

"Thank'ee, with all my heart," cried Jack, wringing his white delicate hand, and cruſhing his fingers againſt his diamond ring. "My father ſeems to make uncommon light of it all;

but I don't ſee why the Colonel haſn't juſt as good a chance as I have."

"My dear fellow, you're right: never make light of your adverſary; it's the worſt thing in the world. Penruddock's an excellent ſwordſman, but he often lets his temper get the better of him; you are very cool and even tempered, I know, as we have often fenced together; and in that you'll have an immenſe advantage over him. However," he added, ſmiling, rather ſadly, "I ſuppoſe we ought to go through the uſual *routine*, ſo my dear Jack, anything you may wiſh done, in caſe of an accident, I bind myſelf faithfully to attend to."

"Thank'ee, thank'ee: you're a faſt friend. I ſhould like thoſe all to go to my poor, old uncle," ſaid Jack, pointing to his little hunting trophy of cap, whip, and ſpurs; "and my ebony cane, and plain gold watch, with my love, and I've always felt grateful to him for all his kindneſs."

"It ſhall be done; we had better ſeal them up, and direct them to him."

Jack walked up to the fire, and ſtirred it mechanically, ſaying:

"I ſhould like my Lyddie to have my diamond ring and enamelled watch, with the chain and ſeals; and my love, and I never ſaw the woman I could compare to her—never. I'll alſo ſend my enamelled ring to Dr. Freeman; and a fifty-pound note to Miſtreſs Freeman, for her poor people: my reſpects to 'em—and that's all."

"You had better write it down, and ſeal the things up for them; and I'll juſt lie down on your bed, my dear Jack, and not diſturb you."

Jack made his various little arrangements, and Lord Langley watched him with a very heavy heart.

"Are you aſleep, Langley?"

"No; what is it?"

"Only, I have juſt taken it into my head, I ſhould like to be buried in the village, with the honours of the chaſe: I've written it down. And now I've nothing more to do, but go to bed: I'm very heavy and drowſy!"

Lord Langley left him to his repoſe—having promiſed to bring a firſt-rate Pariſian ſword for Jack's uſe—and carried off the poor fellow's bequeſts.

The Colonel had paſſed the night in writing a lengthy and furious epiſtle to the widow, in which he offered up himſelf as a victim to her—laid his death at her door—and encloſed a lock of his hair; he walked about his room, viewed his disfigured face in the glaſs a thouſand times, and vowed vengeance on Jack.

"Curſed diſagreeable! to fall with ſuch a d—d horrid looking face, if the fellow does for me! Confound his great clumſy fiſt! Some fool or other will go and tell Arabella how like a low fellow, with a ſwelled face, I looked, and the jade will laugh at my death; whereas if my features were all right, the pallor of death, and ſo forth, would make a ſentimental deſcription, and, joined to the recollection of her cruelty, would bring Madam to a ſenſe of her faults—revive her love for me, and perhaps bring her to the grave. I'll do my beſt: I can't bear the thought of her jeers with Dick Fielding, and the reſt of 'em; or the idea that ſhe will marry one of the ſet—that looby, Jack Warren, perhaps: wonder how he handles his weapon—clumſily enough I take it. Curſe me! if I don't make an example of him!"

Lord Langley called for Jack half-an-hour before day-break, and found him comfortably ſeated, taking his breakfaſt by candle-light, as coolly as if he were reſtoring nature previouſly to ſtarting for a journey by an early coach.

"I'm glad to ſee you ſo well employed, my dear Jack! When you've done, you may as well try this ſword, and ſee how you manage it."

Jack did ſo, and expreſſed his entire approbation of the ſilver-mounted glittering weapon. Day was coldly and cheerleſſly breaking as they ſtept into Lord Langley's elegant chariot—an *undreſs* carriage without arms or decoration, but perfect in form and build.

"To the corner of Montague Houſe," cried Lord Langley to the footman; "tell the coachman ſoftly, before you get up!"

"Yes, my lord;" and off they rolled.

There had been a ſlight fall of ſnow during the night, which only partially covered the ground; the ſhrill thin voice of the ſweep, and the rolling of a few heavy duſt-carts were the predominating ſounds; the air was damp and penetrating—the atmoſphere murky and dull, and beginning to be charged with the ſmoke of early fires; the ſhops

were unopened—few paſſengers abroad—here and there a workman proceeding to his work, pipe in mouth.

"It's very cold," ſaid Lord Langley, as they walked quickly to the back of Montague Houſe. "I wonder if the Colonel's on the ground?"

"I ſee him drawing near," ſaid Jack; "there's the Captain with him, and another fellow—the ſurgeon, I take it."

Lord Langley forced a ſmile and ſaid:

"To make our party equal to theirs, I begged our family ſurgeon to be on the ground—and there he is."

"Thank'ee—it was very thoughtful of you. My love to my father, and I hope he'll accept the watch I brought from the country, in remembrance of me. Hang it! I forgot his meſſage—hopes you'll come home to breakfaſt with us, if I come off all right."

"I ſhall be delighted."

Preliminaries were ſoon ſettled, and the combatants, ſtripping off coat waiſtcoat and ſtock, croſſed their well-tempered, glittering, taper ſwords.

"What a fine young fellow your friend is, my

lord," whiſpered Lord Langley's ſurgeon to him. "I never ſaw a finer man, dead or alive: pity if he falls."

Lord Langley ſighed, and looked ſorrowfully at poor Jack. The regimental ſurgeon, who attended the Colonel, was equally ſtruck with him.

"Egad, ſir, what a grenadier he'd make," he ſaid to Captain Richmond.

"I ſhould aſk nothing better than to command a battalion of the ſame ſort," was the reply.

Jack and the Colonel began their duel under very different feelings. Jack was determined not to hurt the Colonel, but merely to parry his thruſts: he had no ill-will towards him, and no feeling for duels. The Colonel, on the other hand, felt that he was oppoſed to a rival, and a man who had inſulted him, and put him in a ridiculous poſition beneath the very eyes of his miſtreſs. His ſoul was bitter with hatred and revenge; and he ſwore that either Jack or himſelf muſt die that day.

After a ſhort "*bout*," ſeeing Jack's play, he dropped the point of his ſword, and cried with flaſhing eyes and angry voice,—

"I will not be treated like a child, ſir. Fight fairly, and attack *me* as well as defend *yourſelf*."

Jack obeyed: and preſently his bright ſword entered Penruddock's right breaſt. Fortunately for him, the point ſlipped along one of the ribs, inſtead of penetrating between them; and anon the fight was renewed. The ſwords wound about each other like lightning; the clear, light claſhing peculiar to the "ſmall ſword"—only to be rightly explained by the word "*cliquetis*"—was the only ſound heard. Jack received a wound in the thick of the arm, but acquitted himſelf very well: never loſt his coolneſs or temper, and gave the Colonel a great deal to do.

Still the ſwords claſhed and glittered: ſeconds and ſurgeons, breathleſs with intereſt, knew not on which of the combatants to pronounce. At laſt, Penruddock, with the expreſſion of a demon, parried one of Jack's thruſts—advanced—lunged—the guard of his ſharp ſword ſtruck his adverſary's ribs in a line with his breaſt—the reddened blade coming out beneath the left arm-pit.

"Thank the gods!" muttered the Colonel, as he drew out his ſword; and Lord Langley,

Captain Richmond, and both ſurgeons ruſhed towards poor Jack.

"I don't think it's much," he ſaid, putting his hand to his ſide. "Is the Colonel ſatisfied?"

Lord Langley put his arm around him: Jack's face grew pale—his knees gave way beneath his weight, and he ſank to the earth, ſupporting himſelf on his hands. The ſurgeons tore away his ſhirt, the ſooner to arrive at his wound. They ſaw at once the courſe the ſword had taken, and ſhook their heads at Lord Langley.

"You'd better not move him or diſturb him, my lord,—it will ſoon be over," whiſpered the regimental ſurgeon.

Lord Langley, kneeling down, ſupported his dying friend, and took his hand in his. Poor Jack feebly preſſed it, and with an effort ſaid:

"Will you break it to my uncle and Lyddie? God bleſs you!"

"I will, on my honour," replied Lord Langley, his eyes filled with tears.

There was ſolemn ſilence—a ſilence that could be felt. The ſurgeons knelt on each ſide of Jack. The Colonel and his friend were gone.

"It's all over, my lord!" cried Lord Langley's ſurgeon, and cloſed Jack's eyes.

Lord Langley laid him gently down, and covering his own face with his handkerchief, wept aloud.

Sir Thomas Warren was ſelfiſhly ſleeping in his warm and darkened room, on his ſoft and yielding bed. He dreamt of cards and brilliant aſſemblies—then turned heavily and half awoke—cloſed his eyes—awoke more fully—then quite.

"What in the name of heaven, are they about?" he cried pettiſhly, and liſtened. He heard the ſound of heavy ſteps in thick and clumſy ſhoes; they moved along the ſtone corridor, which divided his room from his ſon's, as though they bore a weight; there were whiſpering voices; Jack's door was ſhut; and all was ſilent. Preſently the door was re-opened, and the clumſy footſteps paſſed the Baronet's room, lumbering along. They were the footſteps of four Iriſh labourers, who had conveyed his ſon's body home on a door. Lord Langley had walked beſide it, his carriage ſlowly following.

Sir Thomas rang his bell, with pettiſh violence,

for Larrazée; but Larrazée was wailing over poor Jack, and heard it not. Again the bell was rung, and anſwered by a knock at the Baronet's door.

"Come in!" he cried, paſſionately.

"Did you pleaſe to want anything, ſir?" inquired the timid voice of the houſemaid at the door.

"Send Larrazée to me: I've rung twice, tell him: and pray inform whoever it was ſtumping about in that outrageous way, that I won't allow it."

"Pleaſe, Sir Thomas, Mounſeer *Lazzarus* is in Mr. Warren's room."

"Well—what of that? Send him hither this inſtant."

"I don't dare go in, pleaſe, Sir Thomas."

"You'll do as I bid you, Madam Pert. Don't ſtand prating to me, but obey directly."

"Pleaſe, Sir Thomas," replied the voice, faltering, "the doctors and his lordſhip *is* there. Oh! Sir Thomas—poor Mr. Warren!"

"What of him? Can't you leave off flapping your hands, and anſwer? Is he wounded?"

"Oh, Sir Thomas, ſir! he's dead!"

"Nonſenſe—dead! Vulgar people always love a cataſtrophe. Go this minute, and ſend Larrazée to me—d'ye hear?"

The girl withdrew, and tapped at the oppoſite door, which was half-opened by Lord Langley himſelf.

"Oh, my lord! maſter won't believe about poor Mr. Warren, and wants Mounſeer *Lazzarus* directly, pleaſe my lord!"

"Very well, my good girl, he ſhall go." And the valet ſought his maſter's room.

"Larrazée, what nonſenſe has that wench been telling me? I ſuppoſe that poor, fooliſh boy has allowed the Colonel to ſcratch him. I *never* ſhall make anything of him, I fear."

"Ah! mon bon maître!" cried Larrazée, claſping his hands; "il eſt mort!—il eſt mort!—je l'ai vu—étendu roid mort ſur ſon lit! Ah! c'eſt affreux—c'eſt affreux!"

Sir Thomas ſat up in his bed, looking like a pale ſpectre, in his frilled and ruffled ſhirt, beneath the dark ſhade of his velvet hangings. He ſtared at Larrazée—felt as though he were in a dream—and then, with his valet's aid, partly dreſſing himſelf, ſought his ſon's room—ſure that

Larrazée was miſtaken: that Jack might have ſwooned through loſs of blood; but that *his* ſon ſhould be killed, that was quite out of the queſtion.

Sir Thomas had not calculated on the ſpectacle that awaited him. It had ever been his cuſtom and conſtant aim to avoid hearing or ſeeing anything that could remind him of his mortality; or, as he expreſſed it, that was liable "to ſhake his nervous ſyſtem." The ſight of a funeral caſt a gloom over his ſpirits; the death of his acquaintances gave him a fit of the ſpleen: not that he cared for them, or lamented over their departure, but ſimply becauſe death had ſtept into his "*circle*," and forced him to ſuſpect that ſome day perhaps he too might die! Horrible thought!—and he chaſed it away with all his might! He had never beheld a dead body!

"Hope I ſee your *Ludſhip* well," he ſaid, on entering the room and taking Lord Langley's proffered hand; who, bowing, replied not.

"Your ſervant, gentlemen," he continued, with a gracious bow to the ſurgeons, and drew near to the bed. "Jack, my dear boy, you—"

He ſtarted back. Lord Langley's medical

man, ſeizing the ſheet which covered the body, drew it on one ſide, and gave to his view the corpſe of his ſon, pale and cold. The ſhirt having been torn away, his marble-like *torſo* was expoſed, with the deep crimſon ſtain of blood dyeing the ſide. His eyes were cloſed, his placid mouth partly open; his ſerene, but fixed, countenance wore a ſad expreſſion, and ſeemed mutely and ſorrowfully to upbraid his father with having cauſed his ſudden and premature death.

"Gracious heaven! how ghaſtly!" muttered Sir Thomas, feebly—riveting his eyes on the cold and lifeleſs body as though he were faſcinated.

The military ſurgeon, who felt for the death of ſo fine a young man, laying his hand on poor Jack's immenſe ample cheſt, ſaid ſorrowfully; "With ſuch a cheſt as *that*, he ſhould have lived till ninety!"

Sir Thomas raiſed his cold grey eyes towards him—and then again fixed them on his ſon. His ſharp features became pinched—he trembled from head to foot, ſeized with a cold ſhudder. He looked around the room. The pale-blue watered-ſilk coſtume Jack had worn the evening

before was thrown careleſſly on the ſofa, together with his hat and ſword. The red-heeled ſhoes were on the floor, the diamond buckles ſparkling beneath the ſickly light which ſtruggled through the ſmoky atmoſphere; beſide them lay the laced and ruffled ſhirt. On the table, paper, pens and wax were ſcattered about, juſt where Jack had left them. There were traces, too, of the toilet he had made but a few hours before.

Sir Thomas felt ſick and faint—ſhaken and ſhattered: a horror had crept over him which he could not withſtand. The room was ſilent with the ſilence of death: his ſon's immovable features and deadly white body took powerful hold on him. He tottered from the bedſide, and leaning on Lord Langley's arm, ſought his own apartment; followed by Lord Langley's ſurgeon, to whom his lordſhip had made a ſign, requeſting him to proceed with them.

On reaching his room he ſank, trembling and ſhivering, into his large *bergère*, by the fire, and ſtared wildly at Lord Langley; whilſt the ſurgeon felt his pulſe, and proceeded to write down a calming mixture for him.

"You are very nervous, my good ſir," he

ſaid; "you will take ſome of the mixture I've written for, when you feel you need it. I ſhould adviſe you to go to bed, and keep quiet."

"No, no, no; I cannot go to bed: it would kill me. I cannot be left alone! Some one ſhould have told me he was dead, and I ſhould not have gone into the room."

"But you were told," ſaid Lord Langley, mildly: "and I was on the point of going to you myſelf, when you arrived!"

"I ſhall never get that dreadful ſight out of my mind! I am odiouſly ſhaken, and all my fondeſt hopes are cruſhed. Do you think I ſhall ever recover my nerves, doctor?" cried Sir Thomas, ſuddenly turning towards the ſurgeon.

"*You* take your mixture, ſir; and don't give way ſo: there's nothing the matter with you. Your ſervant, my lord—your moſt obedient, Sir Thomas;" and the ſurgeon departed, intenſely diſguſted with the Baronet and his conduct.

"The worſt of it is," cried the old man, tapping the arms of his chair with nervous rapidity; "I ſhan't be able to go out, or ſee company, or do anything to get this dreadful affair off my mind. Don't leave me, my lord,

I entreat you, for heaven's ſake: I ſhall go mad with horror if you do. How could that heartleſs doctor ſhow me ſuch a ſight? You ſhould have prevented it, my lord!"

"He has been accuſtomed to *men*, Sir Thomas; and of courſe imagined you were come to ſee your poor boy."

"It was atrocious of him, I ſhall never get over it: my throat is quite parched, and my heart flutters like a bird's wings. Wretched, miſerable boy! To allow himſelf to be run through in that way! He had no *amour propre* —no *ſavoir faire*: never entered into any of my little plans for him. I fear Dr. Spark was right when he ſaid he was a '*numſkull*,' and that I ſhould never make anything of him. The immenſe advantages he has neglected, or kicked away from him!"

"Sir Thomas," ſaid Lord Langley, and his ſoft voice ſounded ſevere, and ſomewhat contemptuous; "I cannot remain here to liſten to ſuch ſentiments as thoſe. In this unhappy duel your ſon behaved like a thorough gentleman. He wounded the Colonel ſeverely in the right breaſt, and fell and died with the courage of a

man. You muſt recollect that you tore him, againſt his will, from the mode of life he was fitted for. He obeyed you as very few ſons would have done. Well knowing that he had no feeling for town life, ſtill you perſevered in rendering his exiſtence miſerable. I *muſt* beg, now the poor fellow is lying dead, that, in my preſence at all events, you will refrain from ſpeaking of him as you did juſt now: he was my friend, and a more worthy young fellow I never met with;" and he ſighed deeply.

Sir Thomas looked abaſhed, and then with horror in his voice, cried:

"It was not my fault that he died. I did everything in my power to promote his well-being. No one can attach any blame to me! Can they, my lord?"

"Your own conſcience muſt decide that queſtion. Some arrangements ſhould be made about the funeral, ſir. Poor Jack wiſhed to be buried in his uncle's pariſh, with the honours due to a fox-hunter; and I pledged myſelf to ſee his deſire fulfilled: and alſo to go myſelf, and tell the ſad event to the poor old Squire, and to his 'little Lydia.'"

"No, no, no, my lord; I won't hear of it. It's all nonſenſe—he muſt be buried in the family-vault, like a gentleman. It is extraordinary the low taſtes the poor boy indulged in, even to the laſt! To be buried like a vulgar huntſman! I'll not hear of it;" and Sir Thomas patted the ſoft carpet rapidly, with his long thin foot.

"I'm ſure you owe your poor ſon ſome little reparation, ſir."

Sir Thomas trembled, and caſt his eyes down beneath Lord Langley's mild but penetrating glance. He breathed hard, and a ſhudder crept over him as he thought of the ſight he had ſo lately ſeen: there was ſomething in the recollection that awed him. He tried to think of Jack as the "*lout*" he had vainly eſſayed to form to a ſtateſman and fine gentleman; but, deſpite his efforts, he ſaw the huge white cheſt ſo cold and dead, the wide marble ſhoulders, the crimſon blood, the calm reproachful face, the half-opened mouth,—he ſaw, in ſhort, a "*man*," in the flower of his youth and ſtrength, lying dead and ghaſtly—and conſcience whiſpered, faintly it is true, but diſtinctly, that *he* was not wholly innocent. As

for grief—he felt none: nervous horror was all his ſelfiſh ſoul endured, with a beginning of remorſe, which he ſtrove to ſtifle and turn away from.

With much ado, Lord Langley prevailed on him to grant Jack's wiſh. He, with his uſual kindneſs, undertook to arrange everything, and then departed for the country on his ſorrowful miſſion.

The darkened houſe, the ſilence and ſolitude, the recollection that there was a dead body ſo near him, worked Sir Thomas up to a pitch of nervous terror he had never before experienced. Larrazée was not allowed to leave him day or night. The Baronet bade him read to him from a light and airy French work in verſe; but he could not fix his attention to liſten to it: he tried piquet—the attempt was equally vain.

"I ſhall go mad—I ſhall go mad!" he cried to Larrazée, who ſighed and ſhrugged his ſhoulders. "I wiſh to heaven it was all over! I ſhall get better when I can go out, and ſee company. Don't you think ſo, Larrazée?"

"Faut eſpérer que oui, monſeigneur!"

"Do ſpeak Engliſh, can't you! I have a tremor all over me; ſend for White, and give

me ſome of that mixture. Lord Langley is perfectly odious! He ſeems to think it is my fault. No one can ſuppoſe that for an inſtant, can they, Larrazée? *You* know how much I had that boy's intereſt at heart, the pains I took with him, and how ungratefully indifferent he was for all my efforts."

"Yes, Sire *Varène!* but poor *Miſtère Jac* your ſon, he had no diſpoſitions for *petit maître*—. he was quite Engliſh *hunter-for-foxes*—quite!"

"Hold your tongue, ſir—ring the bell, and ſend for White, or I ſhall go mad. You are *ſo* unſatisfactory: read the paper to me. Oh dear! oh dear! when will this horrid time be over?"

At night, Sir Thomas would not allow Larrazée to undreſs. He paſſed the time in an arm-chair, with ſtrict orders to ſleep lightly, and wake his maſter if he appeared to dream or moved reſtleſſly. The Baronet fancied that Jack, as he had laſt ſeen him, was lying ſtiff and ſtark beſide him; and he repeated inceſſantly, and without intermiſſion, "It was not my fault—it was not my fault!" Then, with a ſhriek he awoke—rated Larrazée for allowing him to

dream ſo—aroſe—ordered his valet to light all the candles, and paced up and down during the remainder of the night, leaning on Larrazée's arm. Faint and exhauſted, he returned to bed at day-dawn, and ſank into a lethargic ſlumber; from which the awakening was moſt horrible.

Each day added to his miſery. His conſcience was becoming clamorous—a veil falling from his eyes! He felt, now that it was too late, the hopeleſſneſs of the taſk he had undertaken; and conſcience told him that he had cruelly torn Jack from his happineſs, and that, but for his ſenſeleſs ſchemes, the poor fellow might yet be alive and enjoying an innocent life, far from turmoil and worldly vanities.

"*Everything is for the beſt,*" he would ſay; but the words were a ſound only, and brought no conſolation to him,—did not for one ſecond ſtill the voice of conſcience, his ceaſeleſs, ſecret tormentor.

It was on a lovely January evening that Sir Thomas arrived at his brother's, to act as chief mourner at his ſon's funeral. The winter's ſun was ſetting, like a blood-red globe of fire, among the light and ruddy clouds. The froſty air was

bright and clear, the ſky appearing ſpeckled by the homeward-bound rooks. As the heavy coach drew up at the hall-door, Sir Thomas recollected that he had there met poor Jack, and that he had taken him for a footman.

"I wiſh to heaven I had never ſeen the boy," he thought, "or that I had left him to his low purſuits! However, I have done my duty!"

"That is falſe," whiſpered conſcience.

Lord Langley had remained at Denham Park: ſo touched was he by poor old Squire Warren's ſilent, manly grief, he could not leave him alone in his ſorrow.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" was all he ſaid, with a bitter ſigh; after ſitting ſometimes for an hour or two with fixed ſtare, and without uttering a word.

Sir Thomas ſhut himſelf up in his own room, with Larrazée, his mixture-bottles, and his tremors and remorſe.

The old Squire ſought him; and trying to forget his own ſorrow, went prepared to do what he could to comfort "poor Tom." He ſat down by the fire, ſighed and ſaid:

"We muſtn't give way, Tom. Perhaps the

poor lad's been ſpared a deal of miſery. Nature points out to grieve, but nature ſhouldn't always be liſtened to. Keep up a good heart, brother; he was your only child, but I don't think you can feel more for him than I do. His lordſhip ſays he fell like a man; that I'm ſure he would do, poor dear boy!"

"Don't talk about him, Ned: it makes me quite ſick and nervous, I vow! I never *could* make anything of him; but I did my duty—gave him every advantage and opportunity of advancing—but, no! he *would* adhere to his grovelling taſtes, and did juſtice to none of my efforts in his favour. There were the fineſt women about town he might have gallanted with and have poliſhed himſelf. No! it was always 'Lydia,' and a bluſh, and——"

"It is much to my dear Jack's credit," cried the Squire, looking amazed and wrathfully at his vain, ſelfiſh brother; "it ſhowed the goodneſs of his fine manly heart! He was too good for all that finery and ſtuff. Ah! Tom, Tom, you ſhould have left him with me—he'd a' been alive now, and ſaved us all this grief and miſery. I never ſhall forget when his body arrived! poor

fellow—never! They opened the coffin that I might take a laſt farewell. I kiſſed his clay-cold cheek. Ah! Tom, Tom!" and Squire Warren rubbed his knees, ſhook his head, and groaned rather than ſighed.

Sir Thomas vibrated with rage, remorſe, and nervous irritability.

"You ſeem to imagine, Ned, that *I* killed the boy. It was no fault of mine if he was awkward enough to allow the Colonel to get at him in that way."

"Not ſo, Tom—not ſo, Tom. I know *you* did not kill him; but if you had let him bide quietly here,—as he wiſhed to do, poor fellow,—he'd a' been alive now. I aſked my lord if he thought Jack cared for the widow? *No*, he ſays: he was conſtant to Lydia to the laſt, and only ſpoke to the widow becauſe you forced him to it; for he had no opinion of her at all, and would never have got into this duel, Tom, if it hadn't been for you."

"Damnation!" cried the Baronet, in choking accents. "Leave the room, ſir, if that is the only comfort you can give to a bereaved father!"

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Tom," replied

the old Squire, mildly: "but I don't think you care much for the loſs of poor Jack; only you are ſorry for the part you have had in it."

"Larrazée, give me ſome of the mixture—a double doſe. I muſt beg of you, Ned, to leave me. I know not which is moſt unfeelingly coarſe and unkind, you or my Lord Langley."

"Well, my dear Ned, I meant no harm. Good night to 'ee. We've a hard day to-morrow —heaven help us through it!"

The Baronet fumed and fretted through the night. His brother's blunt and ſimple words ſtruck home: he felt all that he had done, now that feeling was too late; he ſaw the chimera he had been purſuing; he ſaw Jack's patient good-temper; he was conſcious that he had doggedly determined to ſacrifice a fellow-creature's happineſs to the ſelfiſh phantom of his own empty brain; and then he in fancy beheld the blood-ſtained body of his ſon—his fixed cold features. He knew that the black coffin and funereal plumes were in the room beneath him: he ſhook in every fibre—the ſweat burſt out from every pore, through the nervous agony of his troubled mind.

The following morning, betimes, Larrazée,

arrayed in deep mourning, proceeded to dreſs his peeviſh trembling maſter.

"What a ſenſeleſs, diſagreeable, barbarous cuſtom, this wearing of mourning is, Larrazée. It will give me an atrocious fit of ſpleen, I proteſt."

"*Vieux ſcélérat—père ſans entrailles!*" thought the valet; who was ſo diſguſted with Sir Thomas, and ſo ſorry for Jack, he had made up his mind to ſeek another ſervice, as ſoon as decency would allow of his doing ſo.

There was a ſubdued ſtir in the houſe, and juſt as Sir Thomas was dreſſed, Lord Langley, in very deep and elegant mourning, entered his room, accompanied by Squire Warren, who wore his ſcarlet hunting-ſuit, a crape round his left arm, a crape ſcarf acroſs his ſhoulder. Lord Langley looked very pale and very grave; Sir Thomas was quite aſtounded at his brother's noble, manly, and ſorrowful air.

"They 're all ready, Tom," he ſaid; "we 're come to fetch you, if you're ready too."

Sir Thomas took his brother's proffered arm, and ſought the room in which lay his ſon's body. He ſlightly ſtarted as he entered. The coffin

was in the middle of the room, a quantity of huge black feathers at the head; poor Jack's cap, ſpurs, and whip, with two fox's bruſhes placed acroſs, were on the lid. Four ſturdy huntſmen ſtood around it, ready to remove it: they wore their hunting-dreſſes, and their whips were ſlung acroſs their ſhoulders. On the floor around them, lay ſeveral old hounds who were to accompany them. The room was completely filled by Jack's hunting friends; who, with aching hearts, had flocked from far and near, to tender their laſt mark of reſpect and affection to him.

They all ſilently bowed as Sir Thomas entered; and he, having expected to ſee "*a ſet of bumpkins*," was much aſtoniſhed at the manly ariſtocratic appearance they preſented, the ſubdued ſorrow of their ſeveral countenances, as well as at the number of friends Jack could call his own. His conſcience rudely ſmote him at the ſight—"Thou art the cauſe of this ſorrow, and this ſad array!" it ſaid, in unmiſtakeable ſounds. "For what?" it aſked. He could only reply: "For my *own* good will and pleaſure!" He caſt down his eyes: he felt unworthy to raiſe them on the honeſt open countenances around him.

Squire Warren made a ſign to the huntſmen, who ſlowly raiſed the coffin on their ſhoulders; whilſt four young men of Jack's own age—four friends of his childhood—ſtepped forward as pall-bearers. The whole aſſembly wore their ſcarlet hunting-ſuits, with crape ſcarves, each man carrying his whip in his hand. The hounds walked on each ſide the coffin, as if they knew the part they ought to bear in the ceremony: they ſeemed, too, to ſtep ſlowly and ſolemnly, and to hang their heads with a melancholy aſpect.

The long proceſſion ſlowly deſcended the avenue. Firſt came four "*whips*"—then the feathers—then the coffin—then poor Jack's favourite hunter—a ſplendid bay, decked in black velvet houſings, a fox's bruſh decorating his head as a feather. He was led by the Squire's old groom, poor old Billy Chandler. He had given Jack his firſt leſſons in riding, and the old man's eyes bore traces of tears; and he ſadly ſhook his head from time to time, as he followed "*poor Maſter Jack's*" body to the grave. Next followed Squire Warren, and Lord Langley; then the whole train of friends two and two; and finally Sir Thomas Warren's coach, containing

himſelf and Larrazée: as the Baronet would have found it utterly impoſſible to reach the church on foot.

He ſhuddered, as, on entering his coach, he heard the loud ſonorous bell tolling for his ſon, ſounding through the cold clear air.

Sir Thomas had never been preſent at a funeral; he had always declared, that nothing on earth ſhould ever induce him to behold ſo melancholy an exhibition.

At the park gates ſtood a large aſſemblage of the countrymen, young and old, hat in hand; all dreſſed in their clean white Sunday frocks, waiting to fall to the rear of the proceſſion, and to ſhow their feeling for "*the young Squire*," by following him to his "*laſt home.*"

The ſun ſhone brightly that morning, and all nature looked cheerfully placid beneath his rays. Poor little Lydia, bitterly weeping, beheld the *cortège* paſs. "Dear Jack! dear Jack!" ſhe cried, "how could I ſo forget you?"

On reaching the churchyard Sir Thomas took Larrazée's arm. He looked pinched and haggard, and breathed hard, as he heard Dr. Freeman's ſoft deep voice beginning the burial ſervice—the

contents of which ſervice were perfectly unknown to the Baronet. On entering the old church he ſhuddered: a village church was to him a depreſſing ſpot, much to be avoided! The coffin was placed in the dark aisle; the Vicar ſolemnly continued the ſervice: each word of which, heard for the firſt time, and under ſuch circumſtances, ſtruck awe to his ſoul—filled him with an unknown horror and dread—made death ſeem preſent with him—death! that feared, but unavoidable event! The country people preſent, ſeeing his troubled countenance, thought how much "*the poor old gentleman*" muſt have loved his ſon; and their hearts ached for him.

The coffin was again raiſed, and depoſited beſide the deep wide grave. Dr. Freeman's voice trembled, and a tear ſtole down his cheek. Squire Warren's hands were tightly claſped, and his firm mouth worked convulſively as he fixed his moiſtened eyes on his nephew's coffin; whilſt Lord Langley, unable to reſtrain his feelings, covered his eyes, and ſorrowfully wept. The mourners kept ſilence; a ſilence full of reſpect and ſorrow: it was an expreſſive ſilence; ſo fixed

and motionleſs did each man ſtand, he ſcarcely ſeemed to breathe.

Sir Thomas, averting his eyes from the coffin, vibrated from head to foot beneath his long mourning cloak.

The ſtout huntſmen paſſed ropes beneath the coffin; and, aſſiſted by the "*whippers-in*," lowered it into the grave. The Baronet gaſped as he heard the grating ſound—the Squire involuntarily raiſed his claſped hands, and bowed his head. There was a ſlight movement among the aſſemblage, and many a ſigh eſcaped from the ſtout breaſts around. Then came ſolemn words, and the ſtartling hollow ſound of earth on the coffin-lid. Sir Thomas graſped Larrazée convulſively; who, putting his arm around his maſter, firmly ſupported him. The ſervice was ended. The Baronet turned to depart; Lord Langley gently detained him. Poor Jack's hunter was led up to the grave, his friends gathered as cloſely round as they could, and with one accord, as one man, gave forth, three ſeveral times, their departed friend's favourite cry—a ringing, clear, far ſounding, "*view hallo!*"

Sir Thomas ſtaggered; his knees gave way beneath him; his brother and Lord Langley hurried towards him, and received him in their arms, then carried him ſwooning to his carriage. All remained uncovered as he was carried paſt, pale and ghaſtly as a corpſe; all pitied the grief of a parent: how abaſhed and unworthy would he have felt, could they have read his real feelings, and how their upright manly hearts would have ſcorned him!

On returning to Denham Park, Sir Thomas only remained an hour, and departed on his way to Bath; whither he went to while away a month, and diſpel, if poſſible, the horrors which invaded him.

Lord Langley, full of compaſſion and reſpect for the poor old Squire, could not endure the idea of leaving him alone with his grief, in a ſpot where everything muſt remind him of his poor, loſt Jack.

"I wiſh, ſir," he ſaid, "you would favour me ſo far as to make my houſe your home, as long as you may feel diſpoſed to remain there. You are aware that I never hunt, but we have two packs of hounds cloſe at hand. You muſt not

deny my requeſt: bring over your horſes; I will introduce you to all my friends in the neighbourhood—the change of air will do you good; my wife will meet us there, and I am ſure ſhe will feel the ſame friendſhip for you which ſhe did for our friend Jack."

"Thank'ee, thank'ee," returned the Squire, with the voice and manner of his poor nephew. "Moping will do none of us any good; and grieving won't bring the dead to life. 'Tis our duty to bear up like men, and make the beſt of our ſorrows. You're a great comfort to me, my lord, and I can never thank you enough for your kindneſs; never!"

"Then you do me the pleaſure of accepting my offer," ſaid Lord Langley, ſmiling with joy at the Squire's words.

"With all my heart, my lord; and Heaven bleſs you!"

Lord Langley eſcorted the Squire to his country ſeat, where Lady Langley joined them; both doing their beſt to comfort him, and diſpel his grief; whilſt he did everything in his power to vanquiſh it, through gratitude and good feeling towards his hoſts.

They would not suffer him to leave them for many months; and when he did return to Denham Park it was not alone! The Squire returned a married man! A handsome widow, "*fat, fair, and forty*," had given her hand, and (though some may not believe it) her heart, to the fine old Squire. She did not, on her arrival at his home, set about hating his dogs, and endeavouring to "*put down*" his hunting, as I have known some unwise women to do. No! she rejoiced to see him happy in his healthy sports: and I verily believe that many a wife sets her face doggedly against manly pastimes, and male society—let alone "*the Club*"—merely because she cannot partake in them! Such wives, through *sheer envy*, would rather see their lords, to use a common expression, "*tied to their apron-strings*," sick and weary of wife and family, than behold them mixing cheerfully with their fellow-men, and returning home to them with some degree of freshness of heart—not worn out by domestic details, and the perpetual society of children, for which the mind and nature of man are as totally unfit, as those of women are for the senate and hunting-field. An "*affectionate husband*," with

theſe ladies, ſignifies in plain Engliſh, a "*poor creature*," who would willingly break his chain, *mais la force lui manque!*

Squire Warren never, to the end of a very long life, once repented of the ſtep he had taken, and was wont to ſay, with a merry laugh, à-propos of his marriage, "*better late than never!*"

I have only to add, that Miſtreſs Warren never whipped the old penſioner hounds, or expreſſed a wiſh to have the poor old penſioner horſes ſhot; as I knew a viciouſly jealous lady do, once upon a time. She fed them and careſſed them, becauſe the Squire loved them, as well as to gratify the kind feelings of her benevolent heart.

"I wiſh, Dolly," the Squire would ſay, laughingly, "you would be a little ill-tempered; you wouldn't grow ſo fat then!"

Sir Thomas Warren tried Bath, but Bath failed to comfort him. His old friends appeared to him ſo heartleſs, and ſo much more occupied with their own gout, rheumatism, and cards, than with his nerves and horrors, that he loſt all pleaſure in their ſociety.

His ſon now appeared to him in ſo different a point of view, ever ſince he had witneſſed the

manly reſpect and affection ſhown for his memory by his country friends, that the recollection of *him*, and the conſciouſneſs of his own ſelfiſh folly, became more and more inſupportable than ever. The "*low fox-hunters*" he had ſo looked down upon, aroſe before his mind, rough and blunt, perhaps, but *gentlemen:* unmiſtakeably *gentlemen*. There is much difference between roughneſs and vulgarity. He now ſaw that Jack had been one of them; and he felt a conſcious meanneſs when he reflected on his conduct towards him, and the poor fellow's ſubmiſſion and unfailing patience.

The effect produced on his weak mind by the ſight of his ſon's dead body, and the circumſtances of his obſequies, did not wear off. He could not forget ſeveral ſtriking parts of the burial ſervice, although he tried with all his power to do ſo. French romances and lively comedies were eſſayed in vain: ſtill the awful ſentences remained indelibly fixed in his memory.

"I wiſh I had never interfered with that unfortunate boy of mine!" he would ſay with a groan. "But then, I'd nothing elſe to divert me, and fill up my time!"

Fathers! before you put your ſons in any particular path of life, ſtudy, if you can, their various diſpoſitions, characters, talents, and capabilities. How often do we ſee men in the army or navy, who, had they been allowed to follow their true bent, would have made excellent churchmen or lawyers; and who, *on their fathers' death*, quit the profeſſion of arms for more genial purſuits. Again, how often do we ſee a languiſhing *nonchalant* clergyman, without feeling for his calling, periſhing with *ennui*, who would have been a diſtinguiſhed ſoldier but for the paternal will; which ſaid: "That boy muſt go into the Church!"—Then again, we behold a barriſter deteſting pen-and-ink, and cloſe hot rooms, and law-ſtudy and practice: a being whoſe aſpirations and talents all pointed to the ſea; but his father's taſte pointed to an "*intellectual*" profeſſion, and the boy, without the leaſt love of ſtudy; or much aptitude for it, is dragooned, *bon gré mal gré*, to the bar! You will ſee ſuch-an-one, during his vacation, living in ſalt water—yachting, ſteaming, rowing, voyaging in merchantmen, and returning to his gown and wig with a weary heart!—I do not mean that becauſe a boy

has read "Rob*ſer*-Cruſoe,"—as young gentlemen are wont to pronounce the name,—that his enthuſiaſm is to be gratified by being ſent in queſt of ſhipwrecks and "man Friday," any more than that he ſhould be allowed to be a highwayman,—a character for which ſome boys have a great *penchant*,—becauſe his enthuſiaſm has been awakened by the life of Robin Hood or Dick Turpin; but it is a cruel ſight to ſee a man's life paſſing by in the daily avocations of a profeſſion for which he has no feeling,—perhaps a poſitive diſlike,—and to which a father's will condemned him even before he could walk or talk!

Young gentlemen's caprices ſhould not be ſtudied; but their characters and aptitudes are worthy of ſome little conſideration.

Then there are "*eldeſt ſons*," who, with a decided vocation for ſome particular profeſſion, are not allowed to belong to it, becauſe they have "*plenty of money*," or elſe that their father "*cannot part with them.*" You may behold theſe unfortunates either paſſing their days in pining reſtleſs idleneſs, or plunging headlong into diſſipation to kill the time that hangs ſo heavily on their hands.

The month Sir Thomas meant to paſs at Bath was prolonged to two, in conſequence of a fit of the gout; which depreſſed his ſpirits beyond meaſure. He feared death more than ever; and the dread of it began to take ſuch hold upon him, that to ward off the dreaded moment of his demiſe began to be the ſtudy of his life: the new occupation which was, in its turn, to ſucceed to the purſuits of gallantry, diplomacy, and the education of his ſon.

Larrazée one morning placed the laſt number of the "London Magazine" on his table, beſide his breakfaſt tray.

"Cut the leaves, and read aloud the marriages and births—*pas les morts—ongtong tew?*"

"Oui, monſeigneur!" and Larrazée proceeded to obey his maſter's will—reading the liſt of Hymen's recruits till, half-way through, he met with the following:

"'Lieutenant-Colonel Penruddock, of His Majeſty's Coldſtream Regiment of Footguards, to Miſtreſs Arabella Fairfax. A 40,000*l.* fortune.'"

"That will do—that will do!" cried Sir Thomas, frowning, and pettiſhly waving his

ſkeleton hand, "Read ſomething from Greſſet's works!"

On returning to town, the Baronet found the ſeaſon drawing to a cloſe. Everyone met him with their accuſtomed ſmiles; none ſeemed to waſte a thought on his private griefs: the fatal duel and Jack were forgotten—the remembrance of them ſwept away by the rapid waters of worldly oblivion. Sir Thomas found ſociety becoming a burden to him: every drawing-room he entered reminded him of Jack—and the thought of Jack invariably reminded him of death; he felt no elaſticity of mind—no interest in anything but himſelf and his own health. Then, too, he began to imagine that late hours and hot rooms were inimical to longevity, and ſo he only attended early parties, where but few gueſts were aſſembled, "*ſmall and early.*" Anon he imagined that London air was very bad for him, and retreated to his country-houſe. When there, he began to ſtudy diet—diſmiſſed his French cook, gave himſelf indigeſtions with boiled mutton and *nouriſhing* beef-ſteaks, and made himſelf bilious with morning libations of milk warm from the cow. This neceſſitated

medicine; which the Baronet adminiſtered to himſelf, until he made himſelf ill enough to need medical advice. This advice gave him pleaſure and occupation, and the opportunity of talking excluſively of himſelf and his ills, and of being excluſively liſtened to. And thus, from one ſtep to another, Sir Thomas conducted himſelf into a life paſſed in two rooms, under the ſuperintendence of a domeſtic phyſician; a regulated walk in his grounds twice a day, medicine *ad infinitum*, much *ennui*, and finally a deſcent into the tomb ſome years before his time: and all through an undue fear of death. "Stavo bene—e per ſtar meglio, ſto quì!" might with juſtice have been engraved on his monument.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

We are now in the early part of the month of May which came after Jack Warren's fatal duel.

A light genial ſpring-ſhower was falling ſilently and ſoftly on all around—on the green ſod which covered poor Jack's grave and the daiſies which grew thereon, as well as on little Lydia's

favourite flower-borders. The afternoon rays of the ſun were ſhining through the falling drops—the rainbow ſpanning the heavens—the warm air full of the perfume of the ſweet-briar—blackbirds and thruſhes loudly carolling, and little Philander from his cage taking part in the concert without.

Lydia, in deep mourning, was ſitting at her tapeſtry-work in the parlour; but ſhe had let it fall on her lap, and, with a liſtleſs air, ſat with eyes fixed on the little oval picture, the gift of Mr. Addiſon, which was ſuſpended by a blue riband to the wainſcotted wall. The ſun ſhone full upon it, and lighted it up to ſuch a degree of cheerful gaiety, making the two little perſonages repreſented on the canvas look ſo ſmilingly happy, that poor Lydia, from the contraſt between them and her own feelings, ſighed deeply and felt really miſerable. She was thinner than in former days, with a penſive expreſſion in her mild blue eyes; and the beautiful delicate carnation of her cheek was a ſhade paler than its natural tint.

Suddenly ſhe ſtarted—her heart beat quickly—ſhe heard a quick, firm ſtep, and a well-known jingle of ſpurs—a dark ſhadow was caſt on the little picture—the next ſecond Mr. Addiſon

ſtood in the garden-doorway! He had evidently come off a journey, and his horſeman's cloak was wet with the falling ſhower. He did not ſpeak a word, but he ſmiled gaily, and his eyes beamed with delight. Lydia ran towards him—he caught her in his arms,—and in that moment all paſt ſorrow was forgotten. He whiſpered a few words to her, and little Lydia, with an overflowing heart, promiſed to be his!

THE END.

Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

00044889

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016